AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE

From the Inferno to Zos

Improvising on original theme! A.O.S.

"Libation to the Gods"

From the Inferno to Zos :
The Writings and Images of Austin Osman Spare

VOLUME 1

First Impressions
SEATTLE 1993

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THE BOOK OF SATYRS
THE BOOK OF PLEASURE
THE FOCUS OF LIFE
ANATHEMA OF ZOS

AUTOMATIC DRAWING
BY AUSTIN O. SPARE AND FREDERICK CARTER

AUSTIN O. SPARE
BY R. E. D. SKETCHLEY, THE ART JOURNAL

together with images and illustrations from
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. . . AND OTHERS

MISCELLANY

AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

THE MAN, ARTIST AND MAGICIAN

"My friends! 'Escape!' Be not prisoners of 'forced on' or borrowed fallacies, for what you pretend is always inferior to what **you are** (the higher level). My advice to the bewildered, well-meaning, is to appreciate and purchase **whatever they naturally prefer** and forget the critics, self-styled experts, conventions, idioms, styles, reactions or the latest myopia, and, if other judgement must serve, make conclusion from the **ability** shown, which alone survives obliteration by time's mordant test. For much choice seems to be between the man of ability playing the fool and the nincompoop that apes him."

A. O. SPARE.

We therefore offer no interpretation or analysis, a task which we leave to the reader. A number of excellent books are available which explore and analyse Spare's work from different viewpoints e.g. *The Bookplate Designs, The Early Work, The Later Work, A Book of Automatic Drawings, The Divine Draughtsman,* etc., and Kenneth Grant in his various works discusses, at length, Spare the magician. Many of these books carry a short biography and it is unnecessary to repeat the details here especially with the forthcoming publication of a full biography *The Magician of Southwark* by Frank Letchford (Skoob).

This volume sets out to present the five books Spare published during his lifetime together with a wide selection of his published illustrations and images. We have also included writings on Spare by Vera Wainwright, Hannen Swaffer, and Clifford Bax as well as the text from his exhibition catalogues from 1937 - 1955. These contemporary writings from the people who knew him, when read with Spare's own writings, will give a better understanding to the reader than any introduction by a 'self-styled' expert.

"By all means let us realise that 'the seen reality' (factual and fictual are akin) is far more than we **do** see, feel or know. But I resent any dictatorship, control or direction of what I should accept or be receptive to . . . the propagandism that would think for, persuade or bully me (some hope with a Cockney!) that twice two make five, black is white — or that asininity is wisdom.

A. O. SPARE.

To AOS

Blood dripping from the merry mouth
Of my red concubine
Made crooked curves from North to South
Between the sleeping swine
I lapped it with my languid tongue
- Not half my songs have yet been sung!

Death reeled, a druid reveller, both
From that hot reeling heart
He staggered up from South to North
And every step was art
I drank his breath with torture tainted
- Not half my pictures have been painted!

Love soared from her terrific thighs
A condor from its chasm!
From East to West he spanned the skies,
One orgie, one orgasm!
Heaven's might is mine, and mine is Hell's
- I have not spoken half my spells!

Aleister Crowley

Austin Osman Spare
1886 - 1956

AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE WAS BORN AT SNOWHILL, near Smithfield Market, London, at midnight, on 30th December, 1886, the son of Philip Newton Spare, a City of London policeman. He left his elementary school when he was thirteen. His relations with his mother were strained and his filial affection was transferred to another woman to whom he referred as his second mother and who, so Spare claimed, was a genuine witch. Her influence on his developing mind led him into the world of magic and fantasy. At fourteen he won the national gold medal for mathematics with a treatise on solid geometry. He then devoted his time not only to art, but also to the occult.

At sixteen he exhibited at the Royal Academy and in July 1914 had his first one-man exhibition at the Baillie Gallery. From October 1922 to July 1924 Spare edited, jointly with Clifford Bax, a quarterly called *The Golden Hind,* for Messrs. Chapman and Hall. In 1927 he, with others, exhibited paintings and drawings at the St. George's Gallery, and later he showed there alone when one of his pictures, *Druid Rite* was acquired by the National Museum of Wales.

During the last war, while on fire watching, his studio at the Elephant and Castle was destroyed by a bomb. The blast badly hurt his arm but he courageously started work again in a Brixton basement and subsequently held exhibitions.

He died on the 15th of May 1956.

"A great Draughtsman" said Mr. Martin Bardie, Keeper of the Prints at the Victoria and Albert Museum, while it was stated in the *Times* obituary of Spare "that of his technical mastery there could be no manner of doubt". The painter Sargent and G F Watts were others who admired his genius. Watts once said "Spare has already done enough to justify his fame".

Vera Wainwright

London Mystery Magazine, October - November, 1950

Adventures with Inspiration
Hannen Swaffer

I MET A REMARKABLE ARTIST, KNOWN TO THE WORLD FOR HIS MASTERY of technique, who, openly, confessed for publication that many of his drawings, which were exhibited publicly at the St. George's Hall, were merely automatic, that he was the power or medium through which they were made. Who or what the communicating being or force was he did not know.

This was Austin O. Spare, who sprang into fame as a boy of sixteen, and who, for some years, an exile from the comfortable life that he formerly enjoyed, had been existing in a slum, cultivating the occult, "developing the subconscious," perfecting a new technique.

I sat with him in his poverty-stricken room in a tenement house in a South London slum. There was just a rough bed, wireless apparatus scattered around on the floor, a book or two and his drawings.

Before the war, he lived in Mayfair; now his home is in a slum, among London's roughest characters.

"I have been almost starving for six months," he told me, "and then I was taken ill. I would not use a charm to cure myself. If you remove one evil you induce another."

He talks of the occult as frankly as that, saying, for instance, how, trying to master unseen forces, he has sought to produce rain.

Spare's father was a City policeman. He was born in Smithfield in 1888, and, at the age of fourteen, entered a stained-glass factory in Kennington, spending his evenings at the Lambeth School of Art. When sixteen he won a scholarship at the Royal College of Arts. Soon after, his father found one of his pen-and-ink drawings, which, unknown to the boy, he sent to the Royal Academy. It was hung, with the result that the young artist was hailed as a genius.

Some of Spare's "automatic drawings," done in pencil, remind me of the work of Doré; others are rather like the later work of Aubrey Beardsley. The draughtsmanship, however, is, to my mind, more brilliant than any of which Beardsley or Doré was capable.

Spare's subjects are widely divergent. They pass from the noblest inspiration to the most evil. Some transport to a high spiritual ecstasy, inducing belief in a high human destiny. Others are despairing in their revelation of human nature wedlocked to the animal world. In some, spirituality breathes among the forms of satyrs.

All these drawings, says Mr. Spare, are super-normal. He does not dogmatise about the method. He is experimenting . . .

"In some cases the ideas are the result of my inward psychical experiences," Mr. Spare told me, "things I have not necessarily seen, or outwardly experienced. In others, the drawings are automatic, started with no idea as to what form they shall take, and completed without conscious direction.

"Indeed, sometimes, when I have been drawing while in a sort of dream, I have awakened to find that it has been dark for a long time. I have been drawing perhaps for hours, in the darkness, the most delicate work that I could not see.

"On other occasions I have gone to bed and fallen asleep, lost in the mesh of some vivid dream.

Suddenly I have awakened to find myself, not in bed but in a chair, rapidly drawing away in the darkness something of which I have never been conscious."

On some occasions, in order to do automatic drawings, Mr. Spare stares into a mirror and induces self-hypnotism. In a hypnotic state, he sometimes goes on working for hours, awakening to find that he has covered pages and pages full of the most beautiful work. He cannot always control it. There are periods, sometimes for months at a time, he says, when, receiving no promptings from outside, he cannot work at all. At others he is unable to stop working.

"Although it was my strong wish to do some more drawings for next week's exhibition," he told me, when I saw him, "my pencil did not move for three months. On another occasion I worked on in a dream-state for twenty-four hours, finishing a book of fifty pages.

"Unknown to themselves, I believe many artists are inspired by outside forces, or that they work through their subconscious mind. The development of these powers will open up a new world.

"I believe that *Hamlet* was the result of a psychical experience of Shakespeare's, which found expression in the act form he had adopted; otherwise you cannot explain him.

"All significant art, I believe, comes from that source. It is inspiration, revelation, spiritual truth, which men express in the different ways they have developed.

"I am now trying to perfect a technique of automatic drawing, so that the best can be brought out in me. If we study the subconscious, we have much to learn.

"Prophecy and revelation are as possible today as they ever were. They can operate, if only you induce the conditions. What the conditions are we must discover.

"The prophets and the seers were hermits. Because of circumstances I have lived for months a hermit's life. Poverty has made me live alone. It has been partly choice, partly compulsion. The result has been psychic development."

Sex in Art -
Ideas and People by
Clifford Bax, 1936

THE *DAILY MAIL* ANNOUNCED, WHEN I WAS A YOUTH, THAT THE SON OF A policeman had succeeded, at the age of seventeen, in having a picture hung on the line at the Royal Academy exhibition. Moreover, I had seen a number of Austin Spare's extraordinary drawings, — bulky women with stags' heads or hairy Mousterians or queer amalgams of primitive magic and primitive sexuality. And I had greatly admired the power and the distinction of his draughtsmanship.

When we met at a Lyons tea-shop I recognised at once what an odd and charming person he is. I liked his brawny build and the thick tough strength of his hair. I noticed that he was pallid, and I wondered if the air and the food of The Borough were good for him. I noticed and liked his pale eyes which were always honest and often humorous. I realised at once that he was a shrewd though unworldly fellow who knew many aspects of London life which I had known only by hearsay.

At the tea-shop we planned our quarterly, deciding that it should be called *The Golden Hind.* We ought, in 1922, to have realised that quarterly magazines of art and literature belonged to the age of silk hats, hansom-cabs, drawing-rooms and permanent marriages. It is only in the United States that men are not held in thrall by the past. We Europeans — and the Asiatics, too — have always some difficulty in realising that the world does move. Spare and I did not understand that a passion for speed and for machinery had cured society of its taste for art and literature. And Spare, making things worse, innocently filled our first number with so many backviews of massive nude females that Chapman and Hall, our publishers, blushed simultaneously, while Mr. Heffer (the Cambridge bookseller) gave one glance at *The Golden Hind,* snorted and sent our traveller packing. The irreverent instantly renamed our quarterly *The Golden Behind.*

Nevertheless, I am glad that we launched it because the duties of co-editorship brought Austin Spare quite frequently from his tenement-flat in The Borough to a thin and tower-like house in St. Petersburgh Place whither I had recently moved. Now, a man may change his place of abode without much annoying his friends; but if he also decides to change his mode of life, they will find him hard to forgive. And that is what I had done. Having lived for eight years in a studio, cooking my breakfast while I had my bath, and feeding for the most part upon tinned food, and resenting any occasion upon which I should have to wear evening-dress, what did I now do but rent an elegant house, employ a butler and change every night into a dinner-suit? And as though all this were not sufficiently disconcerting, I had the inconsiderateness to grow (with how much trepidation) a moustache and a small beard. People do not like us to change. They deplore these minute revolutions in the life of anyone whom they know well: but

I had realised that a bohemian existence in only one suit of clothes may be well enough when a man is thirty but that when he is approaching forty it may become a little ridiculous.

Spare knew the taste of life as it is for people to whom a penny and a ha'penny are very different coins, and he lived in a high bleak barrack-like tenement-block, among men and women in whose life elegance and the arts had no place, and surrounded by their washing and by their cats. He said to me once "Don't put `esquire' on your letters. We've only one other esquire in my block, and they think we're giving ourselves airs." His attractive simplicity came out, too, when he said "If you're ever passing my place, do drop in"; for it is seldom that anybody happens to be passing The Borough unless he lives there.

In the kindness of his heart he had made for me a radio-set, and he came to lunch one day with the purpose of fixing up an aerial on the roof of my empty garage; and because we both liked him so much I invited a guest — Mrs. Norah Rowan-Hamilton — who had been one of Spare's earliest friends and one of mine too.

"If you're fond of animals" he remarked at lunch, "don't come to live in The Borough. The other day some kids threw a cat from a top window to the stone yard below. I had it poisoned." Norah and I, brought up in a kindlier world, preserved our British phlegm. "I hate brutality" he went on, "and what with wife-beating and cat-booting, it's all round you in The Borough. I've got a white tabby now — a stray — but she has an ugly wound on her mouth. As a matter of fact, only a few yards from my place there's a little court which everyone there calls 'Catkillers' Alley'. If you go there you quite often see a cat slinking about with no fur on."

"No fur?" cried Norah. "What do you mean?"

"Oh," said Spare, perhaps pitying our innocence, "the men pull the fur off, give the cat a clout on the head, and don't wait to see if they've finished her off or not."

Norah said "Don't you ever interfere?" and then added, with imagination, "I suppose it's too dangerous?"

"Dangerous?" laughed Spare. "There's no danger. All those chaps are cowards. Of course, it's easy enough to be philosophical, to leave life as it is: but we're human beings first and philosophers afterwards. Now and again I do take a hand. The other morning I was in bed when the milk-boy arrived. I heard a howl, and I knew what was happening: so I jumped out of bed and of course I found the boy booting the white tabby. Didn't I just give him a hiding!"

Then, recollecting his philosophy, he observed "Perhaps it is all of no use. What happens down here doesn't correspond with what's happening in the Real World. When I saved the tabby I may have killed four archangels; and it may have been God who was using that boy."

Becoming more involved within the folds of metaphysics, he expounded a theory that a man's conditions are caused by his subconscious desires. The subconscious mind, being all-wise (he told us), wills the environment that shall strengthen the weak places

of the soul: and he commented with a smile, "I suppose my own subconscious desire is to be poor! Whatever you really want, you can get. The want rises first in the conscious mind, but you have to make the subconscious desire it too. And you can do this by inventing a symbol of the thing which you want,—wealth, a woman, fame or a country cottage, it's all alike. The symbol drops down into the subconscious. You have to forget all about it. In fact, you must play at hide-and-seek with yourself. And while you're wanting that particular thing or person, you must resolutely starve all your lesser desires. By doing that, you make the whole self, conscious and subconscious, flow toward your main object. And you'll obtain it."

When lunch was over, he climbed on to the roof of my garage and, not foreseeing what would subsequently happen to Gustav Holst, fixed the aerial to a telephone-pole: and just before he went back to The Borough, he gave me a piece of advice which at present I have not needed to apply. "When you find yourself mixed up" he warned me "in a scrap outside a public-house, hit the other fellow first: you can count on it, he's got two or three pals in the crowd: and then,—do a bunk as quickly as you can." After he had gone I told Mrs. Rowan-Hamilton how Spare had once been converted by the Salvation Army in the Waterloo Road. "I was tight one evening," he had told me, "and when I came to, I found a hymn-book in my hand and I was singing at the top of my voice." The hardness of his life had made him canny in some ways, but he had probably never realised that his work troubled many of those who might have become purchasers. They must have been puzzled by his peculiar form of occultism and they were certainly abashed by the savage sexuality of his early designs. No wonder! Men and women may be animals, but there is now so elaborate a pattern of thought or convention upon the surface of their minds that they are embarrassed if an artist requires them to look into the dark backward and abysm of consciousness. The popularity of *Jurgen* shows that Park Avenue, Mayfair and Fleet Street can relish sexuality in a book if it is oblique and whispering. Spare shouted his proclamation with the full power of his lungs. And indeed there is danger in too much refinement or too much intellectuality. To lose touch with our basic sexuality must be as unwholesome as it is to lose touch with the soil. There are said to be American women so atrophied in their sex-instinct that they wish to be impregnated through a syringe; and it may have been excessive mentalisation which caused Gauguin to revitalise his instincts in Tahiti.

Spare so frequently drew the monsters of the subconscious mind that the world's general understanding of psycho-analysis ought to increase his reputation. People can now look at strange and dreadful dreams which would once have seemed to them without significance and merely abominable: and Spare as an artist has so much power that in old age he may become even rich.

EARTH

I·N·F·E·R·N·O

AUSTIN O. SPARE.

TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE COPIES OF THIS BOOK HAVE BEEN PRINTED OF WHICH THIS IS NO._____

SIGNED Austin Spare.

PUB. A.D. FEB., 1905.

EARTH

A. O.

S. *INFERNO*

PRINTED BY THE CO-OPERATIVE PRINTING SOCIETY LIMITED, TUDOR ST., LONDON, E.C.

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FOREWORD.

IN venturing to submit this, the first collection of Drawings, to AUSTIN SPARE'S few friends and admirers, we can only hope for the kindly reception that so many have promised.

The Text is not intended to fully explain, and the reader must be left to place his own interpretation upon the illustration, which is not grotesque for the sake of originality, but representative of the "Inferno" of Earth emblematical in Art.

In turning contemptuously, as many will, from these Spare creations, remember—they cannot be proved to be senseless although they may seem so to us.

Who can appreciate the wonders of dreamers? However, we cannot fail to see how far removed is the conception of Earth here presented from the accepted theory.

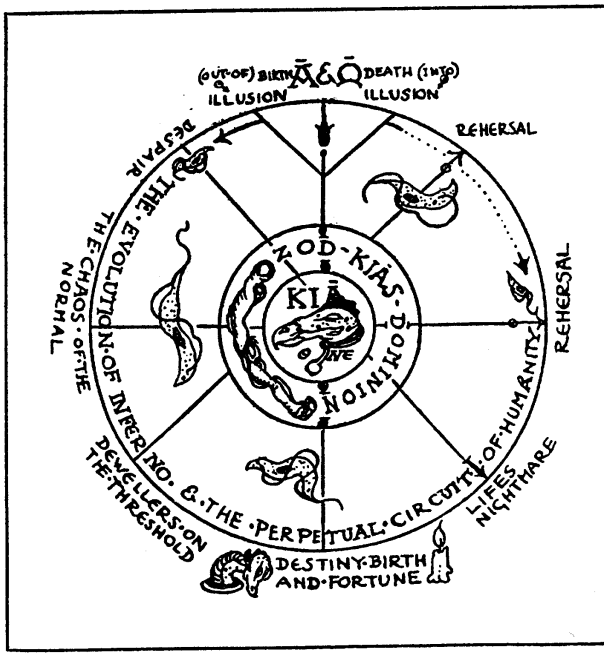
Lastly these pictorial writings in allegory are to convey no morals or sentiments, but are a Song of Experience and of the Negative.

C. H. L.
FEBRUARY,
1905

FOREWORD.

BLINDNESS UNMASKED.

SYNOPSIS OF INFERNO.



Out che se' per quest' Inferno tratto.

O thou that art conducted through this Hell.

Dante Inf. VI. 40.

EARTH.

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NFERNO

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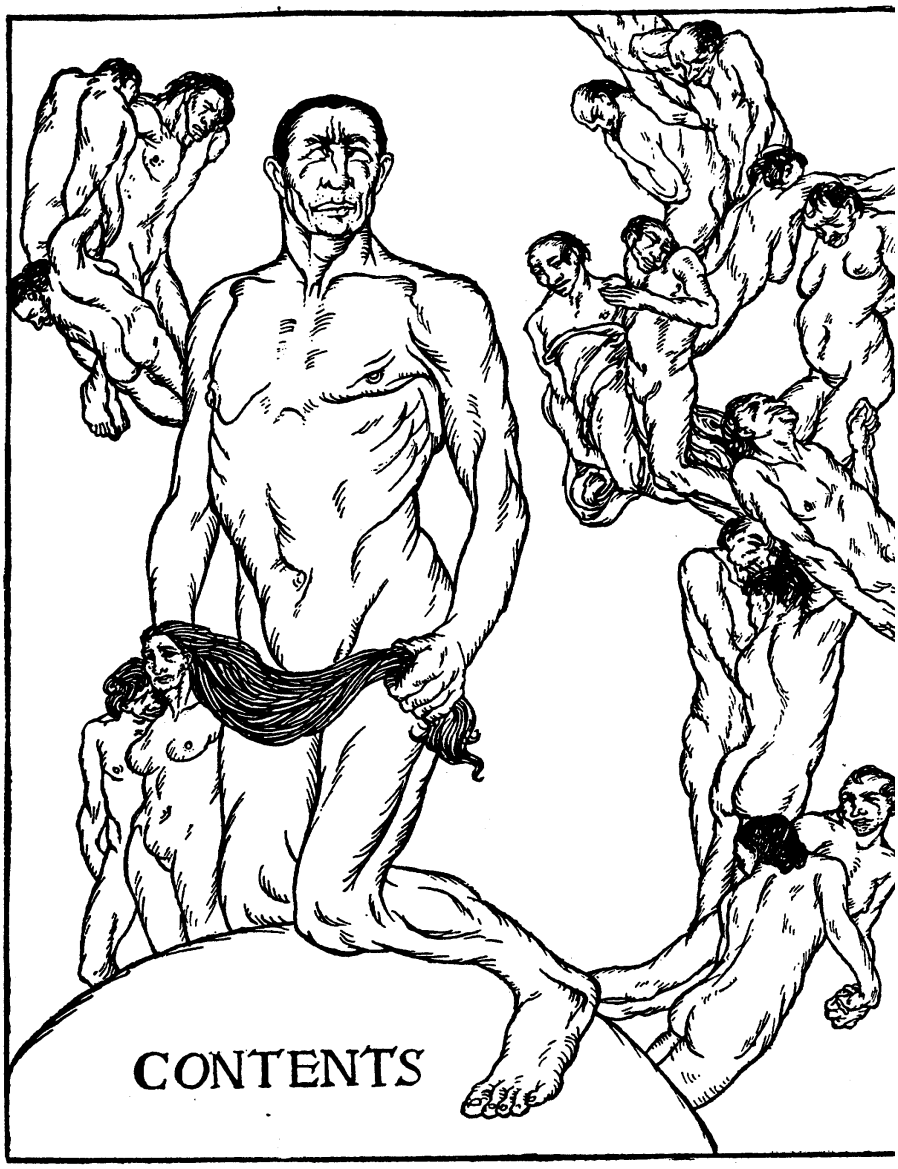
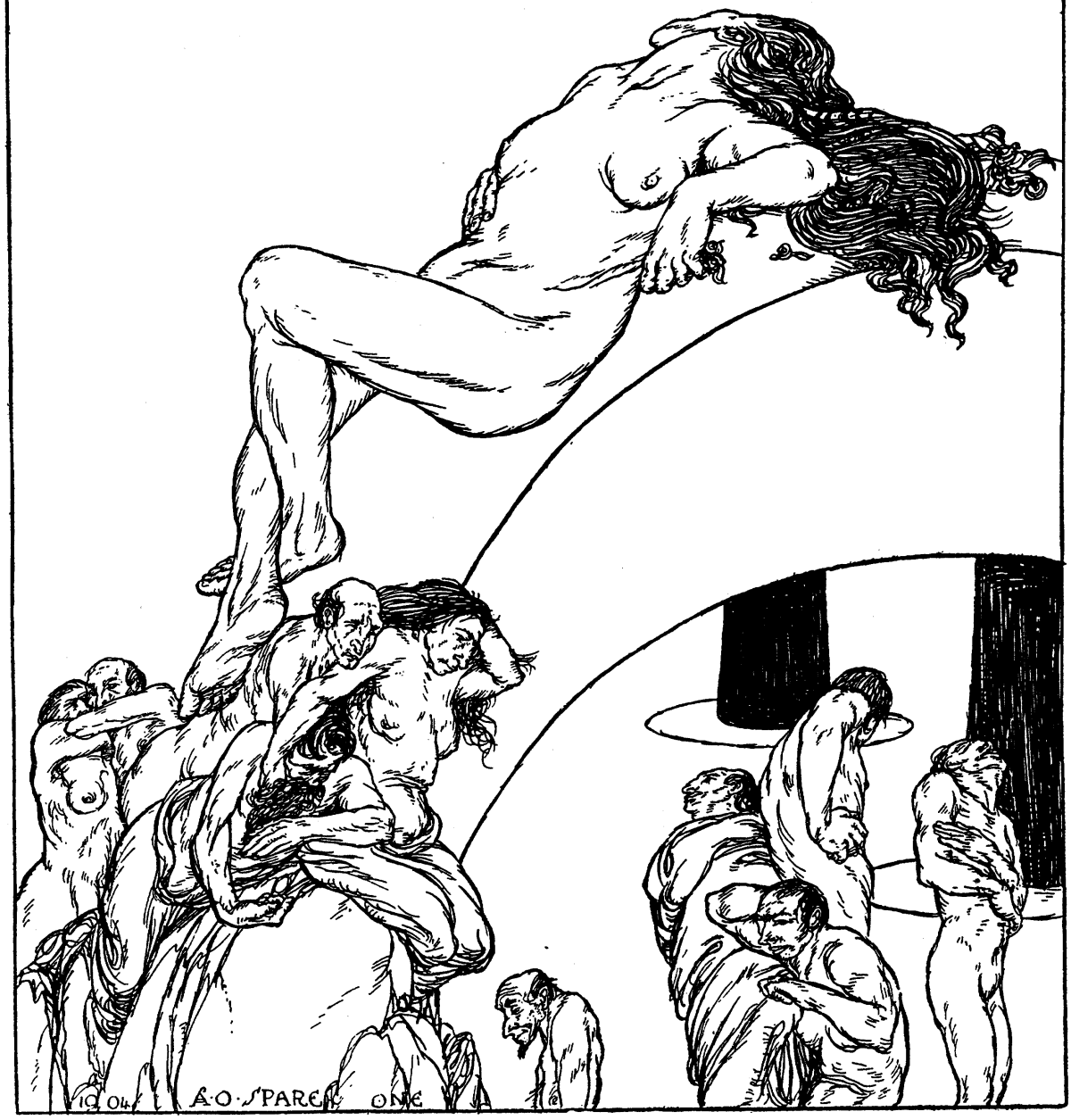


DESTINY,
HUMANITY,
. AND .
THE CHAOS OF
CREATION.

EARTH INFERNO SYMBOLICAL

EARTH



The desertion of the "Universal Woman," lying barren
On the Parapet of the Subconsciousness in humanity;
And humanity sinking into the pit of conventionality.
Hail! The convention of the age is nearing its limit,
And with it a resurrection of the Primitive Woman.

DEDICATION.

No love nor frankincense do I offer thee.
No sentiment nor rime do I offer,
But Egyptian effigies,
Strange Assyrian writing on stone,
And "The Book of the KIĀ."
All things such as you love:—
Strange Desires and Morbid Fancies,
Such do I give.

TO G. W. N. AND A FEW FRIENDS
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

EARTH.

FERNO

DEDICATION.

"THEE AND ME."

YOUTH UNMASKS.

Youth emerging from Illusion,

And entering "The old man."

(Experience.)

OF MYSELF:—

Alas! I am morbid,
And have put a purple colour about my brow.
All men seem eating and drinking the
"Joy of the Round Feast," while I am
Melancholy and silent, as though in a
Gloomy wood, astray.

Strange images of myself did I create,
As I gazed into the seeming pit of others,
Losing myself in the thoughtfulness
Of my unreal self, as humanity saw me.
But alas! on entering to the consciousness
Of my real being, to find fostering
"The all-prevailing woman,"
And I strayed with her, into the path direct.
"Hail! The Jewel in the Lotus."

AUSTIN O. SPARE.

EARTH.

FERNO

PORTRAIT OF HISSELF AGED 17
·AUSTIN·O·SPARE·
1904
EARTH
KIĀ
"BLESSED BE IKKĀH"
SIKĀH
"SLEEP IS BETTER THAN
IKKĀH MY SELF
PRAYER".

EARTH.

THE ALLEGORY

(OF EARTH.)

Without a name, the Black Draped Figure
I call Life's Knowledge,
And with a name "SIKAH," I call him
"The Agnostic Priest" (arising from the dead),
While the dead sleep with the
Gain of the World.
And yet we, on the Parapet of Life, move on,
Guided by the Light of Hope.
Fools, your reward is neither
"Here nor after."
Yet Pleasure standeth by your Priest.
Take what you can of her,
Yet you pay your full.

The Pleasure in Pleasure
Is the expectation of the actual,
But the actual is a crude awakening
From the blindness;

While that Jester Knowledge exposes Death only,
And the Mirror of Truth reveals nought, but Evolution.

This I will call a Rehearsal of Thought.

EARTH.

'FERNO

EARTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

I SENT my soul through the invisible,
Some letter of that after life to spell:
And by and by my soul return'd to me,
And answer'd I myself am Heaven and Hell.

EX. FROM

OMAR KHAYYAM OF NAISHÁPÚR.

One gazed into the mirror of the
Conscience and asked, "How long have I to live?"
The voice of a god answered,
"Thou shalt exist for millions and millions of years,
A period of millions of years."

EARTH.

IFERNO

EVOLUTION.

I MYSELF AM HEAVEN & HELL.

EARTH.

INFER

A CREED OF DESPAIR.

My ambition is DEAD,
Died premature and with it the love of care,
Also the Jewel in the Lotus.
The morrow holds nought for me
Save Sin and Death.
I am even exempt from my own created
PLEASURES
The barrenness of this life but remains.
Yet in despair we begin to see true light. AMEN.
In weakness we can become strong.

REVERE the KIĀ and Your Mind will become TRANQUIL.

EARTH.

NFERNO

THE INFERNO OF THE NORMAL.

I know thy works,
That thou art neither cold nor hot:
I would thou wert cold or hot.
So then because thou art lukewarm,
And neither cold nor hot, I will
Spew thee out of my mouth.

REVELATIONS, CHAP. III.
VERSES 15 AND 16.

THIS GULF, AND EKE THE FOLK WHICH IT POSSESS.

DANTE *INF. XI. 69.*

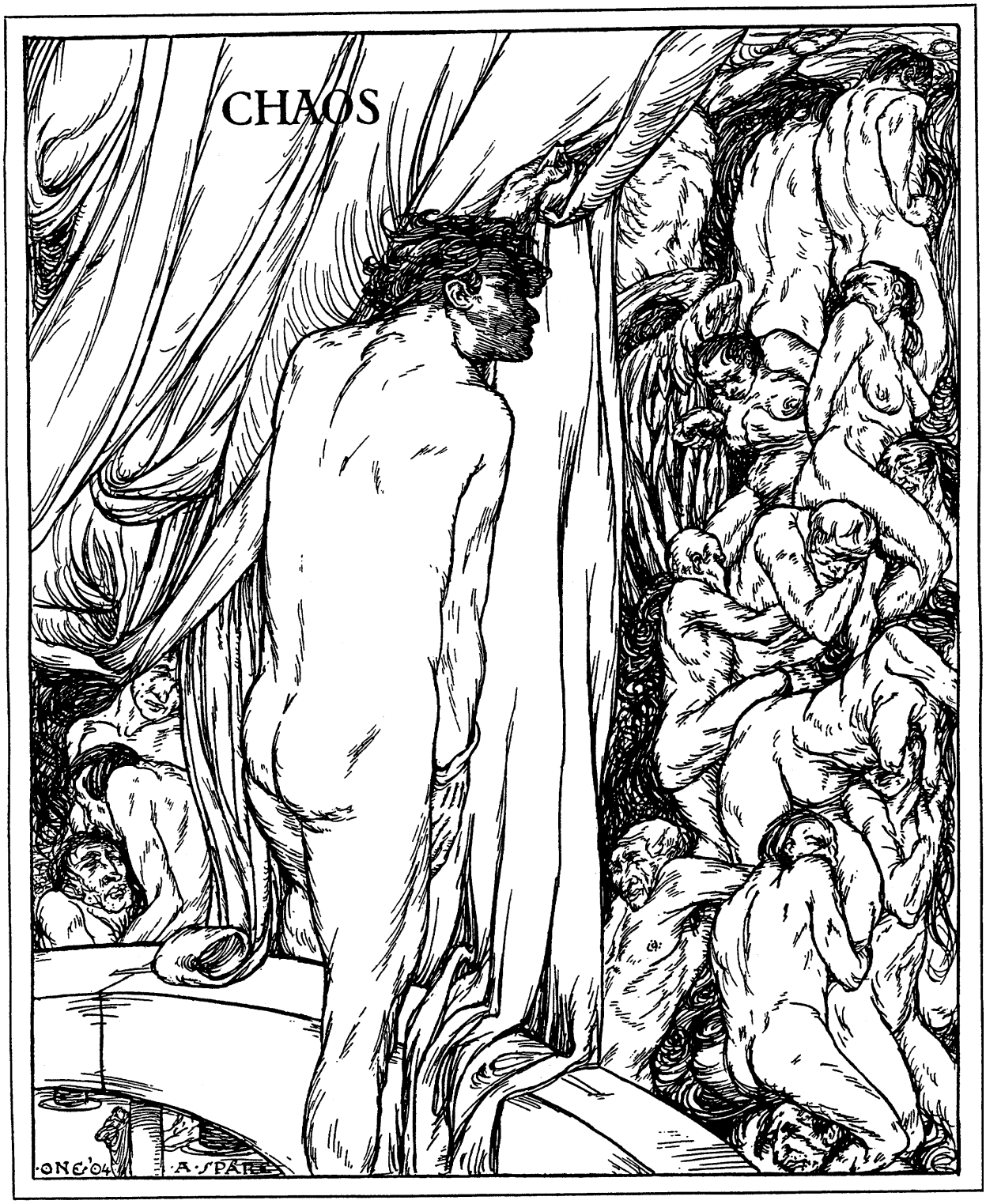
Here lamentations, sighs, and strident howls,
Resounded through the air without a star—
Whence I, at the beginning, wept thereat.
Differing tongues and horrid utterances,
And words of anguish and tones of rage,
High and hoarse voices, and with them a sound
Of hands, a tumult made which circulates
Aye in that air without a season dyed,
Like to the sand whenas the whirlwind blows.

DANTE *INF. III. 22-30.*

ONE

EARTH.

Oh! come with me, the KIĀ and the ZOS, to witness this extravagance.



The perpetual youth of man arises,
Draws aside the curtain—Faith (a token of humanity's LIMITED knowledge), and exposes the inferno of THE NORMAL.

EARTH.

The DWELLERS on the THRESHOLD.

As we dwell on the Threshold to one extreme,
The intrinsic BEING is prematurely nascent,
Creating a CHAOS of Reflection.
When we gaze into the mirror of our-SELF,
And see our works as others judge them,
Then we realize our insignificance
To the incomprehensible intellect of
The Absolute KIĀ (the omniscient),
And find how subcutaneous our
Attainments are.
Alas! we are children of EARTH.

This I will call the HELL of the Intrinsic Being.

EARTH.

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita.
In midway of the journey of our life.

DANTE
INF. I.I.

EARTH.

ZOD-KIĀ'S DOMINION.

How barren, yet it is and shall
Be. Chained by Faith and
Blind understanding.
Here Death lies dead.
For the ZOD=KIĀ's are
The Hands of Death.

Alas! The temple diagnosis.

THIS IS CALLED BODILY SUFFERING.

A Resurrection of crime unpaid.

EARTH.

NFERNO

ZOD-KIĀ'S & DEATH.

SUFFERING AND FAITH.

IN.

LIFE'S NIGHTMARE.

The voluptuous figure is emblematic
Of Extravagance (from which all
Dissipations emanate, and Dissipation creative of reproach),
Against which standeth Religion (an obelisk of humanity's insignificance),
Winged and it flieth not.
Overshadowed by the double-headed horse—
Prejudgment, that arose and developed with Knowledge.
From behind, Destiny works with
Death.

("DEATH IS ALL.")

EARTH.

A REHEARSAL OF DESPAIR.

FERNO

EXCESS.

DISSIPATION

REPROACH.

SLOTH.

PREJUDG-
MENT.

DEBAUCHERY

PLEASURE.

CONTEMPT.

BLASPHEMY.

GLUTTONY.

DESTINY
& DEATH.

LIFE'S NIGHTMARE.

FINIS

Alas! on entering at the Gates of Life,
Lo, I beheld Knowledge, the Jester,
Capsizing the Feast of Illusion,
Then drawing aside false Truth,
He shewed us all—

The World,
The Flesh,
and
The Being.

This is the Alpha and Omega.

EARTH.

IFERNO

ILLUSION & TRUTH.

ALPHA AND OMEGA.

HERE ENDS THIS BOOK

INDEED the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit and the World much wrong:
Have drown'd my glory in a shallow Cup
And sold my Reputation for a song.

OMAR KHAYYAM.

AUSTIN

OSMAN
SPARE.
1904.

A Book of Satyrs.

BY AUSTIN O. SPARE.

A BOOK OF SATYRS.

By Austin Osman Spare.

THREE HUNDRED COPIES OF

THIS BOOK HAVE BEEN PRINTED

OF WHICH THIS IS *No.*_____

SIGNED *Austin O'Spare* PUB. A.D. 1907.

PRINTED AND ISSUED BY THE CO-OPERATIVE PRINTING SOCIETY LIMITED, TUDOR ST., LONDON, E.C.

INTRODUCTION.

THE field of black and white art has been generously extended since that golden period in the "eighties" when Walker and Pinwell and Millais wrought their quiet designs, although their olden delicacy of interpretation (for us almost wholly in the hands of Clemence Housman) can still claim charms which our more facile method can never attain. For every such accomplished craft is the companion of an aristocracy of art, even if it is compelled to prayer and fasting before serving fittingly the high expression which is exhaustive of every resource; but it shares, on the other hand, with commoner orders of art its own eloquence and dignity. Thus all advantages we now possess of rapid, literal, and cheap reproduction open the way to an easier acceptance of art which is habited with more grace than profundity, more fancy than imagination, and inclines us to postpone indefinitely what is only acquired at more pain and cost.

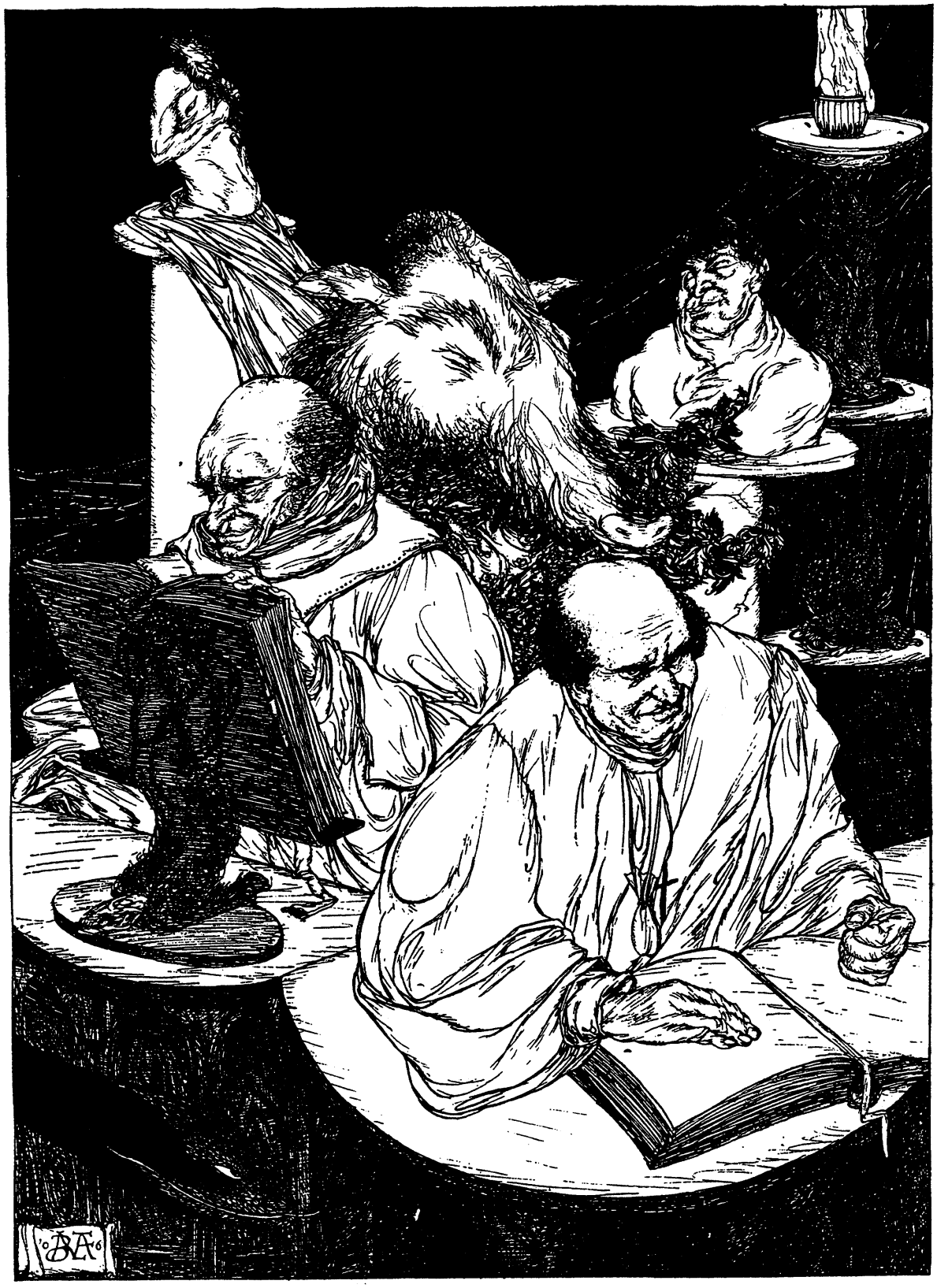
Perhaps these reasons sufficiently explain the absence, among so much that hints at greater artistic personality, of the remote, and the strange, and the unadaptable. There would seem, indeed, to exist a guiding science supplanting natural selection where the popular interest is concerned: as though some ingenious financier had made an abiding tabulation or arithmetic of invariable demands, in hope to subdue to the purposes of his race every ebullience feeble enough to lay its own destiny aside, and trim its shape to the recognised gauge. Outside such an order all the free forces of art move—some hovering in uncertain intention, momentarily liable to that mundane gravitation which invites their indecision; others, like Spare, naturally and definitely in possession of themselves, are hardly compelled even within that reckoning to which isolated evidences of their mode tempt the scientific.

The "Earth" Book of Spare was an elemental and chaotic thing, full of significant art, and of still more significant conception. So mighty a theme may only remain littered with fragments, each, like the Sphinx, an unread riddle, existing in the mind amid a turmoil of unaccustomed thought. But the present series of designs occupies the more circumscribed area of local allegory on a physical plane, the artist aiming not merely to stir the optical centres by agreeable contours and adjacencies, when he adjusts with powerful deliberation the actual to a purpose which extends in his mind beyond executive considerations. For that is a narrow scope to which some would compel art, as though a predisposition to beauty were the sole equipment desirable for the expression of life. Popular art, in the sense that this book can never be popular, arises, indeed, from an extraordinary pessimism: it is an unwholesome flattery of the environment and circumstance from out whose grip the man at length emerges equipped for faith by knowledge. And Spare, with the unflinching assurance of the optimist as to the ultimate, treads with reforming energy where the effeminate and parsonic would whimper and weep helplessly. His is no gently-advancing theory, but his satires (or satyrs, as he loves to call them) arrive as full-fledged and assertive dogma. The designs have their claim upon the imagination also, not from a visionary cast given by obscure shapes or heavy mystification, but by reason of clearly incisive and circumstantial detail, informed, nevertheless, with so psychic an intention that the familiar is made to be the haunt of what is startling and indeterminable.

In his art Spare continually achieves the unexpected; his pattern is always original; his characteristic line is of fine nervous quality; his types are powerfully visualised. The very subtle irony of his temper is apparent in a hundred whimsical ways—in attitudes, gestures, expressions—too delicate to be more than contributory to the whole impression. This appropriate irony especially fits Spare for satire, and it is here to be seen and felt, for it can neither be disregarded nor forgotten—which words it is well to be able to write of one satirist in our day of curbed enthusiasm and polite art.

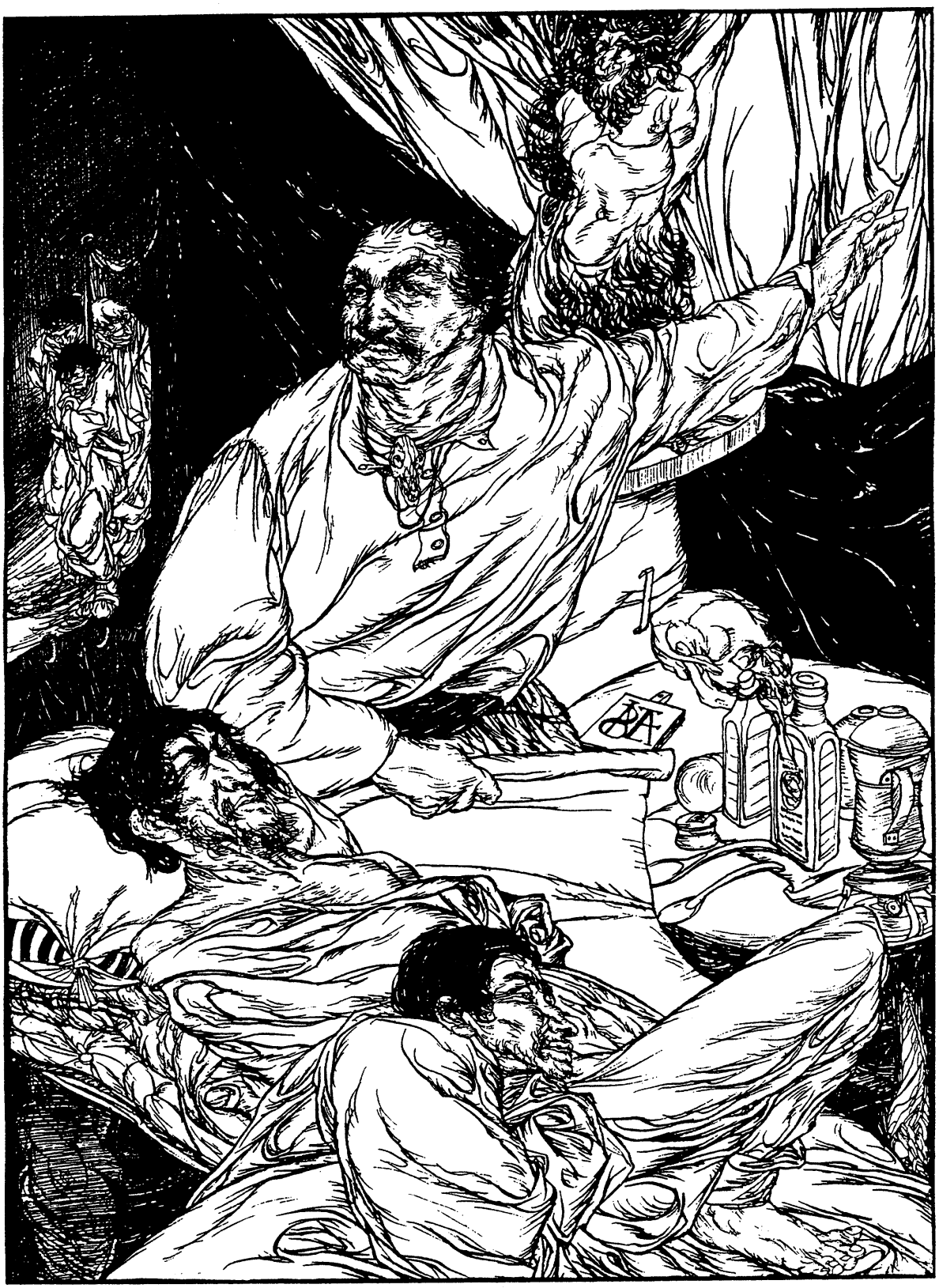
JAMES GUTHRIE.

INTRODUCTION.



THE CHURCH.

EXISTENCE.



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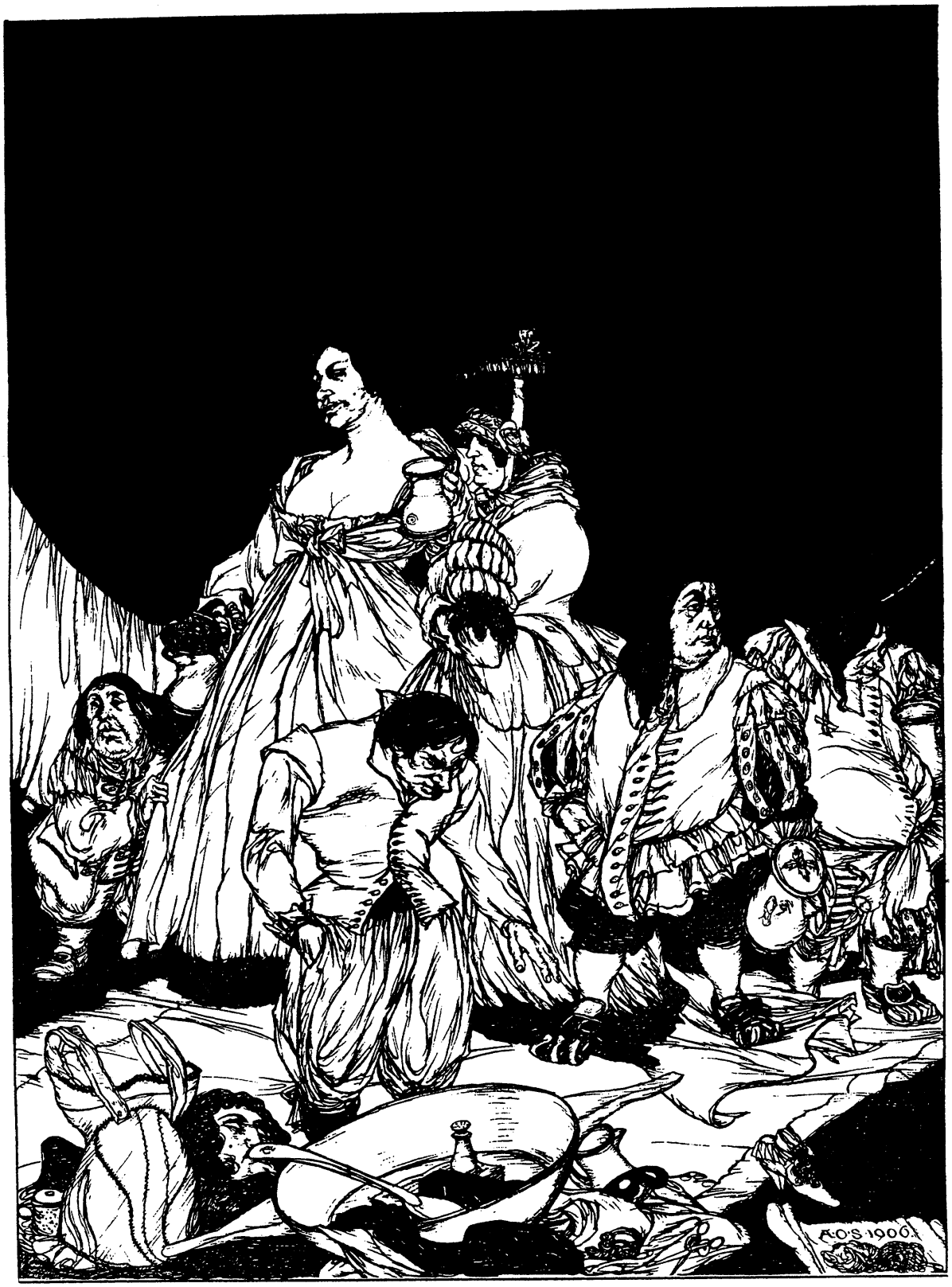


INTEMPERANCE.

FASHION.

THE CONNOISSEUR.

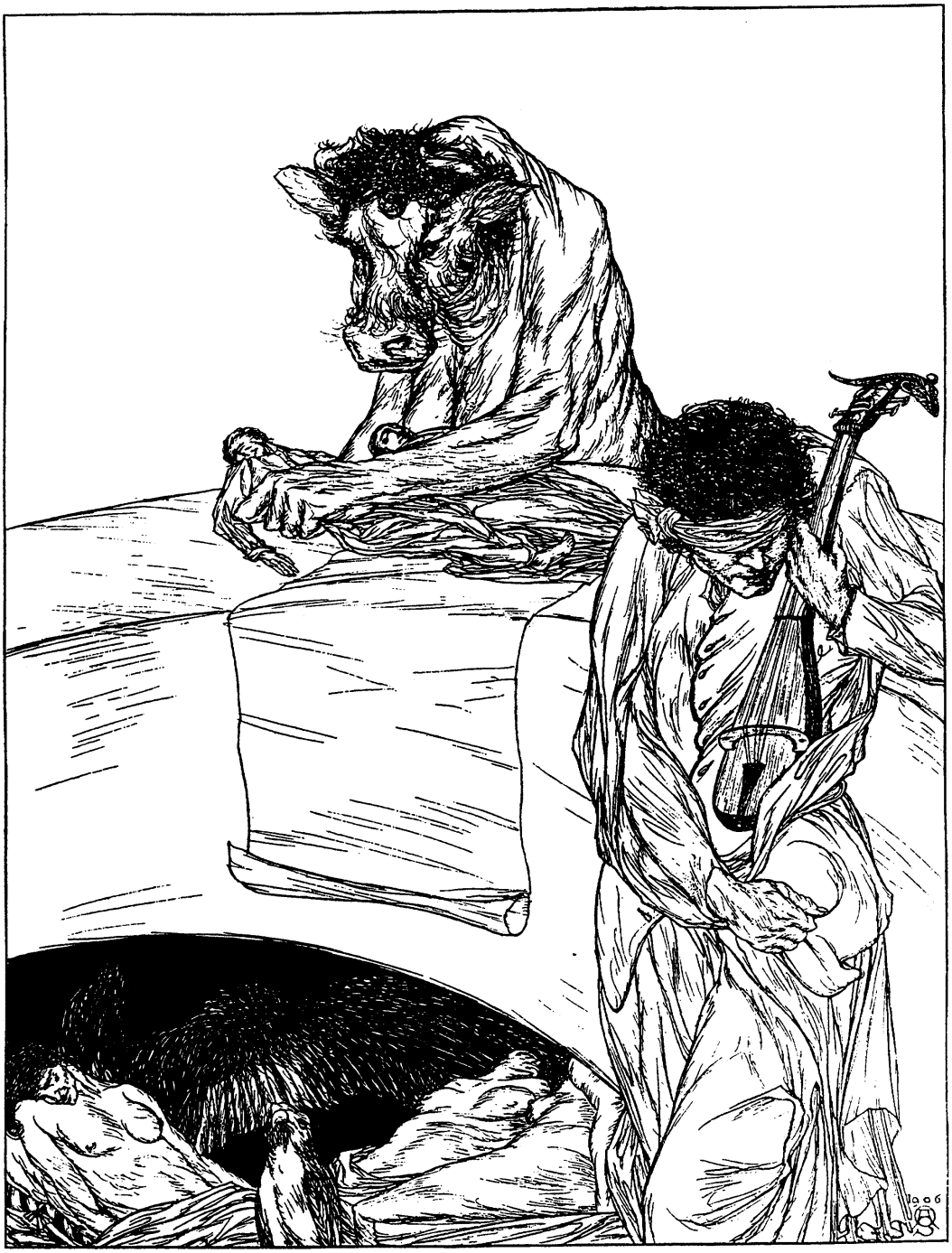
1906

POLITICS.

THE BEAUTY DOCTOR.

OFFICIALISM.

ΛΑΟΣ



ADVERTISEMENT AND THE STOCK SIZE.

GENERAL ALLEGORY.

HERE·ENDS·THIS·BOOK

THE

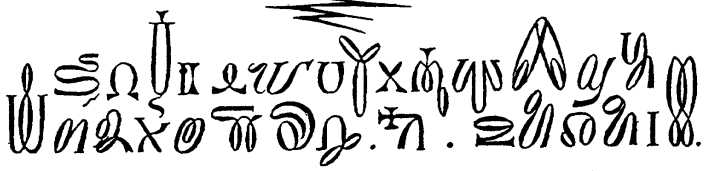
BOOK OF PLEASURE (SELF-LOVE).

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ECSTASY.

BY

AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE.

1909—1913.



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INTRODUCTION.

THE work of art we love is that which, like the sentence of Meredith's Mrs. Mountstuart, has an outline in vagueness, and is flung out to be apprehended, not dissected.

Explanations, labels, we rightly distrust, but after our first delight it is interesting to examine the aims and methods of the artist, and to appreciate the thoughts behind them.

With his first book of drawings the chaotic and wonderful "Earth Inferno" (1905), Austin Osman Spare gave us explanations which, if they did not materially add to our delight in the vitality of the designs, could hardly be dissociated from them, and did increase our interest in their creator's personality. His second book, "A Book of Satyrs" (1907), relied on pictorial statement, and, though an advance in technique was apparent and the conception more mature, this work was not so wholly satisfactory as the first. Since the publication of these books Spare's work has progressed, the best qualities of each have been merged and added to, with the result that such drawings as "The Death Posture" (frontispiece) have been produced. In this connection it may not be out of place to quote from *my notes on one of the more important of his later exhibitions—that at the Baillie Gallery, Bruton Street, London, at the end of 1911:—

* In "The Art News," November 15th, 1911.

> "The man who would give form to our vague thoughts, and who would suggest and symbolize abstract ideas for us pictorially, must come to his task with a very complete technical equipment or invite disaster at the outset, and if, on looking at some of these pencil drawings, we are inclined to resent so reckless a prodigality of invention in what seems at first so incoherent a statement, we should look at the pen-and-ink drawing, 'The Psychology of Ecstasy,'† and there see a work completed, a work from which, the superfluous eliminated, there emerges a vitality so controlled and concentrated that satisfies us at once, even though we may be baffled by the meaning, which, on more intimate acquaintance, will give up some of its secrets. Return now to the majority of the drawings, and should we not be glad that we are thus permitted to watch the birth of pictorial ideas? Should we not revel in these forms springing from forms, these lines leaping like flames upon the paper?"

† Frontispiece, "The Death Posture," here.

We may reproach Spare with one thing—he has given us too much, and we have been unable to digest it! Now he comes to our aid with this magic book, the drawings in which may be taken as explanations of the text—his creed—and while some may be chiefly interested in this revelation of the workings of the artist's mind, others by this very revelation may see themselves more clearly as they are, and indeed may be tempted to follow his path to a more joyous life, to that Pleasure (Self-Love) which gives the title to the book, and which may be interpreted as the Ecstasy of Complete Self-Realization.

I will add a word of thanks to the author-artist for his kindness in giving me the opportunity of writing this short note, and with the hope that the book may bring an increased measure of appreciation to his works, I will make way for my friend.

September, 1913. ERNEST H. R. COLLINGS.

* * * * * *

[NOTE.—In preparing this book for publication a few alterations have been found necessary at the last moment. In consequence, Daniel Phaër's introduction and portrait are omitted, together with the following chapters and corresponding illustrations, and the emblematic portraits of Ernest H. R. Collings: "The Feast of the Supersensualists," "Modus Operandi at the Joy of the Round Feast," "Prophecy, Omens, etc.," "The Book of Revelation," "Definitions," "Dreams," "Mental States in Relation to Suggestion," "Description of Sensations and Emotions," "Controlling the Elements," "Black Magic with Protection," "The Black Mass," "Vampirism," "Sorcery," "Oracles, etc.," "Superstitions," "Excitement to Love, etc.," "Use of Spells and Incantations on Men, Animals, etc.," "Invoking Elementals, Nature Spirits for Glamour and Power, etc." These may subsequently appear in a fuller edition. I have to express my thanks to Ernest H. R. Collings for correcting proofs for this edition. A few copies of the previous books "Earth Inferno" (1905) and "A Book of Satyrs" (1907) are still obtainable.—*A. O. S., September, 1913.*]

DEFINITIONS.

The words God, religions, faith, morals, woman, etc. (they being forms of belief), are used as expressing different "means" as controlling and expressing desire: an idea of unity by fear in some form or another which must spell bondage—the imagined limits; extended by science which adds a dearly paid inch to our height: no more.

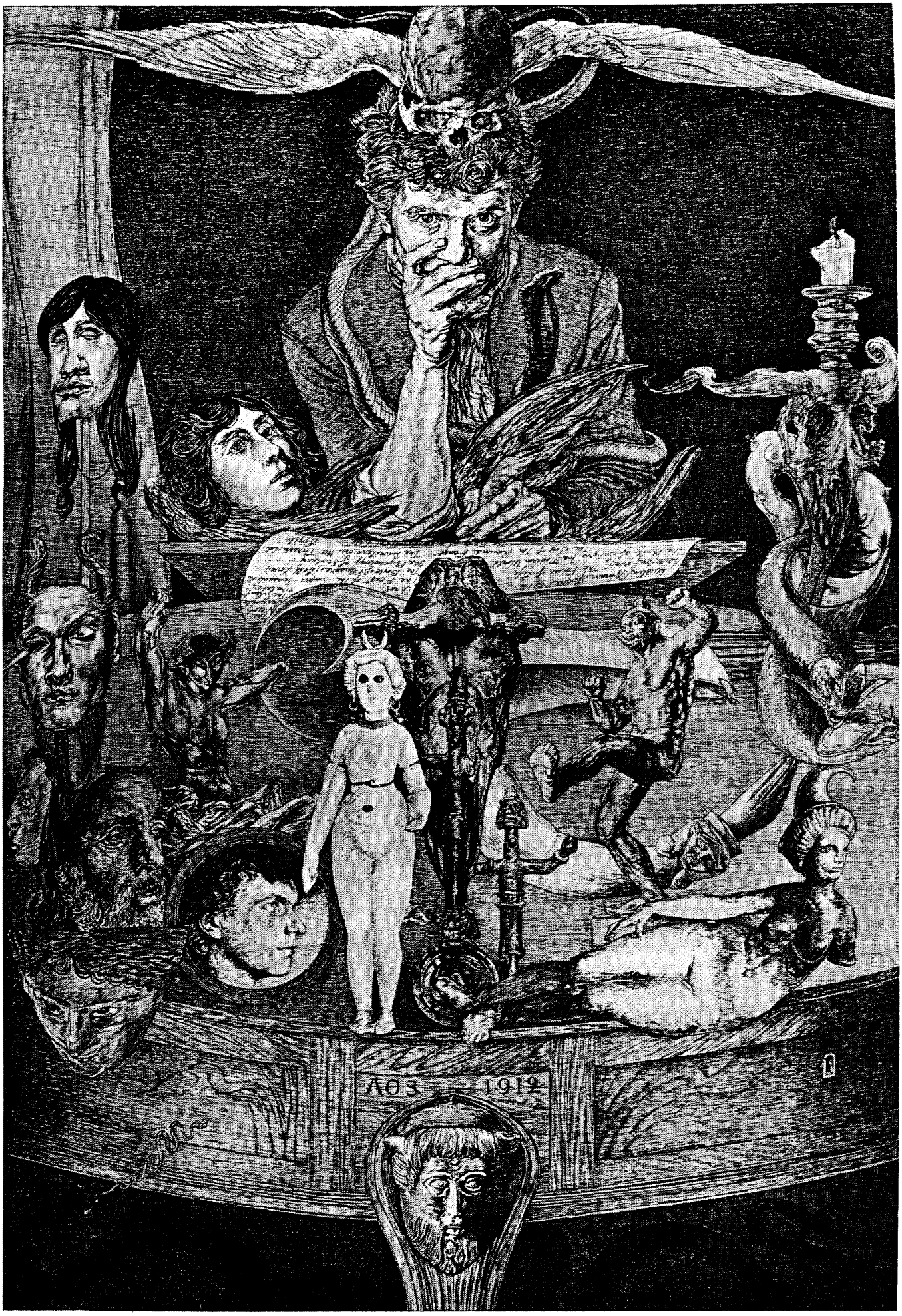
Kia: The absolute freedom which being free is mighty enough to be "reality" and free at any time: therefore is not potential or manifest (except as its instant possibility) by ideas of freedom or "means," but by the Ego being free to receive it, by being free of ideas about it and by not believing. The less said of it (Kia) the less obscure is it. Remember evolution teaches by terrible punishments—that conception is ultimate reality but not ultimate freedom from evolution.

Virtue: Pure Art.

Vice: Fear, belief, faith, control, science, and the like.

Self-Love: A mental state, mood or condition caused by the emotion of laughter becoming the principle that allows the Ego appreciation or universal association in permitting inclusion before conception.

Exhaustion: That state of vacuity brought by exhausting a desire by some means of dissipation when the mood corresponds to the nature of the desire, i.e., when the mind is worried because of the non-fulfilment of such desire and seeks relief. By seizing this mood and living, the resultant vacuity is sensitive to the subtle suggestion of the Sigil.


AOS 1912

DIFFERENT RELIGIONS AND DOCTRINES AS MEANS TO PLEASURE, FREEDOM AND POWER.

WHAT is there to believe, but in Self? And Self is the negation of completeness as reality. No man has seen self at any time. We are what we believe and what it implies by a process of time in the conception; creation is caused by this bondage to formula.

Actions are the expressions of ideas bound up in the belief; they being inherent are obscure, their operation indirect, easily they deceive introspection. Fruits of action are two-fold, Heaven or Hell, their Unity or Nothingness (Purgatory or Indifference). In Heaven there is desire for Women, Hell the desire intense. Purgatory is expectation delayed, Indifference but disappointment till recovery. Then verily they are one and the same. The wise pleasure seeker, having realised they are "different degrees of desire" and never desirable, gives up both Virtue and Vice and becomes a Kiaist. Riding the Shark of his desire he crosses the ocean of the dual principle and engages himself in self-love.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Religions are the projection of incapacity, the imaginations of fear, the veneer of superstition, that paradox is truth,* while ofttimes the ornamentation of imbecility. As a virtue in the Idea to maximize pleasure cheaply, remit your sins and excuse them—is but ceremonial, the expression of puppetry to the governing fear. Yes! What you have ordained in your religiousness, is your very rack, imagined though it be! The prospect is not pleasant; you have taught yourself! It has become inborn and your body is sensitive.

* That God is always in Heaven or that the Almighty inconceivable emanates its conception or negation—commits suicide, etc.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Some praise the idea of Faith. To believe that they are Gods (or anything else) would make them such—proving by all they do, to be full of its non-belief. Better is it to admit incapacity or insignificance, than reinforce it by faith; since the superficial "protects" but does not change the vital. Therefore reject the former for the latter. Their formula is deception and they are deceived, the negation of their purpose. Faith is denial, or the metaphor of Idiotcy, hence it always fails. To make their bondage more secure, Governments force religion down the throats of their slaves, and it always succeeds; those who escape it are but few, therefore their honour is the greater. When faith perishes, the "Self" shall come into its own. Others less foolish, obscure the memory that God is a conception of themselves, and as much subject to law. Then, this ambition of faith, is it so very desirable? Myself, I have not yet seen a man who is not God already.

Others again, and those who have much knowledge, cannot tell you exactly what "belief" is, or how to believe in what defies natural laws and existing belief. Surely it is not by saying "I believe"; *that* art has long been lost. They are even more subject to bewilderment and distraction directly they open their mouths full of argument; without power and unhappy unless spreading their own confusion, to gain cogency they must adopt dogma and mannerism that excludes possibility. . . . . By the illumination of their knowledge they deteriorate in accomplishment. Have we not watched them decay in ratio to their expoundings? Verily, man cannot believe by faith or gain, neither can he explain his knowledge unless born of a new law. We being everything, wherefore the necessity of imagining we are not?

Be ye mystic.

Others believe in prayer . . . . have not all yet learnt, that to ask is to be denied? Let it be the root of your Gospel. Oh, ye who are living other people's lives! Unless desire is subconscious, it is not fulfilled, no, not in this life. Then verily sleep is better than prayer. Quiescence is hidden desire, a form of "not asking"; by it the female obtains much from man. Utilize prayer (if you must pray) as a means of exhaustion, and by that you will obtain your desire.

Some do much to show the similarity of different religions; certainly by it I prove the possibility of a fundamental illusion, but that they never realise—of this Ukase they are the mockery, for how much they regret! They suffer more conflict than the unenlightened. With what they can identify their own delusion or fear they call truth. They never see this similarity and the quintessence of religions, their own poverty of imagination and religion's palliation. Better is it to show the essential difference of religions. It is as well to know the various means; is not their object to deceive and govern? Surely then, for the attainment of the transcendental, God and religion should have no place.

Some praise truth so-called, but give it many containers; forgetting its dependence they prove its relationship and paradox, the song of experience and illusion. Paradox is not "truth," but the truth that anything can be true for a time. What supersedes paradox and its implicit ("not necessary"), I will make the foundation of my teaching. Let us determine the deliberative, "the truth" cannot be divided. Self-love only cannot be denied and is Self-love as such when paradoxical, under any condition, hence it alone is truth, without accessories complete.

Others praise ceremonial Magic, and are supposed to suffer much Ecstasy! Our asylums are crowded, the stage is over-run! Is it by symbolizing we become the symbolized? Were I to crown myself King, should I be King? Rather should I be an object of disgust or pity. These Magicians, whose insincerity is their safety, are but the unemployed dandies of the Brothels. Magic is but one's natural ability to attract without asking; ceremony what is unaffected, its doctrine the

negation of theirs. I know them well and their creed of learning that teaches the fear of their own light. Vampires, they are as the very lice in attraction. Their practices prove their incapacity, they have no magic to intensify the normal, the joy of a child or healthy person, none to evoke their pleasure or wisdom from themselves. Their methods depending on a morass of the imagination and a chaos of conditions, their knowledge obtained with less decency than the hyena his food, I say they are less free and do not obtain the satisfaction of the meanest among animals. Self condemned in their disgusting fatness, their emptiness of power, without even the magic of personal charm or beauty, they are offensive in their bad taste and mongering for advertisement. The freedom of energy is not obtained by its bondage, great power not by disintegration. Is it not because our energy (or mind stuff) is already over bound and divided, that we are not capable, let alone magical?

Some believe any and every thing is symbolic, and can be transcribed, and explain the occult, but of what they do not know. (Great spiritual truths?) So argument a metaphor, cautiously confusing the obvious which developes the hidden virtue. This unnecessary corpulency, however impressive, is it not disgusting? (The Elephant is exceeding large but extremely powerful, the swine though odious does not breed the contempt of our good taste.) If a man is no hero to his servant, much less can he remain a mystic in the eyes of the curious; similarity educates mimicry. Decorate your meaning, however objectionable (as fact), after you have shown your honesty. Truth, though simple, never needs the argument of confusion for obscurity; its own pure symbolism embraces all possibilities as mystic design. Take your stand in commonsense and you include the truth which cannot lie; no argument has yet prevailed. Perfect proportion suggests no alteration, and what is useless decays.

They reject all the modern symbolism*1 and reach an absurd limit very early. Not counting on change*2 and (at times) the arbitrary nature of symbolism or the chance of a preserved folly, by their adoption of the traditional without a Science, as having reading to the present, their symbolism is chaotic and meaningless. Not knowing the early rendering, they succeed in projecting their own meagreness by this confusion, as explaining the ancient symbols. Children are more wise. This conglomeration of antiquity decayed, collected with the disease of greed—is surely the chance for charity? Forgetting trumpery ideas, learn the best tradition by seeing your own functions and the modern unbiassed. Some praise the belief in a moral doctrinal code, which they naturally and continually transgress, and never obtain their purpose. Given the right nature, they succeed fairly in their own governing, and are those most healthy, sane and self-pleased. It may be called the negation of my doctrine, they obtain tolerable satisfaction, whereas mine is complete.

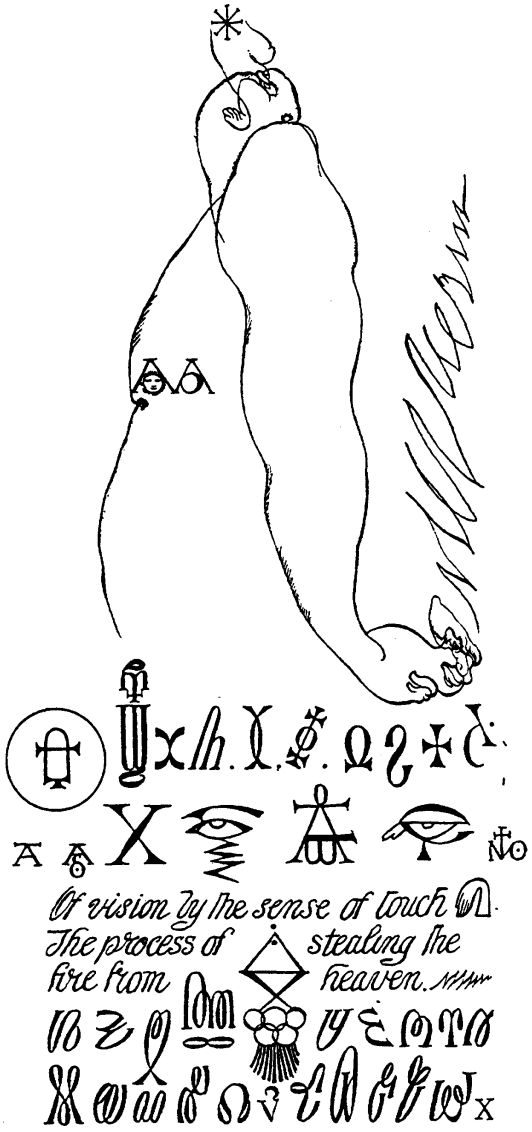
*1 All means of locomotion, machinery, governments, institutions, and everything essentially modern, is vital symbolism of the workings of our mind, etc.

*2 The symbol of justice known to the Romans is not symbolic of Divine, or our justice, at least not necessarily or usually. The vitality is not exactly like water—nor are we trees; more like ourselves, which might incidentally include trees somewhere unlearnt—much more obvious in our workings at present.

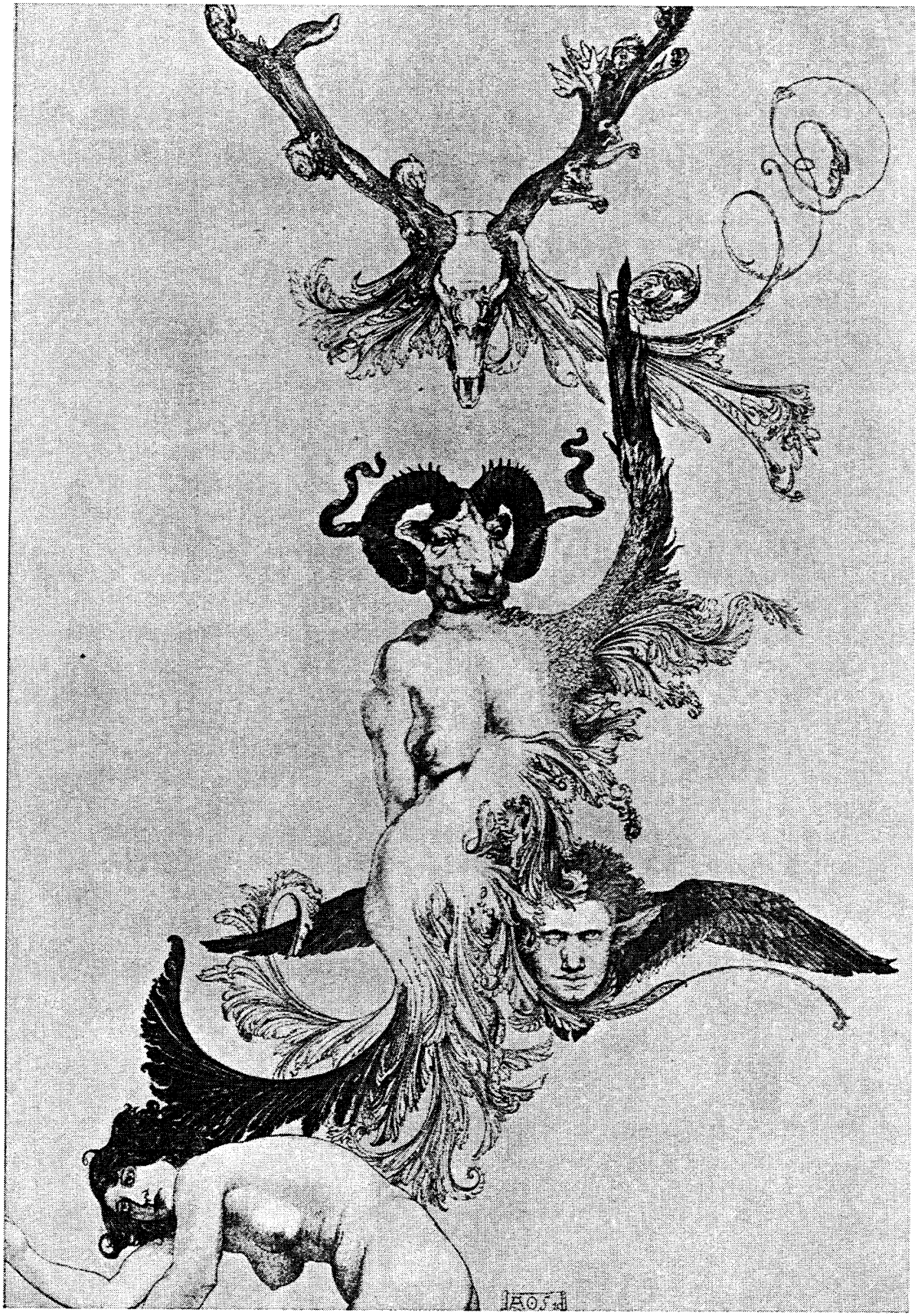
Let him tarry here, who is not strong for the great work. In freedom he might be lost. So fledge your wings fearlessly, ye humble ones!

Others say knowledge only is eternal, it is the eternal illusion of learning—the Ukase of learning what we already know. Directly we ask ourselves "how" we induce stupidity; without this conception what is there we could not know and accomplish? Others for concentration, it will not free you, the mind conceiving the law is bondage. Arrived at that, you will want deconcentration. Dissociation from all ideas but one is not release but imaginative fulfilment, or the fury of creation. Others again, that all things are emanations of the Divine Spirit, as rays from the Sun, hence the need of emancipation? Verily, things are of necessity through their conception and belief. Then let us destroy or change conception, and empty the belief.

These and many other doctrines, are declared by me as the perpetuators of sin and illusion. Each and all depending on a muddled implication, obscuring, yet evolved from the duality of the consciousness for their enjoyment. In fear they would vomit hot blood were they to see the fruits of their actions and pleasures. Thus believing in widely different doctrines, they are of that dual principle, necessary parasites on each other. Like drugs and the surgeon's knife, they only annul or at best remove an effect. They do not change or remove the fundamental cause (the law). "Oh, God, thou art the stagnant environment." All is quackery: these religions whose very existence depend on their failure, are so full of misery and confusion, have only multiplied arguments, as full of argument as they are evil, so crowded with non-essentials, being so barren of any free pleasure in this life or another, I cannot uphold their doctrines. Their criterion for enjoyment—death! Better it were a man renounce them all, and embrace his own invincible purpose. He cannot go further, and this is his only release. By it he may put his pleasure where he will, and find satisfaction.



THE DEATH POSTURE: SECOND POSITION.



THE ASCENSION OF THE EGO FROM ECSTASY TO ECSTASY

THE CONSUMER OF RELIGION.

Kiā, in its Transcendental and Conceivable Manifestation.

OF name it has no need, to designate, I call it Kia—I dare not claim it as myself. The Kia which can be expressed by conceivable ideas, is not the eternal Kia, which burns up all belief—but is the archetype of "self," the slavery of mortality. Endeavouring to describe "it," I write what may be—but not usually—called the "book of lies"—.*1 The unorthodox of the originable—a volant "sight," that conveys somehow by the incidental, that truth is somewhere. The Kia which can be vaguely expressed in words is the "Neither-Neither," the unmodified "I" in the sensation of omnipresence, the illumination symbolically transcribed in the sacred alphabet, and of which I am about to write. Its emanation is its own intensity, but not necessariness, it has and ever will exist, the virgin quantum—by its exuberance we have gained existence. Who dare say where, why and how it is related? By the labour of time the doubter inhabits his limit. Not related to, but permitting all things, it eludes conception, yet is the quintessence of conception as permeating pleasure in meaning. Anterior to Heaven and Earth, in its aspect that transcends these, but not intelligence, it may be regarded as the primordial sexual principle, the idea of pleasure in self-love. Only he who has attained the death posture can apprehend this new sexuality, and its almighty love satisfied. He that is ever servile to belief, clogged by desire, is identified with such and can see but its infinite ramifications in dissatisfaction.*2 The progenitor of itself and all things, but resembling nothing, this sexuality in its early simplicity, embodies the everlasting. Time has not changed it, hence I call it new. This ancestral sex principle, and the idea of self, are one and the same, this sameness its exaction and infinite possibilities, the early duality, the mystery of mysteries, the Sphinx at the gates of all spirituality. All conceivable ideas begin and end as light in its emotion, the ecstasy which the creation of the idea of self induces. The idea is unity by the formula of self, its necessary reality as continuity, the question of all things, all this universe visible and invisible has come out of it. As unity conceived duality, it begot trinity, begot tetragrammaton. Duality being unity, is time, the complex of conception, the eternal refluctuation to the primeval reality in freedom—being trinity of dualities, is the six senses, the five facets of sex—projecting as environment for self-assimilation in denial, as a complete sexuality. Being tetragrammaton of dualities is twelvefold by arrangement, the human complex, and may be called the twelve commandments of the believer. It imagines the eternal decimal, its multiplicity embracing eternity, from which spring the manifold forms, which constitute existence. Vitalized by the breath of self-love, life is conscious of one. Self being its opposing force, is

*1 About this "Self."

All conception is the dual principle, the law which is its condition.

*2 The unmodified sex principle refracted through the dual principle emanates the infinite variety of emotions or sexualities, which may be called its ramifications.

Symbolised KIA

Neither-Neither or the unmodified Sexuality.

Dual Principle.

Modifications.

alternately conflict, harmony, life and death. These four principles are one and the same—the conception considered as the complete "self" or consciousness—hence they may be blended into unity and Symbolized . One form made by two, that is three-fold and having four directions.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

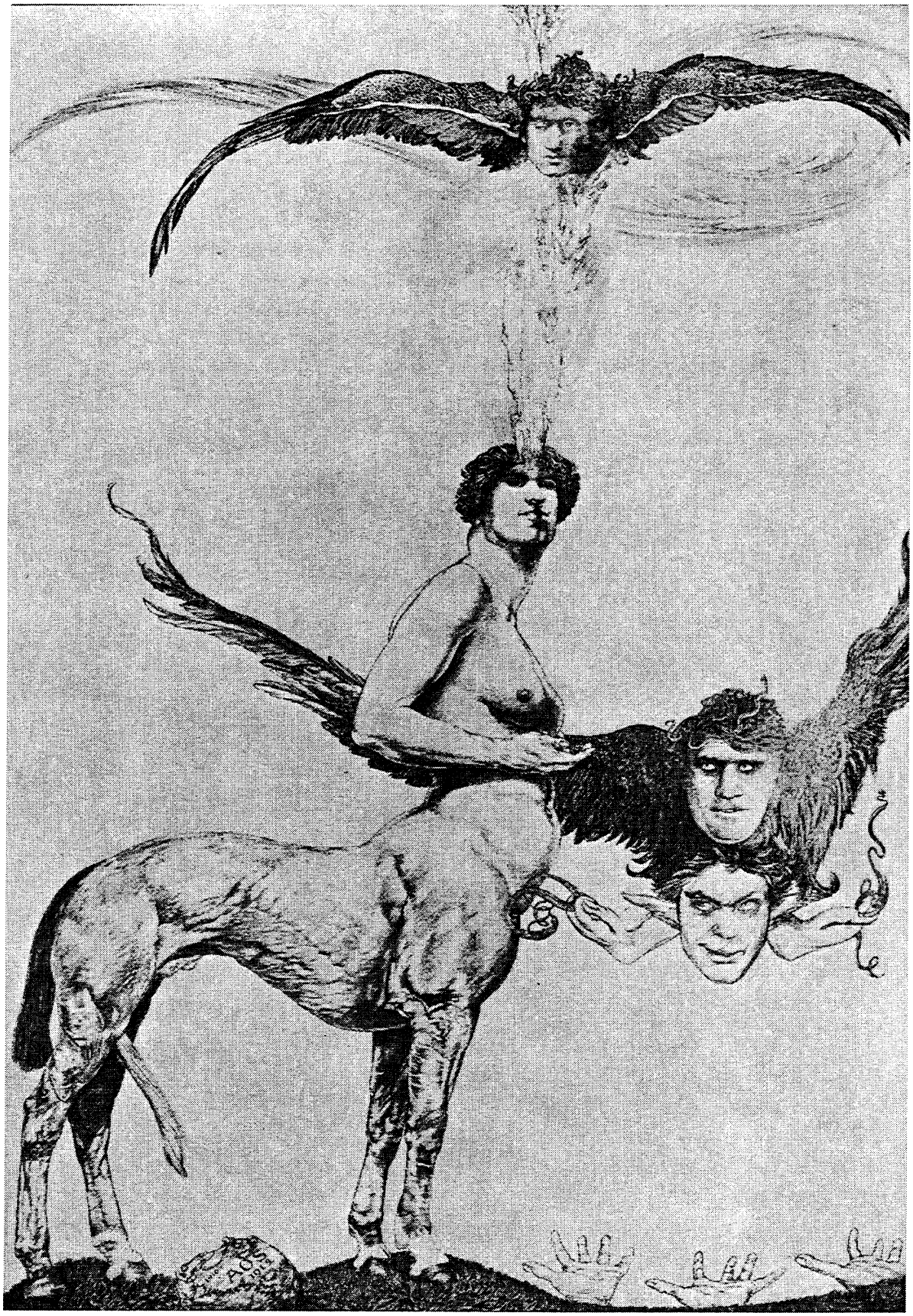
The Transcendental Law, the Law and Testament of the "New."

The law of Kia is its own arbiter, beyond necessitation, who can grasp the nameless Kia? Obvious but unintelligible, without form, its design most excellent. Its wish is its superabundance, who can assert its mysterious purpose? By our knowledge it becomes more obscure, more remote, and our faith—opacity. Without attribute, I know not its name. How free it is, it has no need of sovereignty! (Kingdoms are their own despoilers.) Without lineage, who dare claim relationship? Without virtue, how pleasing in its moral self-love! How mighty is it, in its assertion of *"Need not be—Does not matter"!* Self-love in complete perspective, serves its own invincible purpose of ecstasy. Supreme bliss simulating opposition is its balance. It suffers no hurt, neither does it labour. Is it not self-attracting and independent? Assuredly we cannot call it balance. Could we but imitate its law, all creation without command would unite and serve our purpose in pleasure and harmony. Kia transcending conception, is unchanging and inexhaustible, there is no need of illumination to see it. If we open our mouths to speak of it, it is not of it but of our duality, mighty though it be in its early simplicity! Kia without conceiving, produces its rendezvous as the fulness of creation. Without assertion the mightiest energy, without smallness it may appear the least among things. Its possession ours without asking, its being free, the only thing that is free. Without distinction, it has no favourites, but nourishes itself. In fear all creation pays homage—but does not extol its moral, so everything perishes unbeautifully. We endow ourselves with the power we conceive of it, and it acts as master—*, never the cause of emancipation. Thus for ever from "self" do I fashion the Kia, without likeness, but which may be regarded as the truth. From this consultation is the bondage made, not by intelligence shall we be free. The law of Kia is its ever original purpose, undetermined, without change the emanations, through our conception they materialize and are of that duality, man takes his law from this refraction, his ideas—reality. With what does he balance his ecstasy? Measure for measure by intense pain, sorrow, and miseries. With what his rebellion? Of necessity slavery! Duality is the law, realization by suffering, relates and opposes by units of time. Ecstasy for any length of time is difficult to obtain, and laboured heavily for. Various degrees of misery alternating with gusts of pleasure and emotions less anxious, would seem the condition of consciousness

* By scores of incarnations, our eventual "self" is derived from the attributes with which we endow our God, the abstract Ego or conceptive principle. All conception is a denial of the Kia, hence we are its opposition, our own evil. The offspring of ourselves, we are the conflict of what we deny and assert of the Kia. It would seem as though we cannot be too careful in our choice, for it determines the body we inhabit.

and existence. Duality in some form or another is consciousness as existence. It is the illusion of time, size, entity, etc.—the world's limit. The dual principle is the quintessence of all experience, no ramification has enlarged its early simplicity, but is only its repetition, modification or complexity, never is its evolution complete. It cannot go further than the experience of self—so returns and unites again and again, ever an anti-climax. For ever retrogressing to its original simplicity by infinite complication is its evolution. No man shall understand "Why" by its workings. Know it as the illusion that embraces the learning of all existence. The most aged one who grows no wiser, it may be regarded as the mother of all things. Therefore believe all experience to be illusion, and the law of duality. As space pervades an object both in and out, similarly within and beyond this ever-changing cosmos, there is this secondless principle.

THE EYE OF ECSTASY.



EMANATIONS OF THE EGO

SOLILOQUY ON GOD-HEAD.

Who ever Thought Thus?

SOMETHING is causing Pain and something energizes the Agony: may it not be caused through the latent Idea of Supreme Bliss? And this eternal expectation, this amassing of ornament on decay, this ever-abiding thought—is coincidental with the vanity preceding death? O, squalid thought from the most morbid spleen—how can I devour thee and save my Soul? Ever did it answer back—"Pay homage where due; the Physician is the Lord of existence!" This superstition of medicine—is it not the essence of cowardice, the agent of Death?

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Strange no one remembers being dead? Have you ever seen the Sun?—If you have then you have seen nothing dead—in spite of your different belief! Which is the more dead "you" or this corpse? Which of you has the greater degree of consciousness? Judging by expression alone—which of you appears enjoying Life most? May not this "belief" in death be the "will" that attempts "death" for your satisfaction, but can give you no more than sleep, decay, change—hell? This constant somnambulism is "the unsatisfactory."

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You disbelieve in Ghosts and God—because you have not seen them? What! You have never seen the mocking ghosts of your beliefs?—the Laughing Bedlam of your humility or Mammon—your grotesque Ideas of "Self"? Yea, your very faculties and your most courageous Lies are Gods! Who is the slayer of your Gods—but a God!

There is no proof that you existed before? What an excuse! No one has returned to tell us? What a damning advocate! You are but what you were—somehow changed? You are the case Primâ Facie that you are reincarnated to perhaps anything? "Perhapses" are possible! Can you do differently to what you do? Never shall I tire of asserting that you constantly do differently!

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What is the "ugliness" that offends? Is it the vague knowledge that you will have to change your mind—that you are germinating what you contain? You are always remembering what you forgot; to-day may be the day of reckoning—of believing by force what you disbelieved? Now if to-day is yesterday in all but appearances—then to-morrow also is to-day—the day of decay! Daily is this universe destroyed, that is why you are conscious! There is no Life and Death? Such ideas should be less than comic.

There is no Duality?

You are conscious of the gay Butterfly you observe and are conscious of being "You"; the Butterfly is conscious of being "itself," and as such, it is a consciousness as good as and the same as yours, i.e., of your being "you." Therefore this consciousness of "you" that you both feel is the same "you"? Ergo, you are one and the same—the mystery of mysteries and the most simple thing in the world to understand! How could you be conscious of what you are not? But you might believe differently? So, if you hurt the Butterfly you hurt yourself, but your belief that you don't hurt yourself protects you from hurt—for a time! Belief gets tired and you are miserably hurt! Do what you will—belief is ever its own inconsistency. Desire contains everything, hence you must believe in everything—if you believe at all! Belief seems to exclude commonsense.

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There is no doubt about it—this consciousness of "Thee" and "Me" is the unwelcome but ever ready torturer—yet it "need not be so" in any sense! Is it not a matter of Fear? You are fearsome of entering a den of Tigers? (And I assure you it is a matter of righteousness—(inborn or cultured)—whether you enter voluntarily or are chucked in, and whether you come out alive or not!) Yet daily you fearlessly enter dens inhabited by more terrible creatures than Tigers and you come out unharmed—why?

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The Allegory.

Great scientists are finding out the death-dealing properties of the microbes they discover we breathe, and which according to their canons should destroy; we should be already dead? Have faith! The canons of science are quite correct, they do not disappoint the doubt! Our greater familiarity—"this impulse to knowledge" will certainly bring us the disease and death they give! And also give us in compensation their powers of destruction! For the destruction of whom? Things will be squared! Is this the value of the will? This "will to power"—how life preserving! How furthering of discriminate selection! How pleasing! Most noble explorers! O, you scientists—go on discovering the Bottomless Pit! When you are sodden with science —the lightning will thunder out the murder? New hope will be born? New creatures for the circus? (The conception of) God-head must ever evolve its inertia for transmutation to its very opposite—because it contains it!

The master must be the painful learner of his stupidity?

The idea of God ever means the forgetfulness of supremacy and Godliness. So must be supplanted by fear, eh?

There is no Atheist, no one is free from auto-biography, there is no fearless pleasurist?

The conception is the absence of its indisputable reality or reality within! When the conception is memorial to forgetfulness—it may be the chance of its reality for you? When the prayer—(you are always praying) has transmutated to its Blasphemy—you are attractive enough to be heard—your desire is gratified! What a somersault of humility!

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Whether God is projected as master by fear or as the dweller within by love Gods we are all the time, that is why divinity is always potential. Its constant generation, the eternal delay—is life. This envy of the Master or Creator—the ultimate hope to follow in manner is also existence and the forfeiture of "Life"!

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There is no scientific fact, it ever implies its opposite as equal fact, this is the "fact." Then why trouble to prove anything as fact? This vain hope to prove finality is death itself, so why humbug the "Desire"? You have proved (by mathematics!) the sun to be so many millions of miles away from you—you will now improve its efficiency! Nature—that impulse to the antitheses of your truths, will early prove (by mathematics and whenever you like!) that the Sun does not exist at all! Or if you wish—it will prove conclusively that the Sun is millions of millions of miles further away or millions of miles nearer than you once thought! Most extraordinary thinker! These facts and many others are already known to the butterfly, the lice, the insects—and perhaps yourself? Whose senses are the more true—yours or the house-fly's? You will eventually adopt their vision—their thoughts and wisdom—you were such once? You are such now but have not awakened them—you will be such again in power! Wondrous progress! Most meritorious accomplishments! Most merciless! Progress should be closely examined and what you have gained by the convenience of science.

A thought for perspective—you are always what you most wish—the prospective! Your desire is to live according to your desire, and this you are always realizing! Most noble sentiment!—you are "it" already—"the satisfied"—"the desireless"—"the real thing"! You are drunk with it!

There is no illusion but consciousness! This consciousness is ever the smiling monument commemorating "Whether you ever really enjoyed Life"!

* * * * * *

The God of the "Will" is the command to obey, its Justice everyone fears—it is a Sword—your desert for obedience! "Will" is the command to believe, your will

is what you have believed actively willing belief for you! You think when "it" wishes! "Will" is complication, the means of a means. Call this will free or not —beyond will and belief is Self-love—I know no better name. It is free to believe what it desires. You are free to believe in nothing related to belief. The "Truth" is not difficult to understand! The truth has no will—will has no truth! Truth is "will" never believed—it has no truth! "Could be"—is the immediate certainty! This haunting Sphinx teaches us the value of the "will to anything"? Then there is no graver risk than Absolute Knowledge—if little is dangerous—what about Omniscience? The Almighty power has no accessories!

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Science is the accursed doubt of the possible, yea, of what does exist! You cannot conceive an impossibility, nothing is impossible, you are the impossible! Doubt is delay—time—but how it punishes! Nothing is more true than anything else! What are you *not*—you ever answered truthfully?

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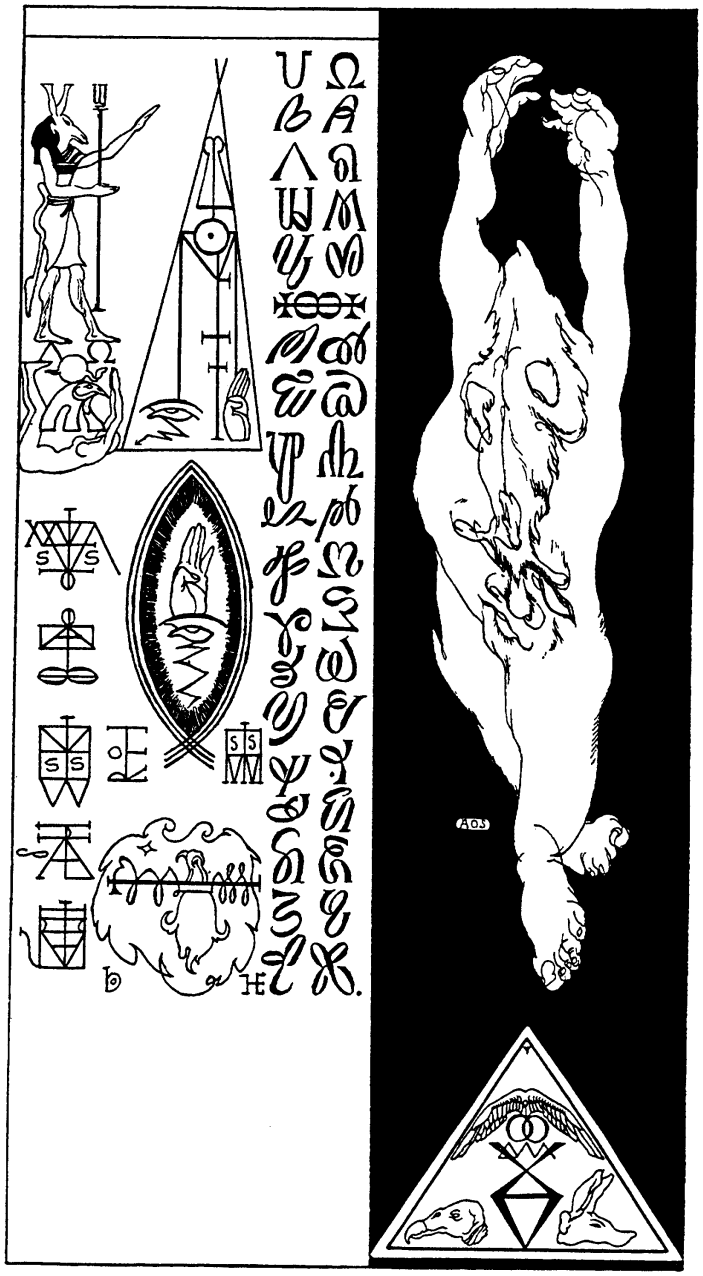
You tyrannise over yourself, so constantly forget what you remember; you resist sense objects and show resistance to the faculties by believing or not. These faculties are as numerous as the atoms you have not yet seen, and they are as endless as the number one—they come into life at will. You adopt a few at a time—knowledge you speak through them—did you but understand your grammar those you disown speak louder than your words! I would not believe the wisdom of the Almighty.

Belief is ever its own tempter to believe differently; you cannot believe freedom but you may be freed from belief? Neither can you believe the "Truth" but you need not compromise yourself. The way of Life is not by "means"—these doctrines —my doctrines even though they allow the self-appointed devotee to emulate my realization—may I ever blush! The man of sorrows is the Teacher! I have taught —would I teach myself or thee again? Not for a gift from Heaven! Mastership equals learning—equals constant unlearning! Almighty is he who has not learnt and mighty is the babe—it has only the power of assimilating!

The most solecistical of fools now asks—"how can we escape the inevitable evolutions of conception—as all is ever conceiving"? My answer shall permit all means, all men, all conditions. Listen, O, God that art, yet would be God. When the mind is nonplussed capability to attempt the impossible becomes known; by that most simple state of "Neither-Neither" the Ego becomes the Silent Watcher and knows about it all! The "Why" and "How" of desire is contained within the

mystic state of "Neither-Neither" and common-sense proves it is the milk state, most nutritious! Clownish that I am—yet all my ideas have come out of it (and, my friend, all yours), but ever have I been a sluggard—an old sinner who would see others almighty before himself.



THE DEATH POSTURE.

THE DEATH POSTURE.

IDEAS of Self in conflict cannot be slain, by resistance they are a reality—no Death or cunning has overcome them but is their reinforcement of energy. The dead are born again and again lie in the womb of conscience. By allowing maturity is to predicate decay—when by non-resistance is retrogression to early simplicity and the passage to the original and unity without the idea. From that idea is the formula of non-resistance germinating "Does not matter—please yourself."

The conception of "I am not" must of necessity follow the conception of "I am," because of its grammar, as surely in this world of sorrow night follows day. The recognition of pain as such, implies the idea of pleasure, and so with all ideas. By this duality, let him remember to laugh at all times, recognize all things, resist nothing; then there is no conflict, incompatibility or compulsion as such.

Transgressing Conception by a Lucid Symbolism.

Man implies Woman, I transcend these by the Hermaphrodite, this again implies a Eunuch*1; all these conditions I transcend by a "Neither" principle, yet although a "Neither" is vague, the fact of conceiving it proves its palpability, and again implies a different "Neither."*2

*1 Sex-less.

*2 They being dual, have analogy to certain early sex principles in nature. They are carried further in the sacred alphabet, being too abstruse to explain by orthodox words and grammar.

But the "Neither-Neither" principle of those two, is the state where the mind has passed beyond conception, it cannot be balanced, since it implies only itself. The "I" principle has reached the "Does not matter—need not be" state, and is not related to form. Save and beyond it, there is no other, therefore it alone is complete and eternal. Indestructible, it has power to destroy—therefore it alone is true freedom and existence. Through it comes immunity from all sorrow, therefore the spirit of ecstasy. Renouncing everything by the means shown, take shelter in it. Surely it is the abode of the Kia? This having once been (even Symbolically) reached, is our unconditional release from duality and time—believe this to be true. The belief free from all ideas but pleasure, the Karma through law (displeasure) speedily exhausts itself. In that moment beyond time, a new law can become incarnate, without the payment of sorrow, every wish gratified, he*3 having become the gratifier by his law. The new law shall be the arcana of the mystic unbalanced "Does not matter—need not be," there is no necessitation, "please yourself" is its creed.*4

*3 The Ego.

*4 The belief ever striving for denial—fulness by multiplication, is kept free by retention in this.

In that day there can be deliberation. Without subjection, what you wish to believe can be true. "He"*5 is pleased by this imitation, the truth revealed to me by all systems of government but is himself ungoverned; Kia, the supreme bliss. This the glorious Science of pleasing one's self by a new agreement, the art of Self-love by recognition, the Psychology of ecstasy by non-resistance.

*5 "He," the Ego, now becomes the "Absolute."

The Ritual and Doctrine.

Lying on your back lazily, the body expressing the emotion of yawning, suspiring while conceiving by smiling, that is the idea of the posture. Forgetting time with those things which were essential reflecting their meaninglessness, the moment is beyond time and its virtue has happened.

Standing on tip-toe, with the arms rigid, bound behind by the hands, clasped and straining the utmost, the neck stretched—breathing deeply and spasmodically, till giddy and sensation comes in gusts, gives exhaustion and capacity for the former.

Gazing at your reflection till it is blurred and you know not the gazer, close your eyes (this usually happens involuntarily) and visualize. The light (always an X in curious evolutions) that is seen should be held on to, never letting go, till the effort is forgotten, this gives a feeling of immensity (which sees a small form), whose limit you cannot reach. This should be practised before experiencing the foregoing. The emotion that is felt is the knowledge which tells you why.

The death posture is its inevitability accelerated, through it we escape our unending delay—by its attachment, the Ego is swept up as a leaf in a fierce gale—in the fleetness of the indeterminable, that which is always about to happen becomes its truth. Things that are self-evident are no longer obscure, as by his own will he pleases, know this as the negation of all faith by living it, the end of the duality of the consciousness. Of belief, a positive death state, all else as sleep, a negative state. It is the dead body of all we believe, and shall awake a dead corpse. The Ego in subjection to law, seeks inertion in sleep and death. Know the death posture and its reality in annihilation of law—the ascension from duality. In that day of tearless lamentation the universe shall be reduced to ashes . . . . but he escapes the judgment! And what of "I," most unfortunate man! In that freedom there is no necessitation, what dare I say more? Rather would I commit much sin than compromise myself. There are many preliminary exercises, as innumerable as sins, futile of themselves but designative of the ultimate means. The death posture in the reduction of all conception (sin) to the "Neither-Neither" till the desire is contentment by pleasing yourself. By this and by no other are the inertia of belief; the restoration of the new sexuality and the ever original self-love in freedom are attained. The primordial vacuity (or belief) is not by the exercise of focussing the mind on a negation of all conceivable things, the identity of unity and duality, chaos and uniformity, etc., etc., but by doing it now, not eventually. Perceive, and feel without the necessity of an opposite, but by its relative. Perceive light without shadow by its own colour as contrast, through evoking the emotion of laughter at the time of ecstasy in union, and by practice till that emotion is untiring and subtle. The law of reaction is defeated by inclusion. Were he to

enjoy an hundred pleasures at a time, however much his ecstasy, he does not lose, but great increase takes place. Let him practise it daily, accordingly, till he arrives at the centre of desire. He has imitated the great purpose. Like this, all emotions should find equipoise at the time of emanation, till they become one. Thus by hindering belief and semen from conception, they become simple and cosmic. By its illumination there is nothing that cannot be explained. Certainly I find satisfaction in ecstasy. I have now told you a secret of great import, it was known to me in childhood. Even by sedulously striving for a vacuity of belief, one is cosmic enough to dwell in the innermost of others and enjoy them. Among men few know what they really believe or desire, let him begin, who would know, by locating his belief till he sees his will. Existing as dual, they are identical in desire, by their duality there is no control, for will and belief are ever at variance, and each would shape the other to its ends, in the issue neither wins as the joy is a covert of sorrow. Let him unite them.

The process of projecting the consciousness into one part.

PROJECTION.

THE SELF'S VISION OF ENLIGHTENMENT

THE CLOUDY ENEMIES BORN OF STAGNANT SELF-HYPNOTISM.

NATURAL belief is the intuition that compels belief through that which is experienced reacting, and dominating in turns; everything has to associate itself through its definite emotion, stimulated by those in harmony; those discordant, lose cogency and inhibit. So by its own workings belief is limited and determined for you. The majority of our actions can be traced to a subconscious desire (for freedom) in conflict with habit, an obedience to inherent fatalism which hangs on "good and bad" actions already committed (in past existence) against a preserved morality* and whose reaction gives expression as spontaneity, involuntariness, autonomy, the deliberate, etc., as the chance arises. The rest is due to a conflicting traditional moral doctrine that has become constitutional (partly adopted to govern and time this reaction). In its origin, an idea of what was then considered conveniently good and bad . . . . To maximize pleasure by an arbitrary compromise of abstention and performance of desire feared. Assimilated by the deceit of its divine origin, its tenets are reward for obedience, punishment for transgression, both holding good for all time (this world and another). This moral code is a dramatised burlesque of the conceptive faculty, but is never so perfect or simple in that it allows latitude for change in any sense, so becomes dissociated from evolution, etc.; and this divorce loses any utility and of necessity for its own preservation and the sympathy desired, evolves contradictions or a complication to give relationship. Transgressing its commandments, dishonesty shows us its iniquity, for our justification; or simultaneously we create an excuse or reason for the sin by a distortion of the moral code, that allows some incongruity. (Usually retaining a few unforgiveable sins—and an unwritten law.) This negative confession is a feigned rationalism that allows adventitious excuses . . . . a process of self-deception to satisfy and summarily persuade yourself of righteousness. What one among us has any excuse but self-love? We do not create or confess a morality that is convenient, that lends itself to growth, and remains simple, that allows transgression without excuse or punishment. It would be wise and commonsense to do so, whatever the state of affairs in your mind. Nature eventually denies that which it affirms: Through permanent association with the same moral code we help desire to transgress. Desire of those things is denied, the more you restrict the more you sin, but desire equally desires preservation of moral instinct, so desire is its own conflict (and weakly enough). Have no fear, the Bull of earth has long had nothing to do with your unclean conscience, your stagnant ideas of morality. The microbe alone would seem without fear!

* The elemental morality or fear of displeasing.

The Complexity of the Belief (Know Thyself). The nature of belief equals all possibilities ultimately true by identification through culture to an idea of time, so what is not timely is not true, and what is not true, prognostication. Thought of

one thing, implies the possibility of another idea as contradicting but not dissociated, belief is to make "one" more convincing. The condition of belief is the denial or limit imposed on the capability of the vitality. To believe at all as such is a concentration and schooling to exclude the implied by adopting a hypothesis or faith that reflects non-worryingly or deceitfully rationalizes the rejected. Truth is not the truth of formula.

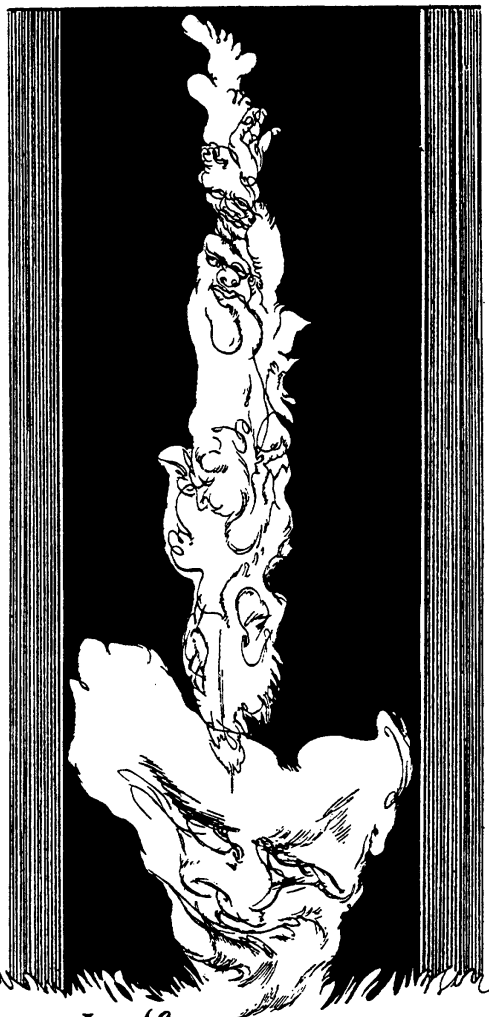
The centre of belief is love for one's self, projecting environment for fulfilment but allowing its distortion to simulate denial, an ambition to become ulterior to self-desire, but you cannot get further than the centre, so one multiplies (believes) in order to be more unaware of the fundamental. Now this refusal to believe what one believes and exactly as one believes, is the first condition for all those who are in desire in any sense whatsoever; the man who is in love perforce becomes a liar, self-hypnotised by his morbid ornamentation. You know the results. . . . . You can only "truly believe" one thing, yets its implexion is essential (as the truth seems to kill*), so the imagined goes on for ever. The imagination learns that the idea is its compulsion. To explain the "why" of belief (or of anything else), we must transcend its schism. By entire consciousness in how the self loves is the means. As we imitate this law of duality in all our processes of believing, it is not so simple as it seems. Who has transgressed the law of conception? Who has no fear? Yet by this sin, is the sciential of what determines the Schetic. Gracefully compelling or expecting disappointment at the time of desire is the means of locating its deceit, a consciousness that alone gives the chance of inquiry. Beyond it is something arbitrary, the pauser, the ordainer of law, imitating it by "reason" is but damning the consequences. Reason is belief, belief is fear of one's capability, the faith that you are not even all the wonders of creation, let alone the possibility of being the creator. It is delay . . . . Belief well earns the terrible hatred of the vitality. Belief is not freedom. Belief creates its necessary experience, progress germinates in retrogression. Consider the reality is somewhere: and your belief may be too small for its habitation. Oh, ye of much faith in God, merge into it by the worship of self! Ah! foolish man, worship the glorious in freedom. When death approaches the faith in God and desire of woman will not save you, what are their use when withering and decay sets in and the body is an object of disgust? And what is the use of knowledge and charity when reality is known? Unsheathe the sword of self; ideas of the Almighty should be constantly slain and righteousness should be inquired into.

* And does kill when feared.

Whosoever shall study his true nature a little, him does the "self" investigate with his extraordinary conduct. He can compel anything without offending. As the tendency of the most lustful ceases before publicity and death, so do morals and faith before the perfect bliss. A glimpse of the truth is born of purity in love: when

the desire is without fear, when it does not desire possession. When the thought is fulfilled by vision. The fire that is all pleasure is loosed at his will, he is attraction, the cynosure of women. When the believing principle is devoid of faith, as sterile of possessing ideas of God—he is indestructible. Only when there is no fear in any form is there realisation of identity with reality (freedom). For them there is no danger in negligence, there being no discrimination. For him who is conscious of the slightest differentiation there is fear. So long as there is perception of self-reproach or conscience, there is pain germinating: there is no freedom. He who believes anything he perceives or imagines, falls into sin. By believing without feeling perturbation, forgetting ideas of external and internal, he regards everything as self, and is the consciousness of non-resistance, has no horizon: he is free. On seeing the star-lit eyes and rosebud mouths, the breasts and loins of beautiful women, you become lovingly attached, but if you fear, consider constantly that they are merely the charred flesh and bones of yourself after the torture. The space between the eternal and "self," is it not a moral doctrine? By unbelieving all one believes and sedulously without anxiety not believing (by the "Neither-Neither" process), the principle becomes simple and cosmic enough to include what you are always desiring, and you are free to believe what was impossible. The desire is so mighty, it asks no permission, and suffers no consequences, but the ecstasy of its possession. Against it nothing can prevail, it burns up, as celluloid cast into the furnace—the old folly of promising things on behalf of an imagined "another." At hand is the freedom of Heaven, the Way, the Truth, and the Light, and none dare say this of himself but by me, in Truth I alone am "Self," my will unconditioned, is magical. Those who have lived much in their nature will in some degree be familiar with such a sensation, poor though it be.

Of projecting the consciousness into the hand.



Of becoming entirely sensation.

VISION THROUGH THE SENSE OF TOUCH.

PREFACE TO SELF-LOVE.

LET us be honest! Thou art "that," supreme in freedom, most desirable, beyond desire, untouched by the six stupifiers. The sexuality labours, so Death may harvest by desire. The elusive fancies of the senses are dangerous, because of the righteousness you have learned to obey and control them by. Hell-fire burns because you "conceived"; and will cease to hurt when you identify the Ego with all the possibilities of its qualities by believing as the "Neither-Neither" process. You are fire—yet you are scorched! Because you have "willed" belief (differently or not—makes no difference); the cycle of belief goes on and always obliges, so one day you must believe differently and the fire will no longer hurt—you are saved? There are other means of hurting you?

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In that state which is not, there is no consciousness in any sense that thou art "that" (Kia), which is superb, beyond the range of definition: there is no temptation of freedom, "it" was not the cause of evolution. Hence "it" is beyond time, consciousness or unconsciousness, everything or nothingness, etc.; this I know through the "Neither-Neither" which is automatically beyond every conception, ever free in every sense. Perhaps "it" may not be obscure by continual afterthought and vaguely felt through the hand of innocence—but whoever understands such simple meanings? "It" is never perceived, being the imperceptible Ecstasy of the "Neither-Neither"—ever present but hidden by exhaustion through the cycle of Unity. The certainty of consciousness is always the uncertainty of the perceived or experienced in whatever state it may be, the constant doubt spelling, fear, pain, decay, and the like—the cause of evolution, the eternal incompletion.

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O, desire, listen! In point of virulence spiritual-desire is as fatal as the sensuous. Aspiration towards a "supreme" is a network of deadly desires because of cowardice within, ergo, some unsatisfied wisdom awaiting exploitation to suffer its evolutions. There is no final wisdom—there is no final desire. How can anything end? Has to-day ever ended? These things are endlessness!

A person desires things of this world—but where is the difference of desiring the "Supreme Bliss"? Which is the more selfish? Which is nearer you? Which pleases the Creator more? Are you certain of the Creator's will and are you sure of your own desire? Are you the Creator or just yourself, as you fondly imagine your contents?

All these desires, however mighty, you will one day incarnate—yea, photograph. These things already exist—very soon you will have spiritual photographs (unfaked)

—but not by the camera you use at present. The pioneer is ever the old fool. An afterthought: some spirits are already photographed—the microbes.

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Are you ever free of desideratum? Belief is eternal desire!

Desire is its own cruelty, the fettering of the hand to labour in some world—unknown; nothing is always dead and no thought dies, the master becomes the slave—the position is alternate; you have long believed this, it is in the flesh of your generations with the most merciless Judge! The scorn of all your reforms or the inversion of your values!

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This constant curse and blasphemy—is not the relief more in the knowledge of the nascent unrelenting taskmaster?

Are not our bodies all smeared with its blood? Has not the world ever been bloody? Are not our pleasures but rest to drink the blood of slaughter? O, determined Liars, ye know not yet the lie, it may be Truth!

* * * * * *

The Ego is desire, so everything is ultimately desired and undesirable, desire is ever a preliminary forecast of terrible dissatisfaction hidden by its ever-present vainglory. The millenium will come and quickly go. Men will be greater than the Gods they ever conceived—there will be greater dissatisfaction. You are ever what you were—but you may be so in a different form!

* * * * * *

A person or a nation, however vain or content, falls immediately into unknown and inevitable desire, consuming him little by little through those conditions—any condition!

The mind becomes firm in desire by desire as devotion, but when realized is it then eternally desirable? (or even for a period of a million years). In Heaven shall be fettered thy foot! Therefore remove the conception that desire is pure, or impure, or has completion—remove it by the "Neither-Neither." Even whether the desire is for the exhaustion of desire by the "Neither-Neither" or for realization in a wife—it is desire—its unending evolution. Therefore remove desire in any form by the "Neither-Neither." Remove the illusion that there is Spirit and Not-Spirit (this idea has never given beneficial results). Remove all conceptions by the same means.

So long as the notion remains that there is "compulsory bondage" in this World or even in dreams there is such bondage. Remove the conception of

Freedom and Bondage in any World or State by meditation on Freedom in Freedom by the "Neither-Neither."

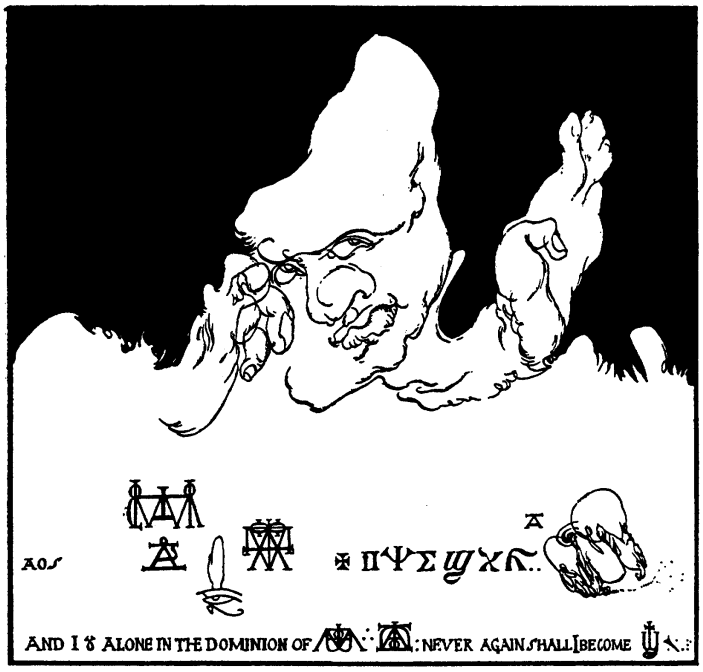
For this we know—Vampirism is quite well proven enough—even by the strong presumption that whenever blood-sucking is done, it is done by Vampire—bats apart from the probability of it being done by a divine or human agency!

Therefore Kiaize desire by the "Neither-Neither," the most excellent formula far beyond contentment—the all-embracing vacuum which reduces "all" to common-sense and upon which this Universe rests.

Therefore believe nothing in this Book by the "Neither-Neither," and dispel the conception of the "Neither-Neither" by the "Neither-Neither," and believe it is "not-necessary" or the conclusion of pleasing yourself, because it "Need-not-be-Does-not-matter."

One believes this "all the time" as the Truth of "The Will," not the thing believed, since the means to an end mean evolution to endless means.

In that most remarkable simplicity there is no beginning or end of wisdom or of anything, so how can it be related to conception and intelligence?



THE THUMB POSTURE OF THE HAND.

SELF-LOVE AS A MORAL DOCTRINE AND VIRTUE.

THE criterion of action, is freedom of movement, timeliness of expression, pleasuring. The value of a moral doctrine is in its freedom for transgression.

Simplicity I hold most precious. Are not the most simple things in the world the most perfect, pure, innocent, and their properties the most wonderful? Hence it is the source of wisdom. Wisdom is exactly happiness. In love pleasuring myself—necessarily without excuse. Is this not perfection? Actions would appear unfathomable and incomprehensible, did they exhibit conformity to the great purpose. There are few who can attain to this! Who has no shame? Ecstasy in satisfaction is the great purpose. Freedom from the necessity of law, realisation by the very wish, is the ultimate goal. Law depends on two, two is uberty, millions . . . . Law is complicated. The second did not agitate, the first did not determine, nor was it compelled or proffered. Chance in sport is not prophecy; by it we have gained proficiency, sufficient to determine. . . . . Prepare for the Eternal, revert to simplicity and you are free. What man can give without impulse? Only he who has a complete sexuality. The highest goodness is self-nourishment. What are we going to include as self? Perfect charity acquires, hence it benefits all things by not giving. What man can have faith without fear? Only he who has no duty to perform. When faith perishes then duty to moral doctrines perishes, we are without sin and endure for ever in all-devouring love. What man can know with certainty? Only he who has effaced the necessity of learning. When teachers fall out, what is the use of learning from them? The wise are not contentious and have no dogma to expound . . . . rather are they silent as a new-born babe in feeding. What teacher can show the source of wisdom? It is because I know without learning; I know the source and can convey lessons without teaching. Knowledge is but the excrement of experience: experience its own repetition. The true teacher implants no knowledge but shows him his own superabundance. Keeping his vision clear he directs or leads him as a child to the essential. Having shown him the source of wisdom, he retires before gratitude or sentiment sets in, leaving him to fertilize as he wishes. Is not this the way of Heaven? He who trusts to his natural fund of genius, has no knowledge of its extent and accomplishes with ease, but directly he doubts, ignorance obsesses him. Doubt fertilizes in the virgin soil. He is no longer fearless but a coward to difficulties, his very learning is fear. The difference between genius and ignorance is a degree of fear. The beginning of wisdom is fear of forethought—the reception of knowledge in learning. Children doubt, and abhor learning. Why, even the affection of courage results in cleverness! The difference between good and evil is a matter of profundity. Which is nearer you, self-love and its immorality or love

and morals? Not conscious of desert—the compeer of Heaven, and constant happiness in wisdom is the capacity of direction. From self-glorification, from self-exaltation we rise superior to the incapacity of disquieting fear: the ridiculer to destruction of humility in repentance. This "self-love" that does not give but is glad to receive is the genuine opportunity for freedom from covetousness, from the militant amusement of Heaven. He who subordinates animal instincts to reason, quickly loses control. Are not the animals we see in circuses trained by torture? And do not the animals reared in love, slay their masters? The wise embraces and nourishes all things, but does not act as master. Only when passions are ruled by foreign environment are they dangers. Control is by leaving things to work out their own salvation—directly we interfere we become identified with and subject to their desire. When the Ego sees self-love—there is peace—it becomes the seer. Directly we desire, we have lost all; "we are" what we desire, therefore we never obtain. Desire nothing, and there is nothing that you shall not realise. Desire is for completion, the inherent emotion that it is "all happiness," all wisdom, in constant harmony. But directly we believe, we are liars—and become identified with pain, yet pain and pleasure are one and the same. Therefore believe nothing, and you will have reverted to a simplicity which childhood has not yet attained. The fool asks how?—as we must believe in pleasure and pain. Now if we could suffer them simultaneously (pain and pleasure) and hold fast to a principle that ascends, that allows the Ego vibration above them, should we not have reached the ecstasy? Now the belief is the "Ego," yet separates it from Heaven as your body separates you from another's. . . . . Therefore by retaining the belief in the "not necessity" (when conceiving), the Ego is free. The emotion of laughter is exhaustion, the early suffering—hence by making this emotion a "mental state" at the time of unity* he unites pain and pleasure, suffers them simultaneously and by the "not necessity" of his belief, his conception transcends this world and reaches the absolute ecstasy. There is no place where pain or death can enter.

* Of Sex, indeed of everything.

The idea of God is the primordial sin, all religions are evil. Self-love is its own law, which may be broken with impunity, being the only energy that is not servile, serving its ever-ready purpose. Surely it is all that is left us that has no sin and is free? Verily, it is the only thing we dare be conscious of. He that truly pleases himself is without virtue, and shall satisfy all men. Hate, jealousy, murder, etc., are conditions of love, even as virtue, greed, selfishness, suicide, etc., are conditions of not pleasing one's self. There is no sin more sickening than love, for it is the very essence of covetousness and the mother of all sin, hence it has the most devotees. Self-love only is pure and without a congregation.

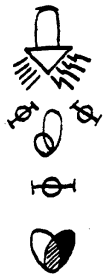
He that entirely loves himself induces self-love only. In this he is inexorable, but does not offend like other men. He is akin to the great purpose, his actions

explained for him, good seen of his evil, without knowing, everyone satisfied with his will. Do not Heaven and Earth unite daily in spontaneous homage to this will of self-love? No man can show greater self-love, than by giving up all he believes. Why do I value this self-love before all else? Is it not because I may be free to believe in evil, but have no thought that anything can do me injury? All is self-love, the people of the world, if they only knew, are its devotees. My new law is the great clue to life. If the world could understand this, the rotten fabric discarded, they would diligently follow the way in their own hearts, there would be no further desire for unity. . . . . Try and imagine what that implies.

May the idea of God perish and with it women; have they not both made me appear clownish? Let there be no mistake, purity and innocence is simplicity, happiness is wisdom. What is simple has no duality.

THE SELF IN ECSTASY

THE DOCTRINE OF ETERNAL SELF-LOVE.



NOW self-love is explained. It is the completion of belief. The "self" is the "Neither-Neither," nothing omitted, indissoluble, beyond prepossession; dissociation of conception by its own invincible love is the only true, safe, and free. The desire, will, and belief ceasing to exist as separate. Attraction, repulsion, and control self contained, they become the original unity, inert in pleasure. There is no duality. There is no desire for unity. At that time, it (the dual principle) rests in its unmodified state. The belief no longer subject to conception by conceiving "self" as such by loving. At other times, it*1 creates a centre, becomes its environment, identified with its ramifications, conception created, subjection to law and the insatiable desire for unity, inasmuch as the duality is unity . Servitude to law is the hatred of Heaven. Self-love only is the eternal all pleasing, by meditation on this effulgent self which is mystic joyousness. At that time of bliss, he is punctual to his imagination, in that day what happiness is his! A lusty innocent, beyond sin, without hurt! Balanced by an emotion, a refraction of his ecstasy is all that he is conscious of as external.*2 His vacuity causes double refraction, "He," the self-effulgent lightens in the Ego. Beyond law and the guest at the "Feast of the Supersensualists."*3 He has power over life and death.*4 Save by this, he is not beyond self-reproach, verily he has loosed all the trouble of the world, the murder from the lightning. Self-love preventing the mind from concentration, is identity without form, is no thought as such; law and external influences contained, do not affect. When that giving up all belief, reflects only its meaning, then is there purity of vision, innocence of touch, ergo, self-love. Verily, verily men are born, suffer and die through their belief. Ejaculation is death. Self-love is preservation and life.

*1 It, the "Neither-Neither," emanates a tetragrammaton of relatives, the sexes of which are evolved through their cruciform reflection, and are elusive in identity. In their fusion they produce unity (duality) acquire conception. Pro-generating by sub-division they embrace eternity, in their manifold ramifications is law.

*2 i.e., his rainbow.

*3 Chapter on self-attraction omitted.

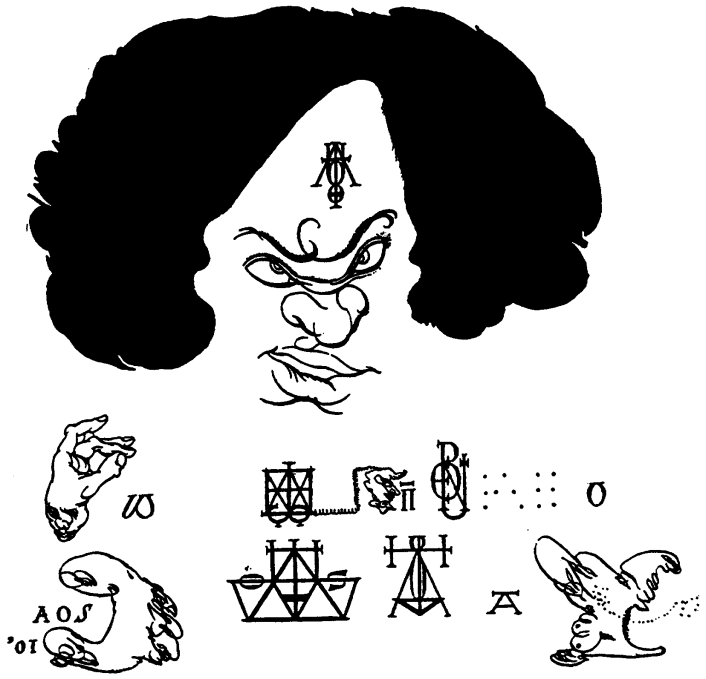
*4 This is the test. The one who doubts would naturally submit himself.

Man to invoke pleasure in his choice, subtracts from desire, his desire is partial desire, becomes sub-duple (conflict), never is his energy full. Having no true focus, he is deceived in his strength and attains a pure measure of pleasure from his body. In success how heavy is his sentence! Pleasure becomes the illusion. Through dire necessity, "his means," he is bound to its cause and effect, and becomes a holocaust on the pyre of sentiment. This self-love is the only full energy, all else a wrapping of dissatisfaction, the hypothesis of desires which obscures.

Man in the misery of his illusions and unsatisfied desires, wings his flight to different religions, and doctrines, seeks redeception, a hypnotic, a palliative from which he suffers fresh miseries in exhaustion. The terms of the cure are new illusions, greater entanglement, more stagnant environment.

Having studied all ways and means to pleasure and pondered over them well again and again, this self-love has been found by me to be the only free, true and

full one, nothing more sane, pure, and complete. There is no deceit: when by this all experience certainly is known, everything sublimely beautiful and exceedingly amiable: where the necessity of other means? Like the drink to the drunkard everything should be sacrificed for it. This Self-love is now declared by me the means of evolving millions of ideas for pleasure without love, or its synonyms—self-reproach, sickness, old-age, and death. The Symposium of self and love. O! Wise Man, Please Thyself.



Of entering the store-house of memory & slaying the gods.

May I emerge from the most ancient one:
change shall come nd on my belief.

Not shall be fettered my hand.

THE THUMB CONCENTRATION.

STEALING THE FIRE FROM HEAVEN

THE COMPLETE RITUAL AND DOCTRINE OF MAGIC.

Ecstasy in Self-love the Obsession.

MY dearest, I will now explain the only safe and true formula, the destroyer of the darkness of the World, the most secret among all secrets. Let it be secret to him who would attain. Let it cover any period of time, depending on his conception. There is no qualification,*1 no ritual or ceremony. His very existence symbolising all that is necessary to perfection. Most emphatically, there is no need of repetition or feeble imitation. You are alive!

*1 The means being simplicity, he is comparatively free to make his own qualifications and difficulties, i.e., magical retirements are absurd and at once prove his incapacity: the non-existence of what he sets about to prove. He at once sets his limit and servility.

Magic, the reduction of properties to simplicity, making them transmutable to utilise them afresh by direction, without capitalization, bearing fruit many times. Know deliberation, over consciousness and concentration to be its resistance and sycophancy, the ultimate acquirement of idiotcy. Whether for his own pleasure or power, the fulfilment of desire is his purpose, he would terminate this by magic. Let him wait for a desire analogous in intensity,*2 he then sacrifices this desire (or its fulfilment) to the initial desire, by this it becomes organic, the quantum. He has not attained freedom from law.*3 Hence let him wait for a belief to be subtracted, that period when disillusionment has taken place.*4 Verily disappointment is his chance. "This free entity of belief" and his desire are united to his purpose by the use of Sigils or sacred letters. By projecting the consciousness into one part, sensation not being manifold, becomes intensified. By the abstention of desire, except in the object, this is attained (at the psychological time this determines itself).

*2 Just a natural desire.

*3 This is a short formula for those whose belief is full in the law, are householders following their desires. The formula holds good for any purpose.

*4 Illustration: the loss of faith in a friend, or an union that did not fulfil expectations.

By non-resistance (involuntary thought and action), worry and apprehension of non-fulfilment, being transient, find no permanent abode: he desires everything. Anxiety defeats the purpose, it retains and exposes the desire. Conscious desire is non-attractive. The mind quiet and focussed, undisturbed by external images does not distort the sense impressions (there is no hallucination; it would end in imaginative fulfilment), but magnifies the existing desire, and joins it to the object in secret.

Casting the Shadow.

The Ego not being totally oblivious, let him retain only and visualise the Sigil form, it is his chalice, the means of vacuity and incarnation. By the deliberation of an analogous emotion at that time, he deputises the law (reaction). Miraculous is he, balance not known in this world imitated (attained). All other consciousness annulled with safety, the vehicle strong enough for the ecstasy, he is beyond hurt.

Now let him imagine an union takes place between himself (the mystic union of the Ego and Absolute). The nectar emitted, let him drink slowly, again and again.*1 After this astonishing experience his passion is incomparable, there is nothing in the world he will desire: unless he wills. That is why people do not understand me. The ecstasy in its emotion is omnigenous. Know it as the nectar of life, the Syllubub of Sun and Moon. Verily he steals the fire from Heaven: the greatest act of bravery in the world. Deliberation egotized, except in the refraction*2 of the ecstasy, is exposure and death, becoming a presiding obsession, control having been given to a prior experience and is over-conscious of that through it momentarily finding freedom from its native law; thus generating double personality (Insanity).

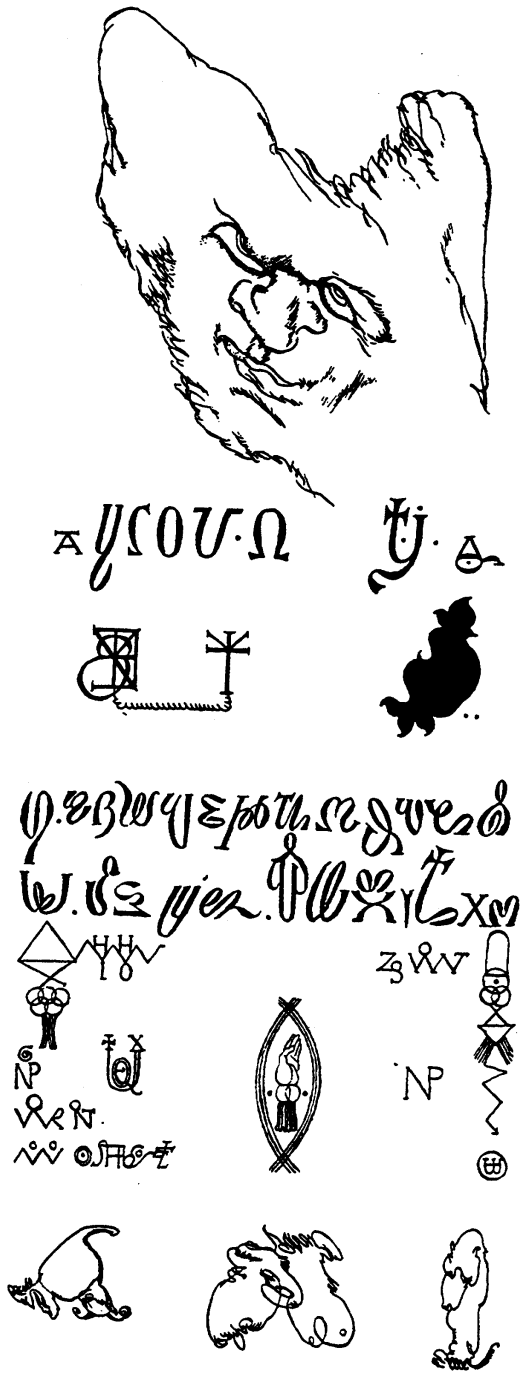
*1 If it becomes physical, let him imagine another's body—he has that sigil for its emergency. This, although not his original purpose, he will find exceedingly amiable.

*2 Laughter in this case.

By these means there is no desire beyond fulfilment, no accomplishment too wonderful, depending on the amount of free belief.*3

*3 It may be done by localizing desire to one sense, hence by this formula using the ear as the vehicle, one hears the most transcendental music ever conceived, being the voices and harmony of every conceivable animal and human existence: and so with each sense.

Men of small pleasure and enterprise, oblivious of your purpose, fault-finding, avaricious, sinful, who cannot live without women or enjoy without pain, fearsome, inconstant, diseased, and withered, dependent, cruel, deceived, and liars, the worst of men! Know, Oh, Lord, Oh beloved Self, I have now told you of that most secret tavern where passion goes when youth has gone, where any man may drink of the nectar of all-beneficent and gratuitous ecstasy. The most pleasurable nourishment that harms no one.



OBSESSIONS INCARNATING.

THE INSTANT OF OBSESSION

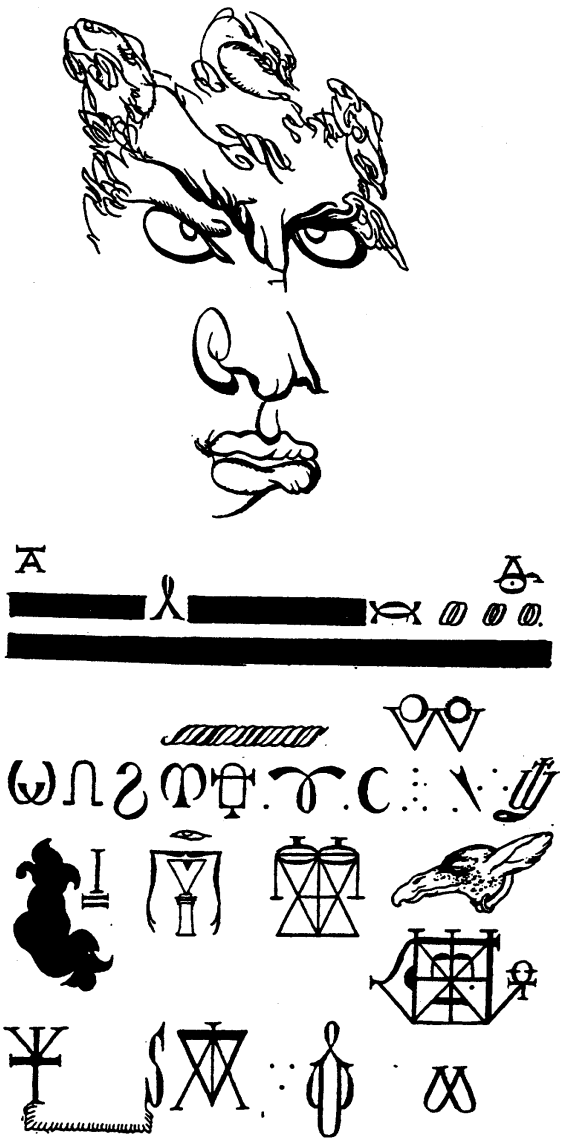
NOTE ON THE DIFFERENCE OF MAGICAL OBSESSION (GENIUS) AND INSANITY.

MAGICAL obsession is that state when the mind is illuminated by sub-conscious activity evoked voluntarily by formula at our own time, etc., for inspiration. It is the condition of Genius.

Other obsession is the "blind leading the blind," caused by quietism, known as mediumism, an opening out of the Ego to (what is called) any external influence, elementals, or disembodied energy. A transmutated consciousness that is a resistance to "true" sub-conscious activity, it being a voluntary insanity, a somnambulation of the Ego with "no form" or control to guide it: hence its emanations are stupid in suggestion, or memories of childhood.

Obsession known as or related to insanity is an experience that is dissociated from the personality (Ego) through some sort of rejection. It is sub-crystalline, and cannot become permanently attached to the sub-consciousness, not having exhausted or completed itself by realisation. Depending on its degree of intensity and resistance shown at some time or another, the Ego has or has not knowledge of the obsession; always is its expression autonomous, divorced from personal control, power of direction and timing. Concentration determines dissociation. Enthusiasm for one object seeking completion by identification, sacrifices all else, or deliberately forgets. Its separation from the Ego (it becoming equal, or more in bulk than the rest of the consciousness, causes sub-division or "double personality"), is caused by its own intensity or by shock of resistance determined by some incompatibility of the desired or desire.

Concentration is dissatisfied desire, a conflict that can never be satisfied, because of its means. When the Ego, not appearing to have or not knowing the means of fulfilment, seeks its repudiation, repression, imaginative fulfilment, or transmutation to escape its worry. None of these is the desire's or obsession's annihilation, but its separation or concealment from the rest of the Ego, its premature sub-conscious existence. It is held there only when some form of resistance is active, when resistance is dormant control is given to the presiding obsession, allowing its incarnation in, and swamping of the Ego, which has to live and perform its emotional experience. Disease and Insanity (all disease is insanity) is caused when the disembodied energy has no vital function. It is this energy which is utilised for the vitalization of Sigils.



REALIZATION OF KARMA.

SIGILS.

The Psychology of Believing.

IF the "supreme belief" remains unknown, believing is fruitless. If "the truth" has not yet been ascertained, the study of knowledge is unproductive. Even if "they" were known their study is useless. We are not the object by the perception, but by becoming it. Closing the gateways of sense is no help. Verily I will make common-sense the foundation of my teaching. Otherwise, how can I convey my meaning to the deaf, vision to the blind, and my emotion to the dead? In a labyrinth of metaphor and words, intuition is lost, therefore without their effort must be learned the truth about one's self from him who alone knows the truth . . . . . yourself.

Of what use the wisdom of Virginity to him who has been raped by the seducer, ignorance? Of what use sciences or any knowledge except as medicine? Hidden treasure does not come at the word nor by digging with your hands in the main road. Even with the proper implements and accurate knowledge of place, etc., may be but the acquisition of what you possessed long ago. There is a great doubt as to whether it is hidden, except by the strata of your experience and atmospheres of your belief.

The pertinent question now proposed by "Thee" should be asked by those desirous of some measure of genius. My answer like the mighty germ is in agreement with the universe, simple and full of deep import and for a time extremely objectionable to your ideas of good and beauty. Listen, attentively, O! Aspirant, all agog for information, to my answer, for by living the meaning thou shalt truly be freed from the bondage of constitutional ignorance. Thou must live it thyself; I cannot live it for thee.

The chief cause of genius is realization of "I" by an emotion that allows the lightning assimilation of what is perceived. This emotion is immoral in that it allows free association of knowledge without the accessories of belief. Its condition is, therefore, ignorance of "I am" and "I am not" with absent-mindedness as believing. Its most excellent state is the "Neither-Neither," the free or atmospheric "I."

You remember in your youth the thought "that this world is a curious place" in the emotion when you felt "why"—as to whether this life is a reasonable development? What was the cause of this and of your summarily dismissing it from your mind? Again the feeling that the most commonplace object is

magnificently strange and the vague emotion of co-relation between the incompatible (exhaustive arguments often see this, but always excuse it); the curiosity and shock with a more intimate association with the wonders of creation. What is it that prevents you following investigation into "what exactly is surprise," etc.? What is the cause of your believing more in God than a dog-fight? Yet you fear dogs more than God! Where is the difference between yourself choked with disquieting piety, and the innocence of a babe? Perhaps in these is the cause of ignorance.

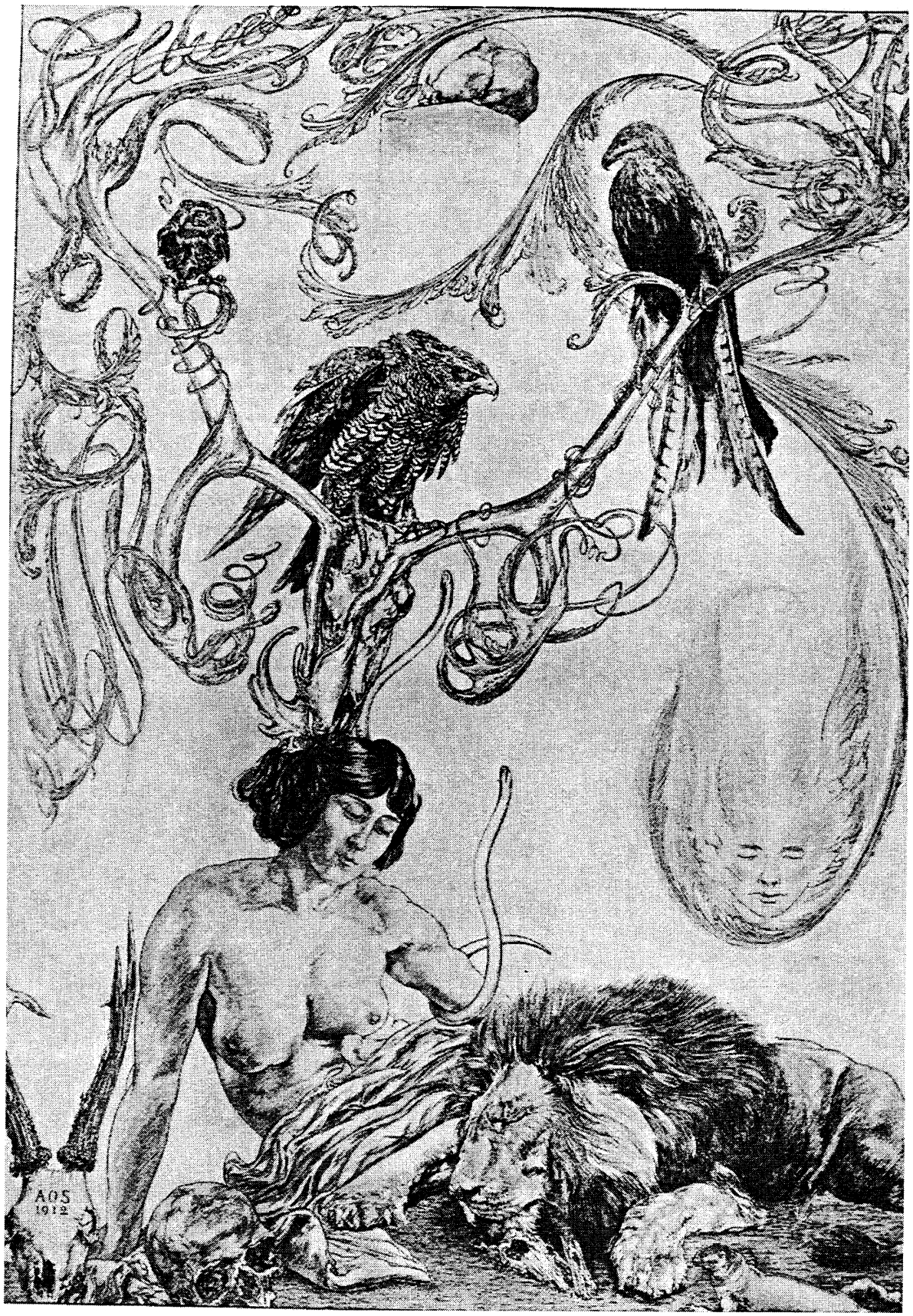
Belief is the fall from the Absolute. What are you going to believe? Truth seeks its own negation. Different aspects are not the truth, nor are they necessary to truth. Of its emanations—which are you to strangle at birth? Are you illegitimate? You believe in right and wrong—what punishment will you determine? Can you escape the driving "Must"? Who can escape boredom—without change? Who remain single and content! What man among you is large and free enough to encompass his "self"? Your belief obfuscates lineage. Ambition is smallness—your customed environment. Remember, time is an unstudied imagination of the experienced. What may be called the early experience was its completion, so of learning there is no finis. What you learn to-morrow is determined by what you have done—the accomplished lesson of yesterday. Never learning to-day what you can do to-morrow is called loss, but is theft from time, wholesomeness and rejuvenescence. Repeat this delay again and again till you arrive at spontaneity, chance in safety. The pursuit of learning (believing) is the grotesque incubator of stupidity.

If you could truly believe, we should realise the virtue of it. We are not free to believe . . . . however much we so desire, having conflicting ideas to first exhaust. Sigils are the art of believing; my invention for making belief organic, ergo, true belief.

When by the wish to believe—it is of necessity incompatible with an existing belief and is not realized through the inhibition of the organic belief—the negation of the wish, faith moves no mountains, not till it has removed itself. Supposing I wish to be great (is not counting that I am), to have "faith" and believe that I am, does not make me great—even were I to keep up the pretence to the end . . . . it being ceremonial insincerity, the affirmation of my incapacity. I am incapable, because that is the true belief, and organic. To believe differently is but affectation. Therefore the imagination or "faith" that I am great, is a superficial belief. The reaction and denial, caused by the troublesome effervescence of the organic incapacity. Denial or faith does not change or annihilate it, but is its reinforcement and preservation. Therefore belief, to be true, must be organic and sub-conscious. The desire to be great can only become organic at a time of vacuity, and by giving it (Sigil) form. When conscious of the Sigil form (any

time but the Magical) it should be repressed, a deliberate striving to forget it, by this it is active and dominates at the unconscious period, its form nourishes and allows it to become attached to the sub-consciousness and become organic, that accomplished, is its reality and realization. He becomes his concept of greatness.

So belief becomes true and vital by striving against it in consciousness and by giving it form. Not by the striving of faith. Belief exhausts itself by confession and non-resistance, i.e., consciousness. Believe not to believe, and in degree you will obtain its existence. Timeliness depending on your morality, give to the poor. If the ambitious only knew—it is as difficult to become incapable as it is to become great. They are mutual as accomplishments and equally satisfying.



THE DWELLERS AT THE GATES OF SILENT MEMORY

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THE SUB-CONSCIOUSNESS.

ALL geniuses have active sub-consciousness, and the less they are aware of the fact, the greater their accomplishments. The sub-consciousness is exploited by desire reaching it. So consciousness should not contain the "great" desire once the Ego has wished: and should be filled with an affected ambition for something different, not *vice-versâ*, the inevitable penalty of cowardice lurking somewhere: surely not an inglorious deceit? Genius, like heroism, is a matter of bravery—you have to forget fear, or incapacity somehow . . . . hence its expression is always spontaneous. How simple it is to acquire genius—you know the means; who will take the plunge? The learning of "How" is the eternal "Why" —unanswered! A genius is such, because he does not know how or why.

The Storehouse of Memories with an Ever-Open Door.

Know the sub-consciousness to be an epitome of all experience and wisdom, past incarnations as men, animals, birds, vegetable life, etc., etc., everything that exists, has and ever will exist. Each being a stratum in the order of evolution. Naturally then, the lower we probe into these strata, the earlier will be the forms of life we arrive at; the last is the Almighty Simplicity. And if we succeed in awakening them, we shall gain their properties, and our accomplishment will correspond. They being experiences long passed, must be evoked by extremely vague suggestion, which can only operate when the mind is unusually quiet or simple. To have their wisdom does not mean the necessity of their bodies—the body modifies in relation to "means" (we travel faster than the hunting leopard, but do not have its body), when it is the means it changes accordingly. Now, if we observe Nature, the early forms of life are wonderful in their properties, adaptability, etc; their strength enormous, and some are indestructible. No matter what the desire is, it always is its accomplishment. A microbe has the power to destroy the world (and certainly would if it took an interest in us). If you were to dismember its limb, the mutilated part would regrow, etc. So by evoking and becoming obsessed or illuminated by these existences, we gain their magical properties, or the knowledge of their attainment. This is what already happens (everything happens at all times) though exceedingly slowly; in striving for knowledge we repel it, the mind works best on a simple diet.

The Key to Prophecy.

The law of Evolution is retrogression of function governing progression of attainment, i.e., the more wonderful our attainments, the lower in the scale of life the function that governs them. Our knowledge of flight is determined by that desire causing the activity of our bird etc. Karmas. Directly our desire reaches

the stratum belonging to those existences that can "fly" without wings—so shall we fly without machines. This sub-conscious activity is the "capacity," the "knowledge"; all other we acquire is of a negative or manurial value. The virtue of learning and acquiring knowledge by the ordinary means is in its worry and disappointment, of that degree which causes exhaustion: by that the desire might accidentally reach the real abode of knowledge, i.e., the sub-consciousness. Inspiration is always at a void moment, and most great discoveries—accidental, usually brought about by exhaustion of the mind. My formula and Sigils for sub-conscious activity are the means of inspiration, capacity or genius, and the means of accelerating evolution. An economy of energy and method of learning by enjoyment. A bat first grew wings and of the proper kind, by its desire being organic enough to reach the sub-consciousness. If its desire to fly had been conscious, it would have had to wait till it could have done so by the same means as ourselves, i.e., by machinery. All genius has an hypothesis (usually natural) in the form of a hobby, which serves to restrain and occupy the conscious mind, to prevent its interference with spontaneous expression. The great Leonardo's mathematics, etc., served to "Deceive" him as such an hypothesis (and as Sigils). Our lives are full of the Symbolism of those predominating Karmas we are governed by. All ornament, useless dress, etc., are such (they please people because they feel the identification), and the means of locating them (Karmas). The symbolism of crowning a man King, is that he, resembling God (on earth), has reached the lowest strata of his sub-consciousness (those one-cell organisms if you like), which predominate as governing his functions. (Of course, those crowned Kings are never such, they symbolise the "hope," not the reality.) Hence the floral nature of and precious stones in design of the crown relate to first principles. He is King who has reached the dual principle in its simplicity, the first experience which is all experience . . . . he has no need of crowns and kingdoms.

By Sigils and the acquirement of vacuity, any past incarnation, experience, etc., can be summoned to consciousness. It may even happen in sleep in the form of dreams, but this means is very difficult. (Chapters on day and night dreaming for pleasure—omitted.)

Total vacuity is difficult and unsafe for those governed by morality, complexes, i.e., whose belief is not entirely self-love. Hence this desideratum of Sigils, etc.

Know all ritual, ceremony, conditions, as arbitrary (you have yourself to please), a hindrance and confusion; their origin was for amusement, later for the purpose of deceiving others from knowing the truth and inducing ignorance; and as always happens their high priests were the more deceived themselves. He who deceives another—deceives himself much more. Therefore know the Charlatans by their love of rich robes, ceremony, ritual, magical retirements, absurd conditions, and

other stupidity, too numerous to relate. Their entire doctrine a boastful display, a cowardice hungering for notoriety; their standard everything unnecessary, their certain failure assured. Hence it is that those with some natural ability quickly lose it by their teaching. They can only dogmatise, implant and multiply that which is entirely superficial. Were I a teacher I should not act as master, as knowing more, the pupil could lay no claim to discipleship. Assimilating slowly, he would not be conscious of his learning, he would not repeat the vital mistake; without fear he would accomplish with ease. The only teaching possible is to show a man how to learn from his own wisdom, and to utilise his ignorance and mistakes. Not by obscuring his vision and intention by righteousness.

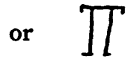
MANIFESTATION OF KARMA.

SIGILS. BELIEF WITH PROTECTION.

Magical Obsession.

I WILL now explain their creation and use; there is no difficulty about it, how pure and clear it all is.*1 Out of love for my foolish devotees I invented it.

All desire, whether for Pleasure, Knowledge, or Power, that cannot find "Natural" expression, can by Sigils and their formula find fulfilment from the sub-consciousness. Sigils are the means of guiding and uniting the partially free belief*2 with an organic desire, its carriage and retention till its purpose served in the sub-conscious self, and its means of reincarnation in the Ego. All thought can be expressed by form in true relation. Sigils are monograms of thought, for the government of energy (all heraldry, crests, monograms, are Sigils and the Karmas they govern), relating to Karmas; a mathematical means of symbolising desire and giving it form that has the virtue of preventing any thought and association on that particular desire (at the magical time), escaping the detection of the Ego, so that it does not restrain or attach such desire to its own transitory images, memories and worries, but allows it free passage to the sub-consciousness.

Sigils are made by combining the letters of the alphabet simplified. Illustration*3 the word "Woman" in Sigil form is or or etc. The word tiger or . Hat . Come . Moon . It or  etc., etc. The idea being to obtain a simple form which can be easily visualised at will, and has not too much pictorial relation to the desire. The true method has a much greater virtue, which cannot be explained briefly, being the secret of thought form, as degrees of suggestion, and what exactly is in a name. We have now agreed as to how a Sigil is made, and what virtue it has. Verily, what a person believes by Sigils, is the truth, and is always fulfilled. This system of Sigils is believed by taking it up as a hobby at a time of great disappointment or sorrow. By Sigils I have endowed fools with wisdom, made the wise fools, giving health to the sick and weak, disease to the strong, etc. Now, if for some purpose, you wanted the strength of a tiger—you would make a sentence such as:—

"This my wish to obtain the strength of a tiger." Sigilized this would be:—

This my wish

To obtain

The strength of a Tiger

Combined as one Sigil or .

*1 By this system, you know exactly what (you believe) your Sigil must relate to. If you used any form stupidly, you might possibly "conjure up" exactly what you did not want—the mother of insanity, or what always happens then, nothing at all. This being the only system, any result other than by it is accidental. Also you do not have to dress up as a traditional magician, wizard or priest, build expensive temples, obtain virgin parchment, black goat's blood, etc., etc., in fact no theatricals or humbug.

*2 Free belief or energy, i.e., a disappointed desire, not yet an obsession.

*3 There are six methods of Sigils employed in this book, each corresponding to different strata. The one shown here is illustrative and the fundamental idea of them all, from which anyone can evolve his own system. Conditions, etc., of necessity subsequently evolve themselves. Also a person has more power of creation and originality with a limited means of expression.

Now by virtue of this Sigil you are able to send your desire into the sub-consciousness (which contains all strength); that having happened, it is the desire's realization by the manifestation of the knowledge or power necessary.

First, all consciousness except of the Sigil has to be annulled; do not confuse this with concentration—you simply conceive the Sigil any moment you begin to think. Vacuity* is obtained by exhausting the mind and body by some means or another. A personal or traditional means serves equally well, depending on temperament; choose the most pleasant; these should be held in favour, Mantras and Posture, Women and Wine, Tennis, and the playing of Patience, or by walking and concentration on the Sigil, etc., etc. None is necessary to him who has (even symbolically) for a moment by the "Neither-Neither" conquered the dual principle (Conception), his Ego is free from gravity. If the Sigil is made an obsession by continual apprehension, its realization may happen any moment, in the form of inspiration. This is done by reverting the mind to the Sigil when one is extremely worried—the time of exhaustion is the time of fulfilment. At the time of exhaustion or vacuity, retain only and visualize the Sigil form—eventually it becomes vague, then vanishes and success is assured. By the Ego conceiving only the Sigil, and not being able to conceive anything from it, all energy is focussed through it, the desire for identification carries it to the corresponding sub-conscious stratum, its destination. The Sigil being a vehicle, serves the purpose of protecting consciousness from the direct manifestation of the (consciously unacknowledged) obsession, conflict is avoided with any incompatible ideas and neither gains separate personality. It (the obsession) is either gradually assimilated and becomes organic or returns to its original abode, its purpose of illumination served. Hence the mind, by Sigils, depending upon the intensity of desire, is illuminated or obsessed (knowledge or power) from that particular Karma (the sub-conscious stratum, a particular existence and knowledge gained by it) relative to the desire, but not from a memory or experience which was recent. Knowledge is obtained by the sensation, resulting from the unity of the desire and Karma. Power, by its "actual" vitalization and resurrection.

* This is not the passivity of mediumism which opens the mind to what is called external influences or disembodied energy, usually having no better purpose than rap-tables. There are many means of attaining this state of vacuity: I mention the most simple, there is no need for crucifixion. Drugs are useless. Smoking and laziness the most difficult.

This knowledge leaves its stratum in company with the energy or desire returning to the Ego. It escapes the Ego's resistance by associating with similar images, memories, or experiences relative (received in this life), that the mind contains, and crystalizes itself by their symbolism. Hence most illumination is symbolic, and must be subsequently translated.

SYMBOLISM.

KNOW symbols to be the means of epitomising knowledge for its sub-conscious retention,*1 where it gains wisdom by seeking analogy from all observations. So, a symbol works and gains knowledge from "the consciousness," the Sigil from "the sub-consciousness." As with Sigils, they induce the ignorance of the Ego, but give the Ego a flow of knowledge from itself (the Symbol). All knowledge of ideas, gained by Sigils, should be reclothed in pure symbolism (as shown hereafter) to designate and stimulate its own wisdom. Symbolism is also a means of accelerating and exhausting by living, instead of repressing a belief, from choice rather than of necessity which serves its own time.*2 Symbolism is a vital and easy means of expressing sub-conscious knowledge, vision or sensation that is difficult or impossible to express simply in a few words. Symbolism in its nature, is either arbitrary or true representation reduced to pictorial simplicity, analogous when of an abstract.

*1 i.e , The memory or sub-conscious part of the consciousness.

*2 All mendicity self-punishment, sacrifice, etc., is but an attempt to escape the law of reaction or Karma, and by symbolising the reading of these laws, they hope thereby to wrest that power from Nature. Fakirs, mendicants, symbolise in fact, those incarnations that are unpleasant (due to them as punishment) from choice instead of necessity, believing by this method they will escape further evil, hence they sacrifice to and worship as Deities, their past actions.

Illustration: "Man" symbolised by the arbitrary method could be or anything else. This method is purely fictitious and does not serve any purpose except the effort of remembering, but eventually in gaining simplicity it involves some true representation of what it symbolises, economy forcing it to utility. Hence becomes then By the other method, i.e., the pure and true pictorial representation, "Man" symbolised is or more simply , , or purely Phallic would be , or So both methods eventually arrive at the same symbol as script; with one means a question of time before it is of any use. To symbolise an abstract, such as, "Passions are best controlled by innocence (non-resistance)," we seek accepted analogy; that is "the passions" could be represented by a "Tiger," "innocence" by a "Child." Hence we make a symbol of a Child with a Tiger. By this simple key there is no traditional symbolism worth the name that cannot be read, or present knowledge expressed. Also, by virtue of Symbolism, the imagination of others can be stimulated to evolve their own wisdom, once they work on simple lines. The basis of all Symbolism (that is, the involuntary) is the expression of sub-conscious knowledge, that is or is not exploited, depending on necessity. The Egyptians, for example, were a sub-conscious race, Artistic as opposed to our scientific. To them the Darwinian was no new theory, they were already in possession of the "Vital" knowledge that Man had evolved from animals, from the lower forms of life. They symbolised this knowledge in one great symbol the Sphinx (hence its importance) which is

pictorially Man evolving from animal existence. Their numerous Gods all partly Animal, Bird, Fish, etc., etc., prove the completeness of that knowledge, but there was no necessity for them to carry it further like ourselves, they knew all that was fundamentally important to them. The cosmogony of their Gods is proof of their knowledge of the order of evolution, its complex processes from the one simple organism. Likewise their knowledge of the planetary theory, the atomic theory, etc., etc. In fact, their simple basis embraces all the possibilities of our Science. They knew they still possessed the rudimentary faculties of all existences, and were partly under their control. Thus their past Karmas became Gods, good and evil forces, and had to be appeased: from this all moral doctrine, etc., is determined. So all Gods have lived (being ourselves) on earth, and when dead, their experience or Karma governs our actions in degree: to that extent we are subject to the will of these Gods. This explains fatalism. This is the key to the mystery of the Sphinx.

* * * * * *

Art supplies all the material which Science exploits. Formula is subsequent to Inspiration.

THOUGHT-BODY AND ITS SIGIL.

THE DEATH POSTURE IN ACTION.

AUTOMATIC DRAWING AS MEANS TO ART.

Art as "Need-not-Be"—The Vital Religion.

THE virtue of Art is that it can contradict (any law of) Science, to be Art it need not be true to Science. It teaches that composition, balance or proportion, can be obtained by any principle or exaggeration, so points at freedom in a deliberation that already exists.

Were you to say a certain principle is bad as Art (or as composition, colour, etc.) it would simply be the chance for originality, and you could make a wonderful Art by utilizing only the prohibited or bad principle.

The one law of Art is its own spontaneity. Its pleasure and freedom. How mystic, pure, and simple its wish; it has no idea of potential Divinity! Decoration is its creed and vital allegory its belief. Being the "Free Morality," it has no sin —then most assuredly Art is "all" we dare express without excuse. So what is not Art is Science or a moral Photography. (True) Art being inspiration is (symbolic) formula of the Science it does not admit.

Art suggests, so is the best medium for conveying wisdom,—its very suggestion thinks freedom. Art is that beauty which may be born of anything, but not by a formula of balance or proportion beauty itself. Ugliness is that which the formula does not allow: hence there is never beauty without this ugliness which becomes transmuted by its superabundance.

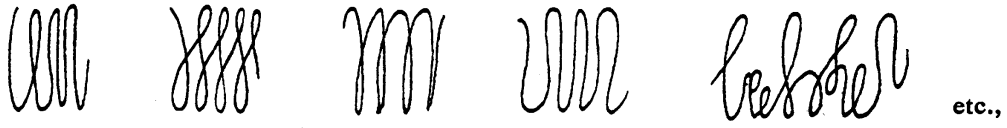
Art is the instinctive application (to observations or sensations) of the knowledge latent in the sub-consciousness.

Bad Art (fundamentally weak, as in composition, etc.) arises when a law, code or mannerism (always something learnt) does not allow (by forgetting the necessary negligence) spontaneity. Art only is Eternal Wisdom; what is not Art soon perishes. Art is the sub-conscious love of *all* things. Learning will cease and Reality become known when it comes to pass that every man is an Artist.

Automatic Drawing.

Automatic Drawing is a vital means of expressing what is at the back of your mind (the dream-man)* and is a quick and easy means to begin being courageously original—eventually it evolves itself into the coveted spontaneous expression and the safe omniscience is assured.

Automatic drawing is obtained by the Sigil Formula simplified (first make the desire to draw organic) and is a means of acquiring sub-conscious activity pictorially expressed: it is the easiest of Psychic Phenomena. The hand has to be trained from the accustomed practice to work freely and of itself. Exercise making these and other simple forms, swiftly and continuously:—



etc.,

* The Dwellers on the Threshold of the sub-consciousness, in their suffering, literally the conscience or live morality. Hence all automatic drawing in its beginning, is sentimental or morbid: their plausibility must not be feared, otherwise you express nothing better than your own displeasure.

and in a variety of directions and shapes, till you accomplish them without conscious guidance. Then allow the hand to draw of itself, i.e., scribble,* with the least deliberation possible. Eventually this scribble evolves form, style, and meaning. When the mind is oblivious, great success is assured. Looking at the thumb in the light of a moonbeam, till it is opalescent and suggests a fantastic reflection of yourself is a means to great perfection and extraordinary results are attained.

*A continuous line in evolution that escapes returning to its origin, by continual after-thought suggesting new movement, i.e., a dancing

line. Not the rebellion of childhood to learning manifest as a mantra or giddy whirl.

The drawings are symbolic in their meaning or wisdom. To determine what you want to draw, such as a particular Karma or your idea of a Horse, make that Sigil and retain the mind on it.

By these means all past incarnations can be expressed, all creations seen without stirring foot.

Automatic drawings are also the means of symbolically visualizing sensation, most in this book are such, and my first effort (about 1900).

They are also means of (fortune) telling the ultimate reaction by deducing from past actions. (Chapters on omens, fortune-telling, and prophecy omitted.)

Automatic drawing is a cure for insanity because it exposes the wounded sentiment allowing the consciousness to recognise what is obsessing and thus reason (control) begins afresh.

Note on Sacred Letters.

Sacred letters preserve belief from the Ego, so that the belief returns again and again to the sub-consciousness, till its fulness breaks resistance. Its meaning misses intelligence, but is understood by emotion.

Each letter in its pictorial aspect relates to a Sex principle, and its modifications as completeness.

Twenty-two in number, they correspond to a first cause. Each analogous to an idea of desire, and are a symbolic cosmogony. Thus the third letter is: The dual principle or conceptive faculty.

By knowledge of the first letter, one is familiar with the whole alphabet, and the thousands they imply. They are the knowledge of desire. Embracing a positive system of grammar which allows easy, non-conflicting expression, and reading of difficult and complex principles; ideas that at present escape conception.

ECSTASY FROM A BIRD KARMA.

THE DEATH POSTURE: PRELIMINARY SENSATION SYMBOLIZED.

ON MYSELF.

CONCEIVING, thou hast given no sign of life. In claiming thee, a labour of creating value, is nothing worth holding, nothing satisfying; the realization of thy inhibition all? By self-effacement would seem reality. This self, how empty! how prolific of incompleteness! In self-denial its stimulation to simulate reality . . . . more and more comes out—these ugly mists of illusion are parental, the cause of Heaven's hatred! That is why I fear to believe in God, subordination to an attribute, an idea of Self is not freedom of love! Probably Almighty is he who is unconscious of the idea of God. Now may the fierceness of my unity be "Thy" silence and for me no longer a query or labour to espouse my doubt. Yet mankind for ever doubts, quirks, and for every pleasure pays, till he becomes millionary: the punishment shall fit the appraisement of his capitalization, there is that fear! The rich in dross, to cheat his conscience, affects humility, speaks of himself as "poor," his possessions as "burdens," or of "small account"! Of what consolation the truth in the day of weary waiting and watching, the restless striving, the imprisonment, the rack, the horrors of every conceivable torture? When he becomes accustomed, loses reality, and no longer deterred, will he then create God and miseries afresh? Oh, folly of the world, deny thy faith, renounce this Bloody-Sceptred God and confess. The completion of folly is the beginning of childhood, but of knowledge there is no end. It was the straying that found the path direct. From childhood, I have never denied my invincible purpose. Oh, silent watcher, thou sleepless eye of the Universe, watch over the beginning of all my ideas. The misery of the world would seem eternal, whilst I, in the midst, like an infant not yet smiling, am impervious in purity (of self-love)—but I dare not claim its service! I am in eternal want of realization, poor though I be, my contentment is beyond your understanding. An opinionist, I fear to advocate an argument, or compromise myself by believing my own doctrines as such . . . . may they ever be their own expurgers! Fearsome of knowledge, may my belief be its emptiness, yea, ignorance! From my daring to believe religions, doctrines, creeds, so shall I hold the jewel of truth. So cautious am I, simultaneously do I deny that which I affirm, and hold fast to the "not-necessity," by paradox superseded, without antecedent, spontaneous, I revert to the Absolute, watch my intoxication and control the reaction of Karma. How easy is the Way, it would seem as though nothing should be said but all unsaid! May my words be few and pregnant! Alas, the futility of the idea of God has not yet reached its limit, all men liars, appear striving for insanity as its climax: while I alone as one prematurely aged, reason tottering on its throne, remain sane, in positive chastity, confessing no conscience, no morals—a virgin in singleness of purpose.

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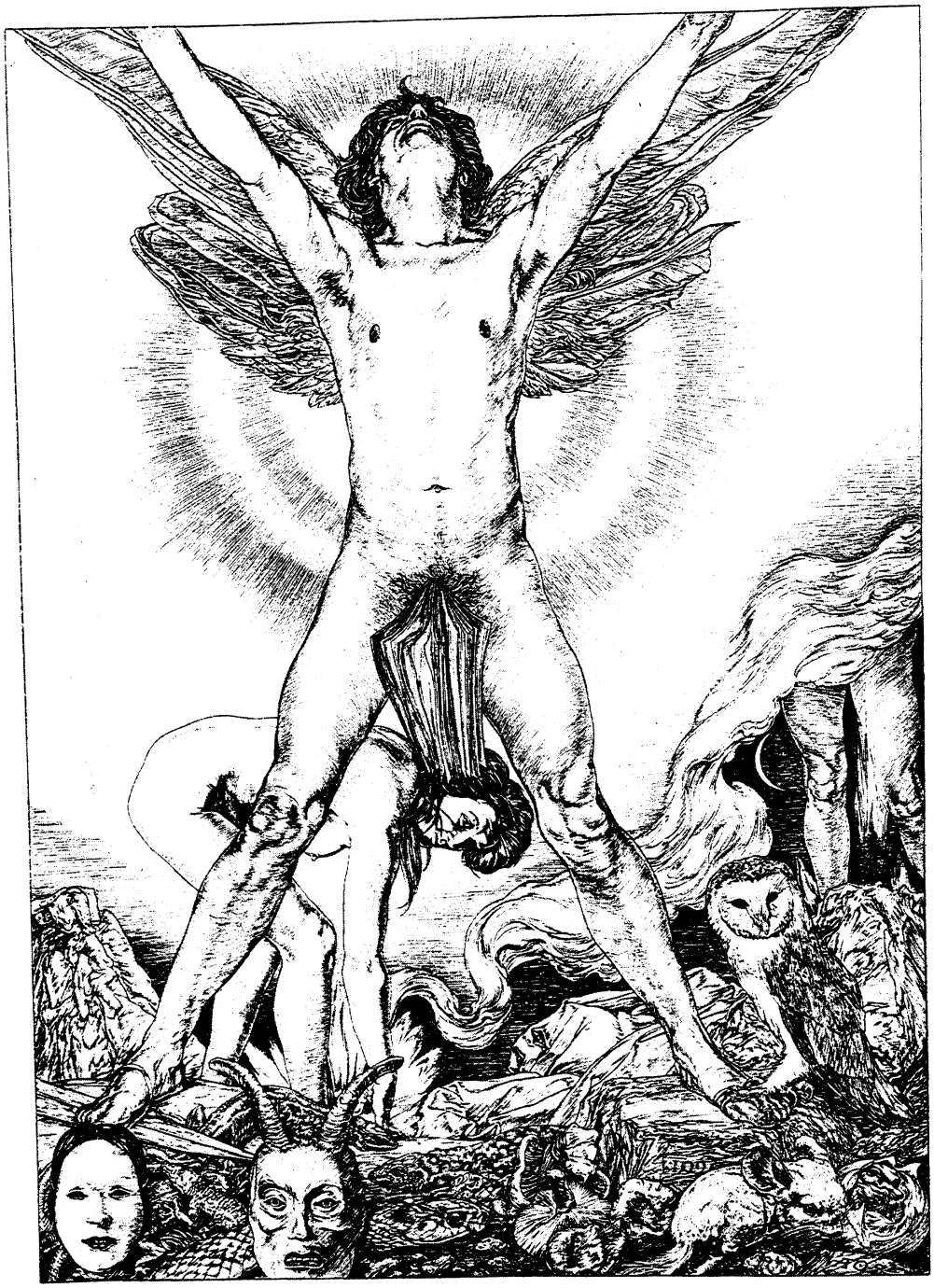

The Focus of Life

The Focus of Life: The Mutterings of Aāos: written and illustrated by Austin Osman Spare. Edited by Frederick Carter with an introduction by Francis Marsden

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I desire to express my thanks to Mr. Desmond Coke and Mr. Pickford Waller for the loan of the original drawings reproduced in this book.

A. O. S., 1921

DEDICATED

TO

L.C.O'C.S.

"Vestigia nulla retrorsum"

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Iconostasis

In the world of men are many orders: The most, those in whom multitudinous desires goad onward to some unimagined end—an end, vague, intangible, unreal—an end which, formulated and analysed, or accomplished, reveals itself as a down-sitting in the satiety of grotesque comfort to impose a vacuous will upon youth—and of these of the deathly hand, no more. But of the explorers of the infinite and marvellous things of the inmost mind—that which is before thought was—few though they may be, more of consequence is to be known; they are the makers of images and seekers of God.

These of the living hand, the makers of epics, the tellers of tales, fantastic, compelling, beyond belief, of that which is and never was, worshippers of a fair impossible she, tramplers of the slime of the pit, clamberers of the rock of the holy mountains, dreamers of the rose and the dew, of milken hill and vine of immortality, these are they that tell of the gay wisdom, of the true end of pleasure beyond becoming—who seek what is to be: They who sound the deep of the sacred name, the fourfold I AM, past, present, future, and in eternity.

In the historical period which is still in some, if slight, degree within our knowledge, there remains to us for our true information little but the records left by these greater ones. That which they wrote, or carved, or which they handed down, nameless, for preservation in myth and fable, looms large in our lives or in our dreams, stirring to a passion of delight our child imaginations or moving profoundly our greybeard's philosophical speculations. The work of these greater ones, dead and yet speaking, calls to some kindred condition in our own souls that cries out in recognition; a passionate rhythm of more intense life moves within us—and dies. As Plato wrote: "Writings are as memoranda, and as signposts for those that follow the same road." The path is that way which one in ten thousand announces, and he is cried out upon as a madman or a knave by a world desiring to rest

content with evanescent toys, slippery gains, light loves, and the ribald chaffering of the market places, or at moments of its most serious regard finding satisfaction in foolish phantasms of heavens painfully to be distinguished from the crass Utopias of sentimentality, and vended for self-interest by journals flush with reports of scandal and crime.

Truly the deepest secret is always hidden even though it be laid in the public ways or cried from housetops. The search is to be known only to the seeker, it is not to be taught but only to be learned, and then hardly. All those who follow the strange gleam of that inmost light seem as those passers-by in the Thousand and One Nights who, garbed as beggars and stained with travel, telling their marvellous histories proclaim themselves, "We are Kalendars, sons of Kings." The stories of their strange experiences of wonder and despair suffice the nights of horror, and lift at last the shadow of the sword of the betrayed king as the voice recounts through the dark hours until the light. So in the great quest of the Grail through the ruined kingdoms of the Dark Ages by the knights, who also were the sons of kings, they of the Round Table; the knightly seeker who slept when he should have waked nor asked the needful question, was akin to the dire company who will not when they may; and like those who to-day handle the secret things of the soul with strained alien comparisons demanding of the forlornest savages or of wretched neurotics the ultimate keys of the mysteries of the heart of man.

The way proclaimed even by all the sages as by Plato and by Socrates, was that in which the bold knight Gawain failed, that which he had been warned to ask, he asked not. To that essential question "To whom is this cup served?" which he should have asked, the histories give no answer. Though the response implicit in the matter "He that wills, to him that asks" would have opened for him eyes which, without question and answer, drowsed through the holy vision.

In the ancient churches, built for an agelong faith according to order, rule, and canon—proportion, ornament, all design and form was

ordered according to tradition, a tradition alive and understood, capable of infinite variety, and yet in its essence simple, based upon a philosophy which maintained a coherent relation between imagination, art, and material life. This philosophic vision so often obscured is yet to be found again and yet again, for it expresses itself through the systematic order of proportions which regulate the expression of things immaterial in material, between life subjective and life objective. Thus were the measures of the Temple of the Most High, the pattern of the Soul.

This tradition was handed down from previous generations,—at times of other manifestations of religious faith, yet on whom the light of joy and beauty had shone,—was passed from pagan to Christian, Chaldean and Egyptian, Hebrew, Greek, Indian and Mussulman, each and all took and gave and as always in human knowledge none knew all but each sacrificed the whole to the part. Their symbols differed as their outer garments but the inner desire, the purpose at root was ever the same, for however the races of man may differ in goods and observances, their moods and their mental and bodily functions are ever the same. Their symbols are diagrammatic images fixing the principles of the forms of protean shape changing thought, and giving guides and signs of power to the entity for the conquest of the inner world of darkling mood and passion, so in consequence each may be equated with its analogous symbol, and Eve as easily give a pomegranate as an apple—yet still be Eve.

Within, the house of worship was divided by sacerdotal wisdom into two parts, an outer and an inner, and separated by a great screen for isolation of the hierarch from the simple devout. Images of the great forms of the god inspired founders, bearing symbols of their part in the mysterious origins of the faith, were arrayed upon it in a guardian company against the outer body of the church as if to protect the sacred place. A gate was set amidst them and beyond was the holy altar of the divine sacrifice. So the Gothic artists set all about

their churches images of majesty or of grotesque to hold the gaze or menace the vulgar regard of inattention, and all was ordered and patterned according to their vision of the mind.

Ever between the one who desires knowledge, and that which, secret in itself, is to be known is arrayed the band of traditional powers past whom, by force of will, the source of their wisdom is to be gained. Beyond the Gate which they guard is the sacred feast of joy, there is the bread of strength and the draught of ecstasy: but these symbols are delivered into the hands of none but that one who has striven. None may offer sacrifice but one who has sacrificed greatly: to him that hath shall be given. As the sacred feast is the symbol of the great deliverance by death, therein is the culmination of the pattern of the life of man.

The entry of the church by the narrow door, the traversing of the body of the church, the strait gate, the feast of the imagination beyond, is as the work of the artist whether manifested within or without, its climax is the venture of the soul in the search through a divine intoxication for the knowledge of things beyond the common sense. The true Temple, as we are taught, is the body of man: and the entrance to the innermost mystery of the ritual of thought and imagination is past the hierarchy of ancient powers that are at once of terror and of beauty. The way in, is that old obscure experiment of the philosophers, of which Thomas Vaughan writes "That death which the Kabalist calls *Mors Osculi* or the Death of the Kiss, of which I must not speak one syllable." This mystical death is as the open entrance to the palace of Dreams where the Lady Despoina reigns, the sleep of vision which is as of the kiss of the dark King's bride that unloosens the soul gently.

The end of these gnomic divagations and appeals to philosopher and myth is this only, that they were all great according as they were great as imaginative artists, and as artists they were concerned with the world of images—of imagination—the vast abyss wherein by the

divine faculty of dream, they became fishers and each in their degree drew out wonderful draughts, as strange even as those of the Arabian tales. This book is as a net containing a vessel of strange form, the contents are to be judged without undue prepossession, remembering that among strange symbols and images is the gate through which Truth is found. To your discriminating regard and full cogitation I deliver them, O reader.

FRANCIS MARSDEN.

THE FOCUS OF LIFE

THE MUTTERINGS OF AĀOS

APHORISM I

"The effort of remembering in the Valley of Fear."

KIĀ OF THE EFFIGIES SPEAKS OF ZOS IN SOLILOQUY:

I bring a sword that contains its own medicine: The sour milk that cureth the body.

Prepare to meet God, the omnifarious believing,—*Thyself the living truth.*

Die not to spare, but that the world may perish.

Nature is more atrocious. Learning all things from *Thee* in the most sinister way for representation: from thy thought to become thereafter.

Having suffered pleasure and pain, gladly dost thou deny the things of existence for freedom from desire—from this sorry mess of inequality—once so desired.

And is fear of desire. The addition to the 'I' of a greater illusion.

Desire is the conception I and induces Thou.

There is neither thou nor I nor a third person—loosing this consciousness by unity of I and Self; there would be no limit to consciousness in sexuality.

Isolation in ecstacy, the final inducement, is enough—But, procreate thou alone!

Speak not to serve but to scoff. Hearest thou, heaven's loud guffaw?

Directly the mouth opens it speaks *righteousness.*

In the ecstatic laughter of men I hear their volition towards release.

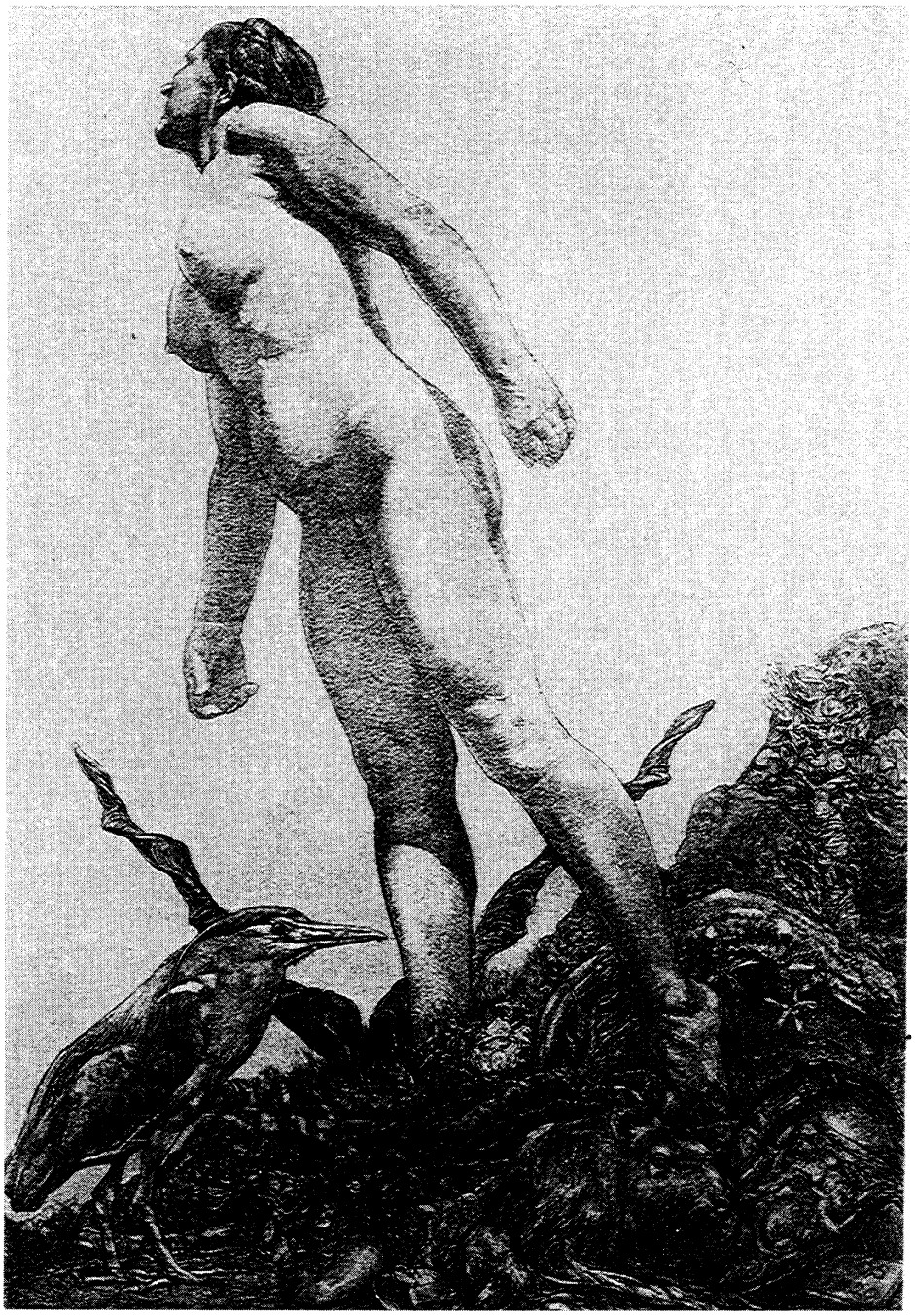
How can I speak that for which I have necessitated silence?

Salvation shall be *Unsay all things:* and true, as is time, that speaketh all things.

Of what use are hints or stage whispers?

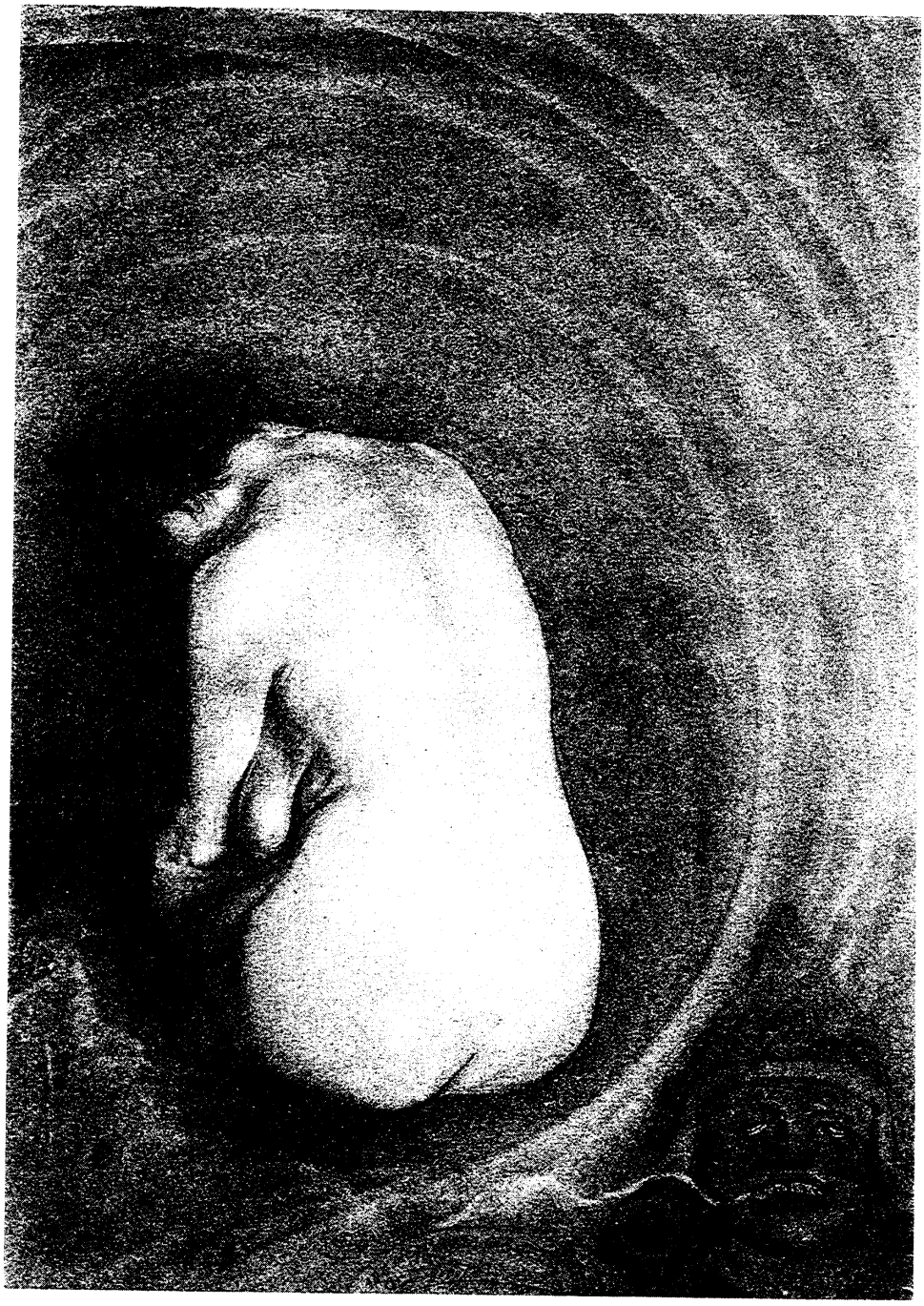
True wisdom cannot be expressed by articulate sounds.
The language of fools—is words.
In the labyrinth of the alphabet the truth is hidden.
It is one thing repeated many times.
Confined within the limits of rationalism; no guess has yet answered.
O Zos, thou art fallen into the involuntary accident of birth and rebirth into the incarnating ideas of women.
A partial sexuality entangled in the morass of sensual law.
On earth the circle was fabricated.
The origin of *all* things is the complex self. How shall it be made the end of things?
Dubious of all things by this increase, and ignorance of individuality.
I or Self, in conflict, separate.
This forgetfulness of symboli becomes the unexplored 'reason' of existence.
Unable to conceive the events of the present: what shall be knowledge of past and future? Verily, this creator speaks 'I know not what I do.'
And in this living nightmare, where *all* is cannibalism. Why dost thou deny thyself? Verily, Man resembles his creator, in that he consumes himself in much filth.
Heaven gives indiscriminately of its superabundance to make the ghastly struggle called existence.
The necessity was a deliberate serving of its own pleasure—becoming more alien. Remoteness from self is pain and precocious creation.
Through this remoteness from Self—thou dost not hear thine own call to be potentially Thyself. The living Self does not habitate.
There is no truth in thy wish. Pleasure wearies of thee.
Ecstatic fulfilment of ecstasy, is it asking too much?
Alas, the smallness of man's desire!
Thou too shalt suffer all things once again: unimagined sensations, and so consume the whole world.

O Zos, thou shalt live in millions of forms and every conceivable thing shall happen unto Thee.
Remember these senses are that which thou hast desired.
What is all thought but a morality of the senses that has become sex?
What is desired of the Self is given—eventually.
The *desire* is sufficient. The 'Self,' *will* pleasure in all things
There is only one sense,—the sexual. There is only one desire,—procreation.
I am the cause—thou the effect.
I am all that I conceive. Not for all time but at some time.
'I multiply I' is creation: The sexual infinity.
There is no end to the details of my extreme likeness.
The more chaotic—the more complete am I.
The soul is the ancestral animals. The body is their knowledge.
This omnivorous soul, how lusty: it would seem to be everlasting in its suicide.
These modified sexualities are the index of knowledge; this realized; the dualities do not obstruct with associations that involve infinite complexities and much education.
Existence is a continuation of self-realization. To create value where there is none. By all desire being *one* there is no overlapping nor the later necessity of undesiring. Complex desire is the further creation of different desire, not the realization of (particular) desire.
O Zos, Thou shall die of extreme youth! Death is a disease of fear.
All is a backward walking—realized incapacity of volition: To walk towards thyself.
With thine infinite self multiplication of associations Thou knowest all things.
Among sentient creatures human birth is highly desirable, man desires emancipation—liberation to his primeval self.
Remember! Didst thou leave thy high estate for worse things?
Man becomes what he relapses into.



Cast into demoniacal moulds, human nature is the worst possible nature.
The degenerate need women, dispense with that part of thyself.
Give unto her all thy weaknesses, it is the suffering half.
Pain awaits him, who is sentimentally desirous.
Be it thus: 'Woman, there shall be no vintage from our kisses'.
In man and woman is thy 'being.' But I say, Thou could'st create this body anew.
Awake! The time has come for the new sexualities!
Then would be occasion for greater pleasures.
To improve the species ye men must love one another.
This old illusion of righteousness has gained a future state wherein men labour every doubt.
Thou art that which thou dost prefer. The seer, the instrument of seeing, or the seen.
Conscious desire is the negation of possession: the procrastination of reality.
Make thy desire subconscious; the organic is creative impulse to will.
Beware of thy desire. Let it be something that implies nothing but itself.
There are no differences—only degrees of sensation.
Provoke consciousness in touch, ecstasy in vision.
Let thy highest virtue be: "Insatiety of desire, brave self-indulgence and primeval sexualism."
Realization is not by the mere utterance of the words 'I am I' nor by self-abuse, but by the living act.
If the desire for realization exists in thee, sensuous objects will continually provide conveniences.
Realization of this Self, which is all pleasure at will, is by consciousness of one thing in belief. To be the same is the difficulty.
Thought is the negation of knowledge. Be thy business with action only. Purge thyself of belief: live like a tree walking!

Take no thought of good or evil. Become self-active causality by Unity of thine, I and Self.
Reality exists but not in consciousness of such: this phenomenal 'I' is noumenal and neither-neither.
Now thus is concentration explained: "The will, the desire, the belief; lived as inseparable, become realization."
Truth concerns exactitude of belief, not reality.
He who has no law is free. In all things there is no necessity.
Become weary of devising wisdom in morals.
Many unseemly words have been spoken in self slander, what more painful than that? For in the mud I tread on thee. The path men take from every side is mine.
There is nothing more to be said.
'I'—infinite space.



Aphorism II

Morals of shadow, wherein the Arcana of Zos has no commandments

Zos speaks of Ikkāh:

Leaving aside all unreal dreams, consider this world as insincere disbelief.

Lo this day salvation has come. My 'I and Self' has agreed in belief.

I would ask of thee thy *suppressed* self. Is it not the new thing desired?

No man shall follow me. I am not thy preservation. *Thou art the way.*

Assuredly, thy virtue is to be equally different.

Thy complaint is the great calamity: The hypocrite is always at prayer.

Dost thou suffer? Thou shalt *again* suffer, till thine I does not fear its body. Rather seek and increase thy temptations, it is but the way to intelligence.

Transgression is wiser than prayer: Make this thy obsession. Thank only thyself and be silent.

The coward's way is religion. There is no fear—but righteousness.

Let this be thy one excuse, *I pleasured myself.*

Brave laughter—not faith. Rewarded are the courageous for they *shall pass!*

Thine I is envious of satisfaction. Yet none devotes himself to reality.

Whoever learneth much, unlearneth all sentimental and *small* desires.

This is the new atavism I would teach: Demand of God equality—usurp!

The mighty are righteous for their morals are arbitrary.

Live beyond thought in courageous originality.

These hopes and fears are somnism, there is little reality. Repent not, but strive to sin in *thine* own way, *light-heartedly:* without self-reproach. One becomes the thing itself or its creature.

Judge without mercy, all this weakness is thy self-abuse.

Experience is by contract. The great experience: Seduce thyself to pleasure.
There is only one sin—suffering.
There is only one virtue—the will to self-pleasure.
The greatest—the greatest non-morally.
The origin of morality is obedience to the earliest form of government.
In youth, all things *have* to obey their parents.
O, my aged IKKĀH, loose this the navel cord, that my youth may pass!
The most important outcome of human effort is that we learn to become righteous thieves: To possess more easily of others for self-advantage.
In this incessant glorification of work, I discover a great human secret: "Do *thou* the work—I my pleasure."
As above so below, this is never sufficiently realized.
. . . Remorse? Nay, do unto thyself all things, *fearlessly*.
Finality is reached when ye have learned to digest everything.
What is all man-slaughter but what ye have done unto yourself?
Only where there is necessity is there death. Dispense with all '*means*' to an end.
There is nothing higher than joyous sensation.
Eternal Self ! these millions of bodies I have outworn!
Oh, sinister ecstasy. I am thy vicious self pleasure that *destroyeth all things*.
Distrust thy teacher, for 'divine truth' has prevented better men from wisdom. In such revelation there is no *suggestion*.
Do thy utmost unto others: But be surely what thou wilt: *and* keep thy belief free of morality.
Observe thyself by sensation: thus know the finer perturbations and vibrations.
This much shalt thou learn: To love *all* men, for there will be compulsion.

Serve no man, hell is a democracy.
Think not the words 'I wish,' say not the words 'I will.'
Respect thy body: it will again become thy parents.
Fear nothing,—*strike* at the highest.
Ennui is fear: Death is failure. Go where thou fearest most.
How canst thou become great among men? . . . *Cast thyself forth!*
Of this event, genius is the successful effort of memory.
Break *thy* commandments, be lawless unto *all* dogma.
Revolt is the fertiliser of the new faculties.
Knowledge and all evil wars react from previous existences that are now fragmentary to the body and operate as disembodied astrals. The more distant the creature that govern our functions the more unusual is our manifestation of phenomena, which are but living their physical peculiarities by a mechanism. Retrogress to the point where knowledge ceases, in that law becomes its own spontaneity and is freedom.
If my word has spoken unto fragments, pushed aside marriage beds, and brushed out old grave chambers;
If I ever rejoiced in calumnies, if I have murdered, lied, adulterated, robbed; If like the weather I spit on all things—
Is it because—I remember, that of my belief—*there is a volition that willeth opposite?*
For I love thee, O Self!
For I love thee, O mine I!
Oh! how could I fail to be agog for originality in self-love?
Never yet has procreation with another been satisfactory.
If I have wandered into marriage with *anything*—there has been a conspiracy of accidents: within and without.
And *what* willeth to self-pleasure—this out-breather of good taste, this conversion to ungodliness?
I know thee! . . . thou heavenly necessity that compelleth chance *to supersede the sexualities!*

For mine I is worthy of the Self: and alone knows what is righteousness.
Verily, I tell you good and evil are one and the same.
It is but the distance *thou* hast reached.
Will unto self-love—the unexhausted, the procreative of ecstasy!
Where there is life there is will unto pleasure—however paradoxical the manifestation.
Where living things command they risk nothing but their own law.
I am *whatever* must surpass conceivable desire.
This Self-love does not circumscribe nor promise but gives whatsoever is taken—spontaneously.
Thus I teach thee, will unto pleasure of *all* things, for they must again change the tenacity to obedience.
And this new name I give unto thee, for all accusations: Not sinner, but somnambulist.
For he who premeditates, acts in his sleep.
Having overcome the difficulty of obtaining a male incarnation from parents not too venereal, one's habitation should be wandering among men: Employment, devotion to Art: Bed, a hard surface: Clothes of camel hair: Diet, sour milk and roots of the earth. All morality and love of women should be ignored. To whom does not such abandonment give the unknown pleasure?
Again I say: 'In all things' pleasure Thyself, for occasion need not be.

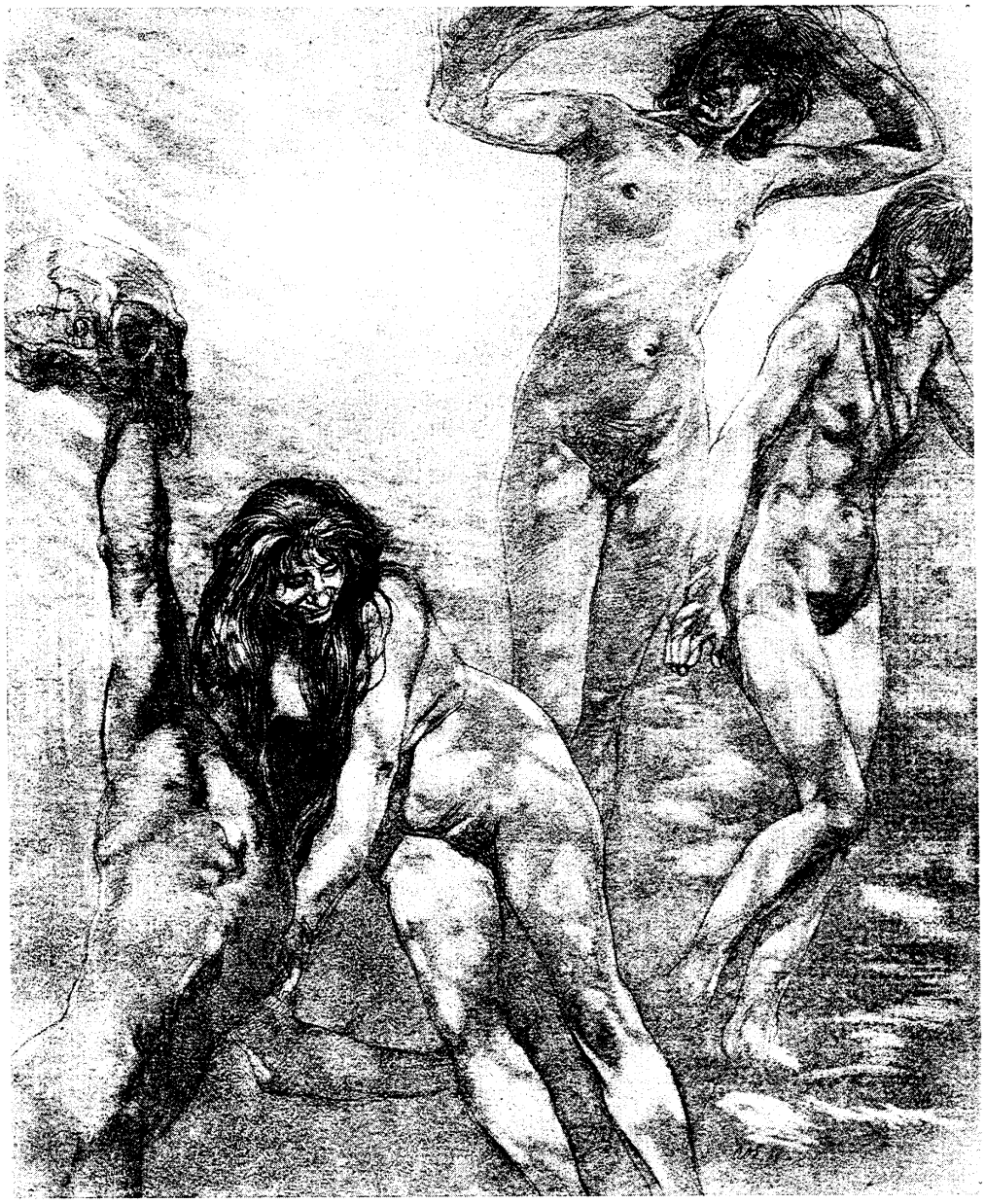
Aphorism III

The Chaos of the Normal

Ikkāh speaks of himself:

I would counsel closed ears, for those who contain the great Ideas, have no opinions.
Who doth know what his own subconsciousness contains? Still less his own Arcana. They are the great who allow its operation by silence.
Of two things we have choice: degeneration or immobility.
Out of the past cometh this *new* thing.
Becoming heaven's slaves—is some of pleasure begged again?
Man strives for increase,—the monstrous world of vague and mad Ideas is incarnating.
Come back, your goal is a jail! Turn about and you arrive . . .
This maddest of worlds. Daily is pleasure limited by the necessity of cheapened facilities.
Onwards and ever more weary—till sleep—then backwards.
There is nothing conceivable that does not exist, *because* the vision is feeble.
In keeping the right distance from Things, is Safety. But how much should we gain?
Experience is ignorance. The necessity of reoccurrence.
One thing is certain: we are subject to our own moral laws, whether we are or are not aware of them.
The desire determines, and no later belief shall alter it a whit.
The highest creations are those that harmonize the most incongruous things.
Art is the truth we have realized of our belief.
The great human factor in Life is deceit: Always the greater deceiver—self? The wrath is revealed against all that hold the truth in righteousness.
Still are the shallownesses, who could know they hide a universe?

And tell me, what is it the obvious does not contain?
Know much of life! Should death give *you* its secret?
Self suggestion—*to will*, this is the great teacher: not dogma.
To those of fixed Ideas, beware of suppressed evacuation.
What the world reveres most, treat with the utmost contempt.
Consumption, evacuation, sleep: this labour suffers of no variation for to-morrow we again procreate life.
O, fool! suicide does not exist . . . there is no death.
Death is change and for many very *small* change.
You who stink like a butcher's shambles—what is your daily menu?
Become less carnivorous. If the food is wholesome, the body shall not suffer.
The difference between man and beast is one of acquisition, not digestion.
There is no lasting peace—ye eternally fall in love with the new thing of belief.
To the mental gymnast: your somersault returns from the place where it began.
Slave! All you know for certain—*you suffer*.
Embrace reality by imagination.
From birth is a degeneration of function—safe is he who never leaves his mother's womb.
What is perfect does not reflect its caricature. What is true has no argument—in that it is volition.
The workers of *malignity* own the Kingdom of Earth.
What asses these teachers, prophets and moralists now appear! And through them what greater she-asses we have become!
You would have prophecy? First tell me your sleeping partner's name . . .
What once evoked a mighty passion—is now repulsive; lest ye forget: sleep alone.
If you yourself cannot be ungodly—then nothing will convert you.



No nearer the goal for life is eternal.
Which are the more unclean: they who make a profession of their morality, or they who prostitute?
Life is a viscous charity from which germinates friendships towards parasites.
The necessity of a better life is intoxication but more and greater things than strong drink intoxicate.
Thou hast become remote—I rejoice in thee!
Who invented such things as vanity and humiliation?
The higher the form of creation the more it habitates earth and the more it is conscious of body.
Everything that is half realized becomes the material of dreams; man has always badly mixed the dream with the reality.
He who transcends time escapes necessity.
The living Lord speaks: 'In disciples is my satisfaction.' A weary one asked: 'Is it not written on the sandals of the prostitute—*follow me*'?
All undesirable things become morally fearsome.
Only the animal in man dances . . .
Hatred is life—the love of possession.
He who can truthfully say—I believe in nothing but myself—in all things realized.

Zod-ka speaks of Ikkāh

The abyss Self projecting from non-existence the procreatrix I, was the great change and the beginning: to extend the purpose of desire—for Time to make all existence inexact—those things kept ever vague. Thus was the *will* to operate unbegotten.
One thing nominally, everything alternatingly desirous. That which is first desired is permitted, then externalized and taken away by a circumlocution of beliefs becoming law.
No knowledge would separate us from the virtues of non-existence but that for man—having become involved with disease, all his food is

poisonous; his complete saturation is inevitable that he may become again healthy. Thus man wills by thought.

By the 'death posture'* (not for subjection of mind, body or longevity nor any *thing* as such) the Body is allowed to manifest spontaneously and is arbitrary and impervious to reaction. Only he who is unconscious of his actions has courage beyond good and evil: and is pure in this wisdom of sound sleep.

Will to pleasure is the basic function underlying all activity whether conscious or not,—and whatsoever the means.

Denial of this Self-love is disease—the cause of homicide; the sufferings of part-sexualities and small things germinating.

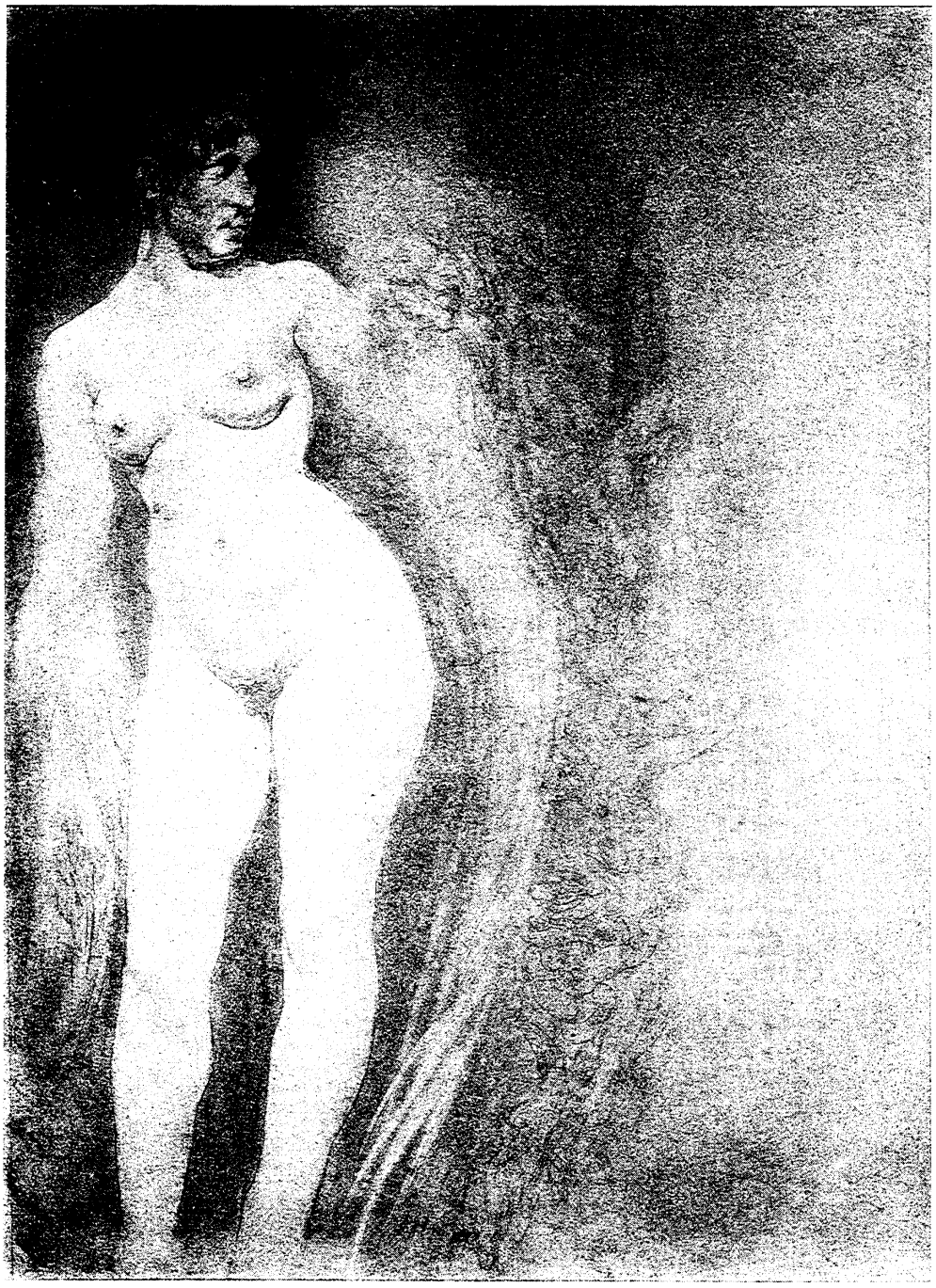
Knowledge of necessities is desirous:—Deliberation is but a sorry disatisfaction—a first cause of illusions, harnessing man to a mass of half-realized desires. Remember! O Ikkāh, these present Ideas of consciousness obtaining in senses and bodies, are transitory—are destined for *usage* and other predeterminations—and unnecessary to wakefulness. Will is transition; the painful process of transmigration —the labour of birth and death. Volition to supersede a thing is inability to realize the living Self. For whatever is attained is but the re-awaking of an earlier experience of body.

Man should most desire a simultaneous consciousness of his separate entities. All consciousness of 'I' is a decline and vegetates good and evil afresh—the compulsion of limit and morality. From spontaneous non-existence, germinate all significant ecstasy—that shall last in the uttermost impossibilities unconditioned to will.

Alas! what ornaments are grave-yards? The pleasure ground of self is contact with the living.

The fool hastens to man with a mouth overfull of new discoveries of power subservient to will! What matters it that we have realized a little more of I? Of beyond its limits of possibility?

*A simulation of death by the utter negation of thought, *i.e.* the prevention of desire from belief and the functioning of all consciousness through the sexuality.



Note well! *All* things are possible even in nightmares—becoming, they are a necessity, an additional boundary to memory—the further separate entities of consciousness.
Remember O Ikkāh! Thou shall not cease to be again what is denied —unto the end of conception: thus man has constructed his seed. These sentient creatures and the beyond conceptions in the order of evolution were thou once even as they?
O Ikkāh, Thou art this present God—this termite and many other things not yet domesticated or associated with thought.
This focus 'I' called consciousness is unaware of its entire living embodiments but alternates and epitomizes their personalities.
What is 'I' and the extent of its conscious habitation?
. . . A weak desire, a memory governed by ethics and ignorant of its own bodies. Therefore that which is indeliberate is the more vital and is will: discarded knowledge is the sexuality and becomes law.
Thus entity exists in many units simultaneously without consciousness of 'Ego' as one flesh. Verily, I say—the deliberations of many exist in living animations—their consciousness split among a multitude of creatures but knowing only the more important (?) incarnations—
What greater misery than this?
Of others, their awake-consciousness is aware of more than one entity and obtain esctasy by saturable desire.
O Ikkāh! Jest viciously! Abandon this haunted mortuary in a blind turning—by significant courage.
The 'I' surfeit-swelled is the end of compassion—the indrawing of sex to Self-love. Fortunate is he who absorbs his female bodies—ever projecting—for he acquires the extent of his body.
Whatever is desired, predetermines its existence in endless ramifications miserably and evanescent: Self-love is the paradox of I.
Oh Ikkāh Zod-ka! Thy fiction of finality has prevented sleep and created eternity. O, invent *sound sleep* by the utter ruin of cosmos!
For impapably and anterior to consciousness—all things exist . . .

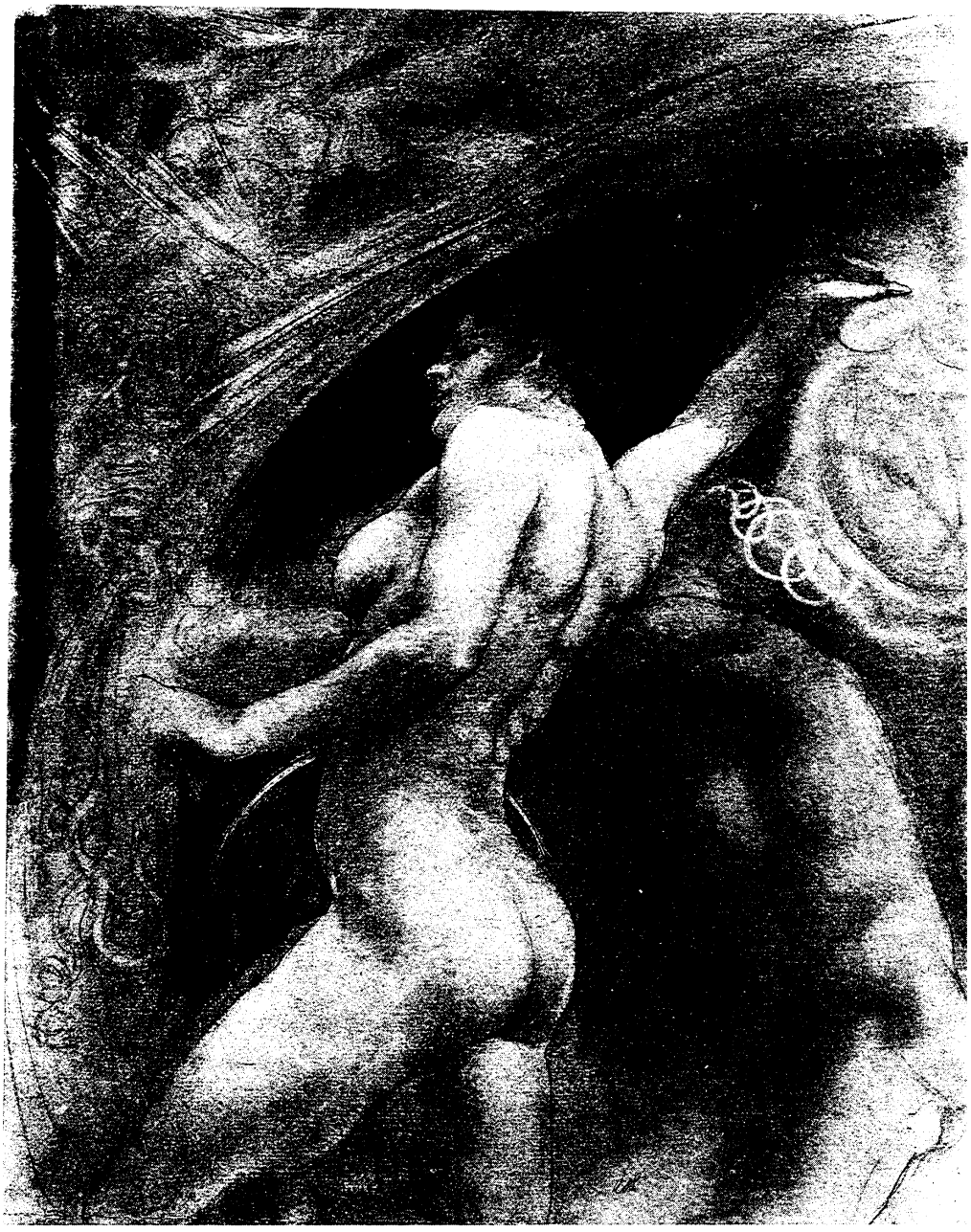
With sensibility and name, becoming its living simulation and thus it disappears—involving its consequent necessity.

Reason has become too sensible, thus desire has become legerdemain mixed with diablerie. The soul, proud and blighted . . . is a civil war of desire: thereof the necessity for medicine and anesthesia. Man has made this environment: the mind is now the belly of the sexuality. Thus I suggest to thee—Self-love and its own temptation to excess. Verily, greater courage hath none than to satisfy the *unexpected* desire by Self-pleasure.

For this reason, that when the desire again reacts, to operate in the ego, the suffering shall be *ecstatic*. How do I know? Not by farcical dialogue with Self but through contact with its undulations . . . are we not ever standing on our own volcano?

What is beyond man—something more dishonest or a further beast? One thing is desired, another is thought; and a *different* becomes.

Everything loved obtains an obscene disease. These dream postures are ominous prophecy of thyself to become—the obscure wish. O joy and woe! which is the higher morality—to love man while being man or to reincarnate as woman to fulfil desire? Death is that degeneration, an alternation of ego in consciousness (*i.e.*, desire), its metamorphosis into separate entities for that purpose: serving its own. Man's living virtues are those unfamiliar with names. His absurd I is ever supra-lapsarian. Man has exhausted his courage by imaginations engendered from the damned: Never can he satisfy what follows these repressions. Thou who tremblest all over! Thy soul shudders! Thou dost perish from the poison of yesterday's amour and righteousness! O incomprehensible synonymy! O thou who art neither the vigorous kiss of my twin sexes nor its writhings of hatred and black shame. Nothing is discovered of thee until *I* invented it: from the ceaseless resurrection of earlier deliberations. O thou syzygy of my I and Self! Thou becomest volatile to whatsoever is sensed. Art thou the hidden wish for madness and hysteric love? O thou "untamed" within, thou shall



not lose virtue—for *thee* I will not domesticate while generating. O Idiocy! where is that path where I may wander naked in frenzy, a trespasser against all things reasonable? O time! saith good and evil: 'Come, come! Ego, I come!'

. . . . .

Knowledge alone is transitory, the illusion subsequent to 'I desire all things.'

Eternal, without beginning is Self; without end am I; there is no other power and substance. The ever changing modifications and diversities we see are the results of forgetfulness, misinterpretated by nightmare senses. When the Self again desires, then *I* only and nothing else shall remain. Permitting all things, whatsoever is imagined comes out of it. Believe what you will, it has no compassion. The connotation Self-love is applicable to all things. To it, all things are equal. The destroyer of *devotees*; lover of all things *unique.*

Giving overflow to all who are indifferent to wanglers, who jest at doctrines . . . of emancipation in celibacy and vituperation. I declare this Self-pleasure alone is free of Theism; the disenthralment of God and the distractions of ego in the many entities of existence I show. Ye who praise Truth thereby causing its necessity are compelled to live differently. Out of this afterthought of belief—thrives this somnambulating generation of unpleasured fools, liars and homicides—ever bewildered by good and evil. All has become inborn sex, so complex 'am I,' that a successful awakening is impossible without catastrophe. Birth is now painful, life a dire necessity and death an uncertainty—except of fearsome things. What further, O Ikkāh, should a cesspool of truths contain? Nor truth, nor women, nor *anything* else once made objective shall satisfy. They who are committed to doctrines shall continue to move in this cycle of transmigrating belief: degenerating beyond limits they dare not face, and so allow conception to exist *of itself* from the imaginations 'I believe.'

What more disgusting? For I am all sex. What *I am not* is moral thought, simulating and separating. Imagined through forgetfulness, born asleep, whose very essence is vague, how can this world with such vapid antecedents, be anything but unthinkable! What man prohibits and then commits will certainly cause suffering, because he has willed double. Born of complex desire, results of actions are dual: multitudinous virtue and vice. Creation is caused through this formula of reaction and is a servile believing,—all this universe has come out of it. When by that unprohibiting Self-love all this cosmos is certainly familiar and pleasured, it should be practised with labour. But who is honest enough to believe this without relapse? Having renounced both good and evil conveniently, one should engage in spasmodic madness. Renouncing everything else take shelter in that Self-love, which incites the functions into the bold, 'freedom from necessity am I': virtue and vice shall cease. Self-illumination am I; the procreatrix of this universe. Indomitable in body: born of the bastard truth I made. When the eyes are shut the world certainly does not exist. O chaos! is there no greater joy than flagellation; the ecstatic paralysis that makes holocausts of withered souls; the hideously pitiable cripples—"I fear . . ."? I assert this Self-love to be a most secret ritual hidden by blasphemous Ideographs: and he who calls, pronouncing the word fearlessly, the entire creation of women shall rush into him.

What are lies—but mistimed events?
What is time but a variety of one thing?
What is all folly, but will?
What are all beliefs but the possibilities of I?
What is all future but resurrection?
What is all creation but thyself?
Why is all existence? Awake! Up! up, for thine own sake—
Self-love discover.

O sin, where is thy violence?
O love, where is thine incest?
O thought, where is thy courage?
O hope, where is thy faith?
O Self where is thy humanity?
O truth, where is thy mispronunciation?
Verily, Self-love alone is complete!

THE SEXUALITY AND SLEEP OF AĀOS

Aāos having realized at an early age that all systems of belief, religion and rituals; consisted alone in their original value to their creators;
And were of the weary, to incarnate pleasure by hope, control by fear; and to *Deify* by morals;
That cowards fear, and must needs promise pleasure of their sufferings;
And they who had experienced "I," would have you destroy its body; and were but outspoken hypocrites—their manifestation of pleasure being *potential:* Verily, Aāos realized that the origin of I, was for pleasurable procreation . . . but that things had been changed.
Aāos then pondered in his heart long over the geometry of the world of senses; and spake thus: "How far short has realization fallen from original conception? Have we not lived all things previous to the event? What is *any* desire but all desire? but men get married and nothing is sufficiently arbitrary.
I am the origin of all creation, certain it is that *I* want not salvation," (observing all the miserably diseased mob:)
"O, grant that I may add to the world a far greater suffering!
God is a precocious creation of the Apes, something that must be suppressed: Man must regain his sexuality.
What is man—this feeder on dead bodies of Self? . . . A mole, a carnivorous plant, a disease of himself, a conglomeration of—"it was" and a cause, effecting the miscarriage of his desires—ever creating his future necessities:
What man knoweth the perturbations of his own fear?
Verily, suffering is its own reward.
He who *willed*, knoweth not his own offspring.
Man projects a vague 'Self' and calls it truth and many other qualified names: Verily, once a Thing is named it becomes nothingness to its meaning.
All happiness is an illusion and a sorry snare. All righteousness is a

dishonesty and all sin a pleasure. Assuredly, the courageous alone seem safe . . . without remorse.
Man invented Self-pleasure but knoweth not his own love.
Everything was once arbitrary. Yet they who spoke: *their* power has ended in common sexual practice—abnormal only with jaded appetites.
They who *knew* were rightly crucified, scorned, ignored and their mouths sealed with their own excrement.
Have we not forgotten more than we shall ever learn?
Where is the magic to revitalize the mouldering words?
Everything is again eventually arbitrary!
What is there to believe that is free of belief? What is there to will that is safe from reaction?
Why is belief always incarnating? Though oft times not even a sincere wish? Who among men knoweth what he believes? Everything is true at some time.
What is this unpleasant Thing, necessity—suffering? How originated pain? What is necessity—but conditioned belief?
What is it we eternally desire and say, *through* disease?
Verily, directly a man speaketh—he suffers.
What is Self and I? And all these myriad forms called creation,—all so essentially like me? Who can realize this Self-portraiture of all Things?
Verily, the sexuality has no limit in conception.
Whither I would go, there had I long been before.
Eternal re-occurence would seem necessary to greater multiplicity!
For what reason is this loss of memory by these bewilding refractions of my original image,—that *I once made*—and out of which spring the sexes?
God is born again of desire, call it by whatever name: this unmanifested memory has no name till belief incarnates. Hence it may be called,—*the re-occuring sub-division of 'I.'* Everything becomes necessary.

Man is subject to his own law: All else is an obscene jest and a lie."
Thus reasoned Aāos in his youth and went to sleep alone.
After a vilely repulsive nightmare Aāos awoke saying:
"Quiescent are my depths, who could realize They contain such criminal abortions of the cosmos?"
What is all body but materialized desire? What are dreams but unsatisfied desires striving to foretell their possibility in despite of morals?
Life is but will, that has become organic after satiety; its further desires striving for Unity. Death is that further will incarnating in body."
The next day Aāos spoke unto his growing beard:
"Destroy O, my Self, these hallucinations of *I am not* by knowledge of pleasure.
Thou mighty ecstasy that willeth *Thy* pleasure in suffering!
Make my consciousness reality of thee in body!
What is Self but Cosmos? What is I but Chaos? Eternally creating its pleasure, everything *could* become arbitrary.
Whatever deceit we practice, the functions of the emotions are one; their expression dual: Time making multitudinous by denial.
What is experience, but denial? What is the centre, but belief?"
After a long suspiration, Aāos spoke aloud to his 'I.'
"Awake, my Self-love! Leave this hour of cow-dust, I am all things to pleasure. Too long have I lived the nightmares of others in my sleep . . . Arise! get forth and feed from the mighty udder of Life. *Thou* art not a cow-herd, nor grass, neither cows nor kine!
But once again, a creator of cows—who loves their breasts!
Are not all things cows to thy pleasure—whether they would or not?
And what is Cow? Is it not a fountain? Didst thou not create God, teach nature all secrets and crowd the spaces with cows of desire, unknown and manifesting? Didst thou not create and *destroy Woman?*"

Again Aāos spoke, but unto his lidless eye:
"Behold thou hoary, white headed, thou silent watcher of night and day: thou death-clutch on the smallnesses of Time!
This neither-neither I, shall transvalue ennui, fear, and all diseases to my wish. Dead is my misery in suffering! How could it exist in my Zodiac, unwilled? I, who transcend ecstasy by ecstasy meditating *Need not be* in Self-love! Verily, this constant ecstasy I indraw from Self-creation. By castrating 'of,' my belief is balanced: my arbitrary automatism serving its diverse self-pleasure."
Then Aāos meditated and murmured: "All things exist by me: all men exist in me, yet who doth not turn away from his own superabundance while realizing?
All desire is for unity: thus my vision seeth through mine ears.
Let my unity be realized sufficiently, thus shall my sexuality be convenient unto itself and escape the conceivable . . .
Where is lust when the tests wither? Verily these senses have a further purpose beyond their own: thus shall thou steal the fire from Heaven. All things return to their earliest functions."
At that moment Aāos realized he was not alone; and a voice asked: "Hast thou no fear?" Laughing aloud, Aāos answered: "Hidden from thy small susceptibilities, monstrous enormities are committed!
On the day my wind bloweth a little the cow-dust away—thou O fool, shalt vomit hot blood at thine own prostitution and incest.
When thou knowest not, the lust wills *non-rationally*, the belief bindeth with modest Ideas; the body is subject and suffers.
What man can prevent his belief from incarnating? Who is free of filth and disease?
All men are servile to the great unconsciousness of their purpose in desire. The I thinks, the Self doth. There is no salvation from desire, neither day nor night does it cease its lengthy procreation of cause and effect: penetrating all things inexplicably.

Endless are its elements and nothing whatsoever escapes its embrace—but its own Self-love. . . . Should I fear my I?"
Aāos lowering his voice, uttered: "What further use shall I give my sexuality? Verily it is alway speaking for me!
This I, non-resisting to the Self, becomes irresistible." When the voice had left, Aāos went his way muttering and smiling: "Can it be possible that dead wives resurrect?" For he thought that—*Woman was dead.*
With this reflection Aāos became silent. Awaking from his Self-introspection he spake aloud to his body:
"Man is something that has resurrected from an archetype, a previous desire gone to worms. All conceptions predetermine their degeneration or supersedure by degrees of morality.
Verily a new sexuality shall be mine,—unnecessary to degenerate or surpass.
To give it a name, I call it the *Unmodified* sexuality; without a name it shall be conscious of all desire: thus no ecstasy shall escape me. Its wisdom shall be dreams of Self-love vibrating all the manifestations—*I am he, who self pleasures non-morally.*"

The dead body of Aāos.
Aāos preparing for death uttered in soliloque:
"O, thou inconceivableness that transcends human desire; thou magnificent incongruous Face. For millions of years thou hast not wearied of my body. What would Thy pleasure be but for my wantonness?"
"I teach you the glad death of all things." Thus spake my knowing mouth. "My belief has created the more beautiful body and desires rebirth.
Fear I the transvaluation called death? Knew I not death, when time was born? Arise, old memory! And tell my consciousness of this frequent experience—once again!"
Then Death spake unto Aāos:
"No stranger, nor enemy to me is Aāos, we are too ancient friends

to come to blows. What hast thou come to take from me this time? What fresh associations for thy new body? No self-denial has Aāos! *Thou* hast not come to rap tables. To awake the disembodied Astrals!
Aāos answered: "In life my memory lived numerous remotenesses which were once me. My belief reached associations that out-stripped all morality and rationalism.
My I chanced much with the Self: certain it is, I come not to repent . . nor seek a wife.
Yea, my will conquered faith and sincerely laughed at every righteousness!
Now that my individual consciousness dissolves, to saturate again with its furthermost desires, to form the new body:—O mighty death, remember at the time of incarnating—my utmost immorality, my frightening madnesses, my jesting sins, my satyr carouses, my grotesque concubine of chaos!
Remember O death, my frenzied longing that has no name (Oh, forget my first kiss of love, now withered as a fallen leaf).
Make this my sexuality complete, all knowing, so that I may again procreate the lusty Self-love in isolation!"
Then Aāos spake unto the ferryman:
"O time, of nothing now am I ashamed to admit parentage. What I generate is future, body to become. I have learned and unlearned in equal labouring this universe. Hard has been my faith and denial. *That which is* incomprehensible have I made,—have I impelled inwards to make secure for reaction. My knowledge is but the murmuring of a few words with ever changing intonation and meaning. For I have suffered that which shall never be forgotten or spoken: Thus much have I realized of Life. Where is fear when I impel procreation? O earth! *all* memories! solid, liquid, vapour and flaming! Old sentiment is my body, germinating afresh: again to exist and change by the command, 'I desire.' The Alpha and Omega of my wisdom is—*glad suicide:* it has become inevitable and shall

be my payment to thee. Steel and poison are my friends. Steel for Self, poison for vermin — for myself diseased. I *will* this fruitful violence, my death kiss, thus to realize my hyper-commands."
With his belief firmly fixed, his full red lips smiling, with bright eyes; Aāos clasped his sword saying: "Greater love hath no man than Self-destruction in pleasure." No new experience to Aāos! And thus he died.

Death is named the great unknown. Assuredly, death is the great *chance*. An adventure in will, that translates into body. What happens after death? Will it be more surprising than this world? Could I say? My experience may not be the commonplace . . .
Without doubt, all shall experience the 'rushing winds' that blow from within, the body beyond perspective, into cosmic dust,—till consciousness again develops. Death is a transfiguration of life, an inversion, a reversion of the consciousness to parentage and may be a diversion! A continuation of evolution. The coming forth of the suppressed.
Do you know what happens to the body at death? Exactly what changes take place? Well, so it happens to your beliefs, desires, etc., that make consciousness, for all things seen are incarnate desire, the unseen; Ideas of the past and future bodies.

The Death Posture

From these the new body is determined and parentage selected by the laws of attraction.

The wise man makes sure of his future parents and a male incarnation before death.

Consciousness (for most, only three dimensions) is not so definite as in life but to the extent of your will in life, that much is your consciousness in death.

Death is the manufacture of life. A dream is a sore likeness of Life. Death is a sore dream of life. Its period depending on the perfection or otherwise of the individual but closely follows in duration the previous life—till re-incarnation.

Death being a living nightmare of life, has painful possibilities—in the degree of unified consciousness. A ghostly world of 'perhaps' where all the vague potentialities of desire, are incarnating. There are no women as such.

Again I say, death is the great chance and there grasp where thou hast before failed in the body.

If fate is life, then death is the hazard to alter fate!

A world where will creates the *afterthought* in its own image.

For most, death will hold mainly blank pages, but were we ever treated all alike?

Study your dreams in this life, it may help you in the death posture.

The heaven of Āaos.

"All things are subject to resurrection" thus spake smiling Aāos, on rising from the dead. Then turning towards his shadow . . . . "I come! the changing word that destroys religion, a vortex wind that shall jest in Temples!

Again! A reveller in the marshalled order of the sexes, the mad anarch of desires, the wild satyr of wolfish kisses! Once again to earth, O Thou whirlwind of desire, thou drunken breath of ribald lightning!

My vampire concubine of chaos, wound round the breasts of my being! Drink of my chalice of ecstasy! Yea, as my rapacious flame reareth before thee, thou escapeth from me with the laughing whisper of thy wonderful pleasure!

O, L.C.O'CS ! ! thou insatiable thirst of my self-love, with none but thee will I procreate!

"What *now* am I after resurrection? The sinful despair of magic? I am the Iconoclast of Logos: The sun-satyr of Chaos! Thunder and lightnings? Yea, a vital gaiety to drowsy dust, to blasé souls. Ecstatic laughter that reverberates and awakens . . . I am the shuddering heights and suffocating depths of ego, slipping and becoming. Inconceivable women am I. A clouded vista of abyss, wherein to visit naked, my vampire Self. Wherein to write a cryptic language of my sexes, that I am the Key. Wherein to belch forth venomous atmosphere towards the highest. Wherein to drench my thirsted tongue on thy goat's milk; to battle with thy cataleptic kisses, to swoon in thy consuming subtilty. O my mistress, I am unutterably drunk striving thy depths. I am the great cypher of love and hate knotted. The sphinx surviving, never sufficiently imagined. I am the grotesque refractions of form and Self. The bitter purgative, called death. A violence that out-lasts the morning. Moon turbulent waters am I: the frightening black Albatross of unashamed women—where men are. I am the over mature breasts of a child: the virgin womb, hidden by nightmares. Constant in metamorphosis, permeating creation without compassion. The unexcelled impulse that has never failed. Yea, I am all these—yet never known. My kiss is a sword thrust! For whom, am I, this insatiable fountain in the hot deserts? Only for thee, O, L.C.O'CS!"

Thus sang Aāos, the blasphemer, throwing off his grave shroud. Going again among men (for he pleasured in *all* men), he gave unto them his magic book, named: "Life and Death, the jest called love, *wherein every man is a God, in whatsoever he will his belief.*"

And Aāos passed *his* way, muttering to his goatish beard:
"What now is left all hope is dead? For I have buried my illusion and dishonesty.
Thus my body is now all inconceivableness! O, God, where is thine enemy?"

THE DREAMS OF AĀOS

THE I AND THE ARCANUM

One day the time drew near for the experiment and Aāos was watching the waters, to make arcana by arbitrary projection into the utter void of his isolation. And this was his wish—"In future my dreams shall interpretate themselves as will (*i.e.* reaction)."

For, he reasoned: "Why not live *asleep* all suffering?" Aāos had lived the preliminary ritual of habit in the cesspools and exhausted them in the mountains. Before projection he prayed thus to the waters:—"O thou I, vice versa—my God. I at least shall not be thy jest. In life I have realized possibilities not contained in heaven—amidst a cowardice inconceivable but accomplished everywhere. I have made known (opening his book) something that is different to the muck of retouched photography which men call reality: although it has been the evil habit of thousands of years.

I have created art (lived belief) that surpasses all evolved conception. I have incarnated that which *I*—need to rationalize: Verily—not the ever present portraiture of experience to satisfy the ovine: No obvious allegory of asses—thinking God: No still-life group of empty bottles and old maids commonplaces: Nor the gay-tragedy of song.

But strange desires of stranger arcana. The law I make while thinking God—and will smash and remake again: *so that* I may commit every conceivable sin against its word. My utility has been—*my pleasure*—that alone is my service to man and to heaven, in that I am the Goat."

After his devotion Aāos prepared for the Death posture and judgement. Awaking from the awful wrath—his teeth chattering, his limbs shivering and drenched with a cold perspiration, he allowed the ague to exhaust itself and thought thus: "Verily, I have nothing to forgive or repent . . . Alas! what fears this *I*, but its own conditions?

Man will create the faster moving body outside himself—always prefering compulsion to the infinite possibilities of freedom.

Alas! Alas! that which is ornamental reacts its uselessness—the symbol 'I was.'

The necroloque of love—is utility. "Then rising from his couch and taking an ecstatic inbreath: "Again would I die violently and jest at God."

The operation having exhausted him he suffered this daydream:

"The waters became murky, then muddy, and movement began. Going nearer, he observed—a phosphorescent morass crowded with restless abortions of humanity and creatures—like struggling mud-worms, aimless and blind: an immense swamp of dissatisfaction; a desire smashed into pieces.

With his will, the dream changed and he became in a vast warehouse —cum—brothel. Realizing his whereabouts he muttered: 'Such is life, an endless swallowing and procreation, morally, man is a bastard." The floor was strewn with dirty clothes and candle ends: knowing the strangest women, nothing was pleasing enough . . . so his attention wandered to the upper story. He was certain he had been there before by a staircase. But now, there was no easy means of access. He would have to climb whatever served. After much painful effort he managed to reach and hang on to the balustrade of the upper floor. There, he noticed the store contained innumerable strange effigies and new creations of humanity. He struggled further along to obtain an easy means of ingress, thinking: "Where there is desire—there shall be found the desired sleeping partner. What is true, is pleasurable Self. I have now reached the sixth letter of the alphabet." When suddenly *he* observed another and more agile following him—who when reaching Aāos, clutched hold of him—shouting: "Where I cannot reach, thou too shall not ascend." Their combined weight became too heavy—the balustrading collapsed and they both fell . . . Aāos felt himself falling as into a bottomless pit—when with a start he awoke, and after introspection spoke to his heart: "Verily I have fallen in love with a new belief and become moral! This I reflects itself

differently. What was once easy—is now difficult. All reflections are radiated matter incarnating. Who doth know what his own stillness refracts at the time of its projection? Who would suspect afterthought without consciousness? The I, to be self prophecy—without a conglomeration of old clothes—is by *a deliberation previous to will;*—to be noumenal; is anterior to time. Forgive? (*i.e.* to free from consciousness). Yea, a thousand times! so that the desire become large and insane enough to *self-will.* How can memory forget—when we invented reaction? What is all bad memory—but morality? What is will but reaction—impulsed from the accidents of I? Then Aāos remembered he had conditioned his realization by thought of time and remarked: "So ends in the *part* sexuality—all asses' magic that premeditates time. Much thought destroys the nerve. The arcana knows more than the I wills: and thus should I have it."

Then Aāos laughed aloud and spoke: "Up! Up! my sexuality! and be a light unto all—that is in me!"

For he had—while contemplating—eluded his I and knew he would shortly obtain . . . And thus he found a new use for his righteousness.

Self-love and Map Making

Aāos in his youth had many dreams, pleasing and otherwise; awake and in his sleep. Frequently, fragments of dreams haunted him for many a day, but *they* were of his marriage bed. After his divorce he slept alone with his sword. Aāos, once dreamed he was still asleep, and this was his dream: "He had been exploring an unknown country and having returned, was busy making maps from his rough sketches and memoranda. He was surprised how fresh was his memory of every questioned detail, at the ease with which his hand drew the mountains and contours of that unknown country. His dexterity became too pleasing and threatened an event long ceased and then forgotten. By his determination he awoke and was able to calm the excited passion. He was consoled that nothing had happened. Then

he spoke to himself thus: "What new deceit is this? Must I be for ever solving the changing symbolism of the wretched morality—called "I"? Do *I* still need a loin cloth for my passions? Verily, to be alone and map drawing is now an unsafe art! Sleep?—This sexual excitement still obtains. Procreation is with more things than women. The function of the sexuality is not entirely procreation: stranger experiences are promised than ever imagination conceived! One must retain —to give birth to will. Behold! my Self-love, thee I pleasure too well,—to let slip into other being!"

Aāos and the Undertaker

One dark night, leaving the tavern more or less sober and wandering without thought, I arrived at a well illuminated undertaker's shop. Intoxicated, I am always curious of the work in such places—so here I paused. At that moment, the door was flung violently open and five drunken undertaker's assistants lurched into me. I objected in a mild way, they being numerous and I thinking that drunkards are lucky . . . But that any resistance or excuses I might offer would be unsatisfactory was too apparent. They had reached the quarrelsome state and I discovered—I knew these men too well! From argument to foul accusations (and what did they not call me?)—came blows—I thought it safer not to run away. Did I fight well? I know *they* did and with drunken humour dragged me into the shop to purchase a coffin. Within, came recognition—Alas, too truly they knew me! From then no quarter was given. That drunken fight among the dead and funeral furniture was hopeless for me.

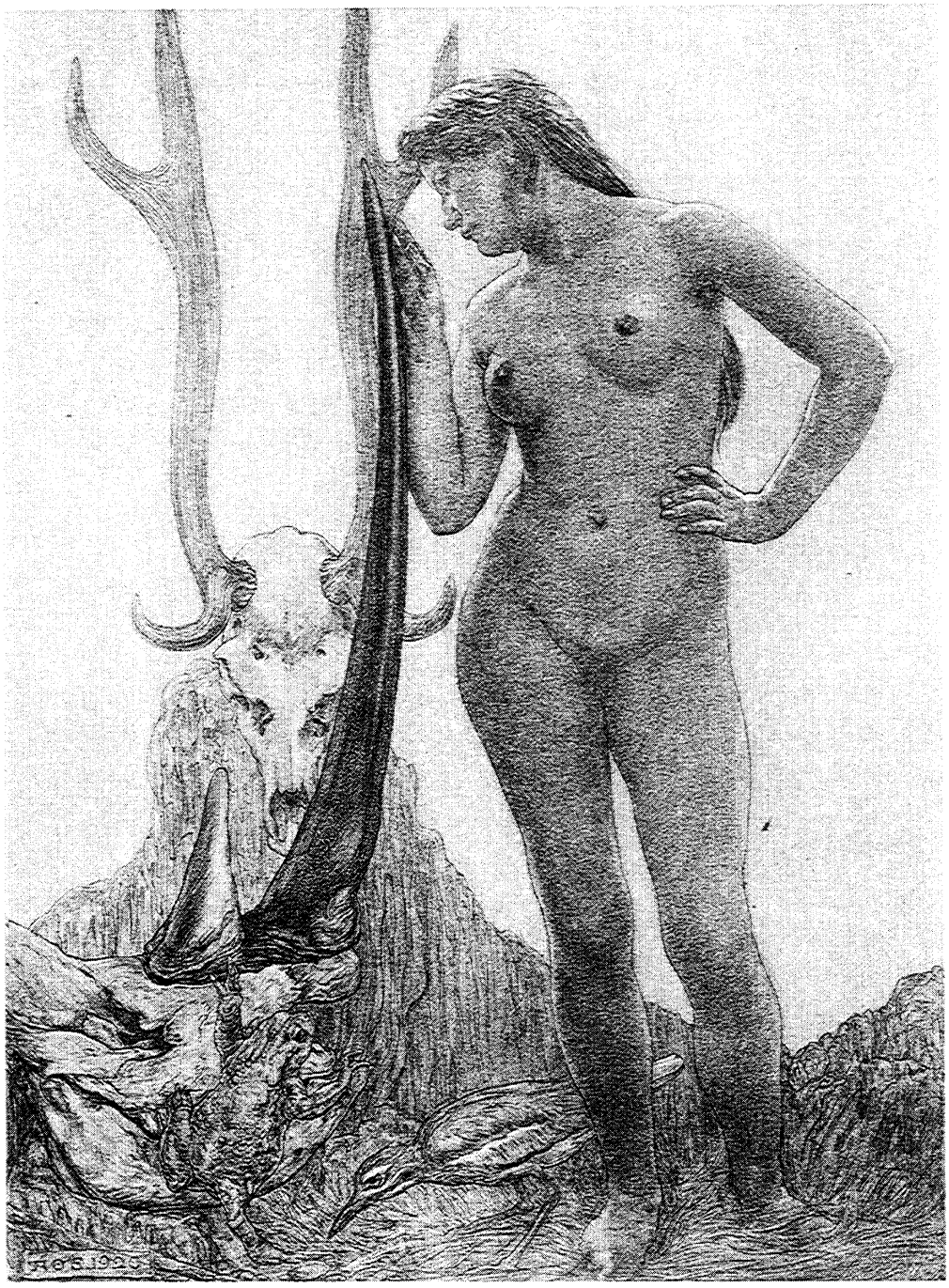
I was robbed, stripped, spat upon, kicked and bound—what abuse did I not suffer? I think the humiliation and blows rendered me unconscious!

But, I was not to rest so easily—they soon brought me back to consciousness for worse things . . . And I was told they had recently finished making my wife's coffin. They then forced me to view her dead

body. Even in my pitiable state, I thought of the beauty of her corpse. Again, they reviled me because of her: she who, if I had not neglected her, would still be living. I, the whoremonger, betrayer of women, and arch-abnormalist. After much other insult; they told me—my fate. I was given the choice of being burnt to death or buried alive with *her!* Naturally my choice was to be alone. But no such chance was to be mine. I was buried alive with her corpse. With their combined weight forcing on the lid. I thought I was dead (for did I not hear the rushing winds?) when doubt crept into my soul. Then realization of life dawned when I felt that cold corpse crushed against my body by the tightness of the coffin,—never have I realized such horror! With a mighty yell, my after suspiration burst that overcrowded coffin into fragments! I arose, thinking I was alone. But no, sitting by the corpse, amid the dèbris was—the *devil* grinning! To be alone and half alive with the devil is not a welcome anti-climax . . . Then he spoke unto me: "Coward! where was thy courage, even against drunken enemies? Ah ah! Thou hast indeed willed pleasure! Who has the power, Thou or I? What medicine for the dead Gods! Thou wretched scum of littlenesses—heal thy gaping wounds, thou art more fitted to pray than to prey." Much more did he utter, till my very ears closed. With a body torn to pieces, crushed in every part—what was I to answer? My silence compelled him again to speak: "Hast thou *no* complaint?" In a mighty rage—for this was a worse goad than all my earlier suffering—I answered: "Curses, no! keep your possessions.—*I will pleasure.* Do your utmost! this poor thing my body you will again replace! Then I fought the devil and behold,—I became alone!

What happened? I, in my miserable plight, not even my teeth left—how could I have conquered the devil? Did I become a succubus? Perhaps—I became the devil? But this I know—I did *will pleasure.* And from this day shall smile into all men's faces.

Then Aāos awoke and murmured: "Belief and desire are the great



duality which engender all illusions that entangle the senses (*i.e.* sexuality) and prevent *free* will. What is all accidental suffering but reaction from dead loves now become diableries.
How much are we sensible of body? Yet the composition of the body is its relationship between consciousness and all creation.
Without doubt I am now an—undertaker!"

The Death of Tzula

In his sleep Aāos one day met his sister Tzula and learned she was thinking of marriage and she questioned him thus: "My most loved brother, what is your opinion of my entering marriage? I would be guided by your experience and cunning on sexual matters. My body is weak from desire and suffers a horrible restlessness that surprises my habits of virginity."
Aāos answered: "What cause is there for astonishment? This life force acts and invents from itself; *even* when the usual channels of expression are open. How much more so—when closed and the nature non-moral? With deceivers, one may well promise and not fulfil for this end, that with a *double will* there shall be satisfaction without the labour of birth. Resist not desire by repression: but transmute desire by changing to the greater object."
Tzula answered: "Alas! this dreadful thing of desire seeks its liberation in willing opposite to all my efforts of conciliation: Cannot marriage be my emancipation?"
Aāos answered: "O my sister, must thou become ever smaller from thy small desires? Oh! renounce half-desiring, much better is it to marry the evil. For thee my sister, I wish no marriage but the marriage of the greater love. For I announce, *the* day to come, yea it is nigh, *thy absorption in a male incarnation.*
What is all nature but thy past will incarnated and removed from consciousness by its further desires? The relationship still living

provokes the involuntary purpose—thy opposition to which causes disease, and is but resistance of the I to the Self.
Bind Thy desire by attention on Thy love of desire—lest it wholly runs away. Prevent thy belief from incarnation through this consciousness of the ever present greater desire. *Forestall* the inclinations of desire by this and not by other means of exhausting desire.
Neither abstinence nor over indulgence necessarily destroys.
Verily, my sister I would have thee a male incarnation."
Then he became sleepy, his sister becoming dim and the dream more meaningless, till he felt something that made him start with horror—awaking he perceived *someone leave his couch!* Aāos seizing his sword gnashing his teeth, trembling in every limb, and with ghastly visage, shouted: "Alpha and Omega! Thou thyself shall throttle that which thou wouldst surpass," And swung his sword which struck horribly . . . Then shaking the perspiration from his head he muttered to himself; "Verily! again am I the pitiable moralist, the drowsiest of watchman. Sisters were ever deceivers! All virgins are foolish; What does their virginity matter?"
Then clasping his sword again he went to his couch and tried to rest but no sleep came, until daybreak: for he wondered who his sister was.

The butcher of those who follow

In a dream, Aāos one day crossed the border line and wandered into the flat country towards what seemed, in the half-rain, a deserted heap of ruins. Arriving closer to the city, there issued from it a dreadful stench accompanying agonizing groans. Entering the gates Aāos found it a vast slaughterer's abattoir; an endless shambles of dying bodies tied in sacks. The black mud of the streets was streaming blood, the carnal houses bespattered, the very atmosphere pulsating agony; the grey sky reflecting its red. Holding his nose and stopping his ears Aāos walked on . . . Then he paused and his frightened eyes watched the work of slaughter and he observed that every victim was already

beheaded, but not dead, that they were *sheep* and being bled to death. As he watched the mass of writhing corpses in that foul Bedlam of death groans—made more loathsome by the ribald jesting of the slaughtermen, the scene became more vast, more heathenly impossible, when he noticed towering before him a giant shape with gory sheepskin used as loincloth, who, with a shrill voice shouted: "Woe unto you that seek this awful place of satiety. I am the guardian named Necrobiosis, *in order that there may be mobility!*" Then seeing Aāos he laughed hideously, and addressed him thus: "But why cometh Aāos in the *close season?* Thou old dodger of Time, thou eye winking at all things! For *thou* canst *will* love in that which is most repulsive. Away O Aāos, Thou too art an arch-slaughterer of sheep. Then the giant gave an awful grimace and turned his back, snapping his teeth and howling like a dog. Becoming larger and larger till of cosmic vastness, thus he disappeared.

When Aāos awoke, he muttered to himself: "Beyond time there is a sensation as of awaking from the utmost impossibility of existence from the mad dreams we call reality; the stupidities we call will. Assuredly *One would have sense minus the head.*

To those awake—truths are undesirable because ever changing."

Then Aāos arose to fill his lungs with fresh air and have the good of motion.

On the Announcer of great events

One night, Aāos dreamed he was mournfully labouring his way uphill, through an endless ruin of cities. The streets were a chaos of dèbris —the air heavy with the stale stench of damp charred wood and mouldering refuse. Nowhere saw he a sign of life—The sky was dead and breathless. Stumbling along till his body sickened. Wearily he paused to rest and looking down, noticed the litter of a manuscript. Stooping, he choose the nearest fragment, and this was what he read: 'I too was once a mighty pleasure garden of all things that enchanted

the senses; possessing men and women of every desirable form and nationality. All the hidden treasures of nature were exhibited with art and cunning accident. No desire could be ungratified. . . . What am I now? A putrid mess and dust of dead habitations. An empty wine skin destroyed and gone rotten! O, stranger, what is the cause of my desolation?" Aāos, sitting down, mused long to himself: "When the very ground beneath one's feet collapses, what is secure? What chance of escape—but fore-knowledge? Would the study of grammar or correct pronounciation of language, save one? While he was thus meditating, suddenly he was afraid and gave a start. For beside his shadow grew another shadow. And when he looked round, there stood before him an illuminated youth who said: "Awake Aāos, This sorry ruin thou didst cause by thy greater love. All these pleasures were but dreams, which awoke too violently. What is all sexuality but the infinite synonyms of Self-love; self created and destroyed? These pleasures now dead, suppressed their own antecedent indulgence by afterthoughts of women. All original thought, once suppressed becomes volcanic."

Aāos, winking his eye, answered: "When asleep, one should procreate in barren soil?" at which they both smiled. After they had surveyed each other, Aāos arose and left the youth. Surmounting an eminence he searched the sky long, until he observed the faint glow of the sun struggling through the mists, he spake thus: "Abstinence from righteousness by total indiscrimination, becomes limitlessness. O Sun! like thee, I too will kiss all things and sleep alone, so that *they propagate* my ecstasy!"

Awaking Aāos remembered his *purpose*, and spoke to his heart: "The arcana of desire (*i.e.* Self-love) would be satisfied with none but its original Self—*by the unique*. Thus my morality taught me by dream symbols. As in life, so in sleep—all things have a sexual significance, hidden by righteousness. Herein is a mystery and the *means to will.*

What is all humanity but one's own forgotten deliberation—becoming restless?
The unexpected bark of a dog should not frighten.
Neither is medicine taken by pronouncing the name of the remedy.
Verily, in the time of cataclysm it is too late to pick the right word."

The Dream that came true

One night Aāos was pleasured with this dream: In his early youth, he met a beautiful maiden—famous among men who knew perfection. She was everything desirous, even to her name. He became her lover, and knew her . . . to be true. But an evil voice spoke unto him and he doubted her, believing the voice—because it was of one he had made his friend. In youth-like rage he cast aside his lover and wandered into marriage of every kind, without satisfaction. Then the evil voice died. For years Aāos wandered restlessly seeking, but never finding his lost love: thinking they were both in Hell.
Then in his utmost weariness and despair, he thought much more deeply; and at last realized that the dream was the time for magic. And then he willed . . . With the new moon his wish was materialized and again he met his first and only love. Their hearts being still virgin, Aāos spoke unto her: "Out of Chaos have I awaked and found thee, O beloved. Death itself shall not part us; for by thee alone will I have children."
And they married *and were ecstatic thereafter:* for in their ecstasy he noticed Death smile.
Aāos then awoke still living their ecstasy, and breathing heavily, spake to himself thus: "When the thing *desired* is again incarnated at the time of ecstasy; there can be no satiety. ΘNE! we now part.
All things are possible with the original belief, once again found.
The belief, simultaneous with the desire, becomes its parallel and duality ceases.

When ecstasy is transcended by ecstasy, the *I* becomes atmospheric —there is no place for sensuous objects to conceive *differently* and react.

Verily, greater will has no man than to--jest in ecstasy: retain thyself from giving forth thy seed of life.

Aāos rising from his couch—threw away his sword and exclaimed aloud: "Now for reality!"

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PROSPECTUS

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ANATHEMA

THE SERMON OF ZOS TO THE HYPOCRITES

Being a diabolic automatic writing

By **Austin Osman Spare**

Also contains a catalogue of drawings entitled "The Journey of the Soul through death to rebirth" To be exhibited 1928.

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WRITTEN 1924

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ANATHEMA OF ZOS

THE SERMON TO THE HYPOCRITES

An Automatic Writing

By Austin Osman Spare

ANATHEMA of ZOS
The Sermon to the Hypocrites

HOSTILE to self-torment, the vain excuses called devotion, Zos satisfied the habit by speaking loudly unto his Self. And at one time, returning to familiar consciousness, he was vexed to notice interested hearers—a rabble of involuntary mendicants, pariahs, whoremongers, adulterers, distended bellies, and the prevalent sick-grotesques that obtain in civilisations. His irritation was much, yet still they pestered him, saying: MASTER, WE WOULD LEARN OF THESE THINGS! TEACH US RELIGION!

And seeing, with chagrin, the hopeful multitude of Believers, he went down into the Valley of Stys, prejudiced against them as FOLLOWERS. And when he was ennuyé, he opened his mouth in derision, saying:—

O, ye whose future is in other hands! This familiarity is permitted not of thy—but of my impotence. Know me as Zos the Goatherd, saviour of myself and of those things I have not yet regretted. Unbidden ye listen'd to my soliloquy. Endure then my Anathema.

Foul feeders! Slipped, are ye, on your own excrement? Parasites! Having made the world lousy, imagine ye are of significance to Heaven?

Desiring to learn—think ye to escape hurt in the rape of your ignorance? For of what I put in, far more than innocence shall come out! Labouring not the harvest of my weakness, shall I your moral-fed desires satisfy?

I, who enjoy my body with unweary tread, would rather pack with wolves than enter your pest-houses.

Sensation . . Nutrition . . . Mastication . . . . Procreation . . .! This is your blind-worm cycle. Ye have made a curiously bloody

world for love in desire. Shall nothing change except through your accusing diet ?

IN THAT YE ARE CANNIBALS, what meat should I offer ? Having eaten of your dead selves savoured with every filth, ye now raven to glutton of my mind's motion ?

In your conflict ye have obtained . . . ? Ye who believe your procreation is ultimate are the sweepings of creation manifest, returning again to early simplicity to hunger, to become, and realise—ye are not yet. Ye have muddled time and ego. Think ye to curb the semen SENTIMENTALLY ? Ye deny sexuality with tinsel ethics, live by slaughter, pray to greater idiots—that all things may be possible to ye WHO ARE IMPOSSIBLE.

For ye desire savours useless to pleasure.

Verily, far easier for madmen to enter Heaven than moral Lepers. Of what difference is Life or Death ? Of what difference is dream or reality ? Know ye of nothing further than your own stench ? Know ye what ye think ye know for certain ? Fain would I be silent. Yet too tolerant is this Sun that cometh up to behold me, and my weakness comes of my dissatisfaction of your solicit . . . . but be ye damned before obtaining fresh excuses of me !

Cursed are the resurrectionists ! Is there only body and soul ?

Is there nothing beyond entity ? No purchase beyond sense and desire of God than this blasting and devouring swarm ye are ?

Oh, ye favoured of your own excuses, guffaw between bites ! Heaven is indifferent to your salvation or catastrophe. Your curveless crookedness maketh ye fallow for a queer fatality ! What ! I to aid your self-deception, ameliorate your decaying bodies, preserve your lamentable apotheosis of self ?

The sword-thrust—not salve—I bring !

Am I your swineherd, though I shepherd unto goats ? My pleasure does not obtain among vermin with vain ideas—with hopes and fears of absurd significance. Not yet am I overweary of myself. Not yet

shall I palliate abomination, for in ye I behold your parents and the stigmata of foul feeding.

In this ribald intoxication of hypocrisy, this monument of swindlers' littlenesses, where is the mystic symposium, the hierarchy of necromancers that was ?

* * * *

Honest was Sodom ! YOUR theology is a slime-pit of gibberish become ethics. In YOUR world, where ignorance and deceit constitute felicity, everything ends miserably—besmirched with fratricidal blood.

Seekers of salvation ? Salvation of your sick digestion ; crippled beliefs : Convalescent desires. Your borrowed precepts and prayers—a stench unto all good nostrils !

Unworthy of a soul—your metamorphosis is laborious of morbid rebirth to give habitance to the shabby sentiments, the ugly familiarities, the calligraphic pandemonium—a world of abundance acquired of greed. Thus are ye outcasts ! Ye habitate dung-heaps ; your glorious palaces are hospitals set amid cemeteries. Ye breathe gay-heartedly within this cess-pit ? Ye obtain of half-desires, bent-persuasions, of threats, of promises made hideous by vituperatious righteousness ! Can you realise of Heaven when it exists WITHOUT ?

Believing without associating ye are spurious and know not the way of virtue. There is no virtue in truth, nor truth in righteousness. Law becomes of desire's necessity. Corrupt is the teacher, for they who speak have only spent words to give.

Believe or blaspheme ! Do ye not speak from between your thighs ?

To believe or unbelieve is the question. Verily, if you believe of the least—ye needs must thrive all things. Ye are of all things, of all knowledge, and, belike, will your stupidity to further self-misery !

Your wish ? Your heaven ? I say your desire is women. Your potential desire a brothel.

Ah, ye who fear suffering, who among ye has courage to assault the cloudy enemies of creeds, of the stomach's pious hopes ?

I blaspheme your commandments, to provoke and enjoy your bark, your teeth grinding !

Know ye what ye want ? What ye ask ? Know ye virtue from maniacal muttering ? Sin from folly ? Desiring a teacher, who among ye are worthy to learn ?

Brutally shall I teach the gospel of soul-suicide, of contraception, not preservation and procreation.

Fools ! Ye have made vital the belief the Ego is eternal, fulfilling a purpose now lost to you.

All things become of desire ; the legs to the fish ; the wings to the reptile. Thus was your soul begotten.

Hear, O, vermin !

MAN HAS WILLED MAN !

Your desires shall become flesh, your dreams reality and no fear shall alter it one whit.

Hence do I travel ye into the incarnating abortions—the aberrations, the horrors without sex, for ye are worthless to offer Heaven new sexualities.

* * * *

Once in this world I enjoyed laughter—when I remembered the value I gave the contemptible ; the significance of my selfish fears ; the absurd vanity of my hopes ; the sorry righteousness called I.

And YOU ?

Certainly not befitting are tears of blood, nor laughter of gods.

Ye do not even look like MEN but the strange spawn of some forgotten ridicule.

Lost among the illusions begat of duality—are these the differentiations ye make for future entity to ride your bestial self ? Millions of times have ye had re-birth and many more times will ye again SUFFER existence.

Ye are of things distressed, living down the truths ye made. Loosing only from my overflow, perchance I teach ye to learn of yourselves ? In my becoming shall the hungry satisfy of my good and evil ? I strive me neither, and confide subsequent to the event.

Know my purpose : To be a stranger unto myself, the enemy of truth.

Uncertain of what ye believe, belike ye half-desire ? But believe ye this, serving your dialectics :—

Subscribing only to self-love, the outcroppings of my hatred now speak. Further, to ventilate my own health, I scoff at your puerile dignitaries' absurd moral clothes and ovine faith in a fortuitous and gluttonous future !

Dogs, devouring your own vomit ! Cursed are ye all! Throw-backs, adulterers, sycophants, corpse devourers, pilferers and medicine swallowers ! Think ye Heaven is an infirmary ?

Ye know not pleasure. In your sleepy lusts, feeble violence and sickly morale, ye are more contemptible than the beasts ye feed for food.

I detest your Mammon. Disease partakes of your wealth. Having acquired, ye know not how to spend.

YE ARE GOOD MURDERERS ONLY.

Empty of cosmos are they who hunger after righteousness. Already are the merciful spent. Extinct are the pure in heart. Governed are the meek and of Heaven earn similar disgust. Your society is a veneered barbarity. Ye are precocious primitives. Where is your success other than through hatred ?

There is no good understanding in your world—this bloody transition by procreation and butchery.

Of necessity ye hate, and love your neighbour by devouring.

The prophets are nauseating and should be persecuted. Objects of ridicule, their deeds cannot live through their tenets. Actions are the criterion, then how can ye speak other than lies ?

Love is cursed. Your desire is your God and execration. Ye shall be judged of your appetite.

Around me I see your configuration—again a swine from the herd. A repulsive object of charity ! The curse is pronounced ; for ye are slime and sweat-born, homicidally reared. And again shall your fathers call to the help of women. Ye vainly labour at a rotten Kingdom of Good and Evil. I say that Heaven is catholic—and none shall enter with susceptibility of either.

Cursed are ye who shall be persecuted for MY sake. For I say I am CONVENTION entire, excessively evil, perverted and nowhere good—for ye.

Whosoever would be with me is neither much of me nor of himself enough.

* * * *

Zos tired, but loathing his hearers too much, he again reviled them saying :—

Worm-ridden jackals ! Still would ye feast on my vomit ? Whosoever follows me becomes his own enemy ; for in that day my exigency shall be his ruin.

Go labour ! Fulfil the disgust of becoming yourself, of discovering your beliefs, and thus acquire virtue. Let your good be accidental ; thus escape gratitude and its sorry vainglory, for the wrath of Heaven is heavy on easy self-indulgence.

In your desire to create a world, do unto others as you would—when sufficiently courageous.

To cast aside, not save, I come. Inexorably towards myself ; to smash the law, to make havoc of the charlatans, the quacks, the swankers and brawling salvationists with their word-tawdry phantasmagoria : to disillusion and awaken every fear of your natural, rapacious selves.

Living the most contemptible and generating everything beastly, are ye so vain of your excuse to expect other than the worst of your imagining ?

Honesty is unvoiced ! And I warn you to make holocaust of your saints, your excuses : these flatulent bellowings of your ignorance. Only then could I assure your lurking desire—easy remission of your bowdlerised sins. Criminals of folly ! Ye but sin against self.

There is no sin for those of Heaven's delight. I would ye resist not nor exploit your evil : such is of fear, and somnambulism is born of hypocrisy.

In pleasure Heaven shall break every law before this Earth shall pass away. Thus if I possessed, my goodness towards ye would be volcanic.

He who is lawless is free. Necessity and time are conventional phenomena.

Without hypocrisy or fear ye could do as ye wish. Whosoever, therefore, shall break the precept or live its transgression shall have relativity of Heaven. For unless your righteousness exist not, ye shall not pleasure freely and creatively. In so much as ye sin against doctrine, so shall your imagination be required in becoming.

* * * *

It has been said without wit : " Thou shalt not kill." Among beasts man lives supremely—on his own kind. Teeth and claws are no longer sufficient accessory to appetite. Is this world's worst reality more vicious than human behaviour ?

I suggest to your inbred love of moral gesture to unravel the actual from the dream.

Rejoice ye ! The law-makers shall have the ugly destiny of becoming subject. Whatsoever is ordained is superseded—to make equilibrium of this consciousness rapport with hypocrisy.

Could ye be arbitrary ? Belief foreshadows its inversion. Overrun with forgotten desires and struggling truths, ye are their victim in the dying and begetting law.

The way of Heaven is a purpose—anterior to and not induced by thought. Desire, other than by the act, shall in no wise obtain : Therefore believe SYMBOLICALLY or with caution.

Between men and women having that desire there is no adultery. Spend the large lust and when ye are satiated ye shall pass on to something fresh. In this polite day it has become cleaner to fornicate by the wish than to enact.

Offend not your body nor be so stupid as to let your body offend ye. How shall it serve ye to reproach your duality ? Let your oath be in earnest ; though better to communicate by the living act than by the word.

This God—this cockatrice—is a projection of your imbecile apprehensions, your bald grossness and madhouse vanities. Your love is born of fear ; but far better to hate than further deception.

I would make your way difficult. Give and take of all men indiscriminately.

I know your love and hate. Inquire of red diet. Within your stomach is civil war.

Only in self-love is procreative will.

What now ! Shall I attempt wisdom by words ? Alphabetic truths with legerdemain grammar ? There is no spoken truth that is not PAST—more wisely forgotten.

Shall I scrawl slippery paradox with mad calligraphy ? Words, mere words ! I exist in a wordless world, without yesterday nor to-morrow—beyond becoming.

All conceivableness procures of time and space Hence I spit on your tatterdemalion ethics, mouldering proverbs, priestly inarticulations and delirious pulpit jargon. This alone I give ye as safe commandments in your pestilent schisms.

Better is it to go without than to borrow.
Finer far to take than beg.
From Puberty till Death realise "Self" in all.
There is no greater virtue than good nourishment.
Feed from the udder, and if the milk be Sour, feed on . . .
Human nature is the worst possible !

Once I lived among ye. From self-decency now I habitate the waste places, a willing outcast; associate of goats, cleaner far, more honest than men.

Within this heterogenousness of difference, reality is hard to realise; evacuation is difficult.

These spiritualists are living sepulchres. What has decayed should perish decently.

* * * *

Cursed are they who supplicate. Gods are with ye yet. Therefore let ye who pray acquire this manner:—

O Self my God, foreign is thy name except in blasphemy, for I am thy iconoclast. I cast thy bread upon the waters, for I myself am meat enough. Hidden in the labyrinth of the Alphabet is my sacred name, the SIGIL of all things unknown. On Earth my kingdom is Eternity of DESIRE. My wish incarnates in the belief and becomes flesh, for, I AM THE LIVING TRUTH. Heaven is ecstacy; my consciousness changing and acquiring association. May I have courage to take from my own super-abundance. Let me forget righteousness. Free me of morals. Lead me into the temptation of myself, for I am a tottering kingdom of good and evil.

May worth be acquired through those things I have pleasured.

May my trespass be worthy.

Give me the death of my soul. Intoxicate me with self-love. Teach me to sustain its freedom; for I am sufficiently Hell. Let me sin against the small beliefs.—AMEN.

Concluding his conjunction, Zos said:—

Again, O sleep-walkers, beggars and sufferers, born of the stomach; unlucky men to whom happiness is necessary!

Ye are insufficient to live alone, not yet mature enough to sin against the law and still desire women.

Other than damnation I know no magic to satisfy your wishes ; for ye believe one thing, desire another, speak unlike, act differently and obtain the living value.

Assuredly inclination towards new faculties springs from this bastardy !

Social only to the truths convenient to your courage, yet again beasts shall be planted.

Shall I speak of that unique intensity without form ? Know ye the ecstasy within ? The pleasures between ego and self ?

At that time of ecstasy there is no thought of others ; there is NO THOUGHT. Thither I go and none may lead.

Sans women—your love is anathema !

For me, there is no way but my way. Therefore, go ye your way—none shall lead ye to walk towards yourselves. Let your pleasures be as sunsets, HONEST . . BLOODY . . . GROTESQUE !

Was the original purpose the thorough enjoyment of multitudinous self, for ecstasy ? These infinite ramifications of consciousness in entity, associating by mouth, sex, and sense !

Has the besetting of sex become utter wretchedness—repetition made necessary of your scotomy ?

O bloody-mouthed ! Shall I again entertain ye with a little understanding ? An introspection of cannibalism in the shambles of diet—the variating murder against the ancestral ? Is there no food beyond corpse ?

Your murder and hypocrisy must pass before ye are uplifted to a world where slaughter is unknown.

Thus, with a clean mouth, I say unto ye, I live by bread alone. Sleep is competent prayer. All morality is BEASTLY.

Alas, there has been a great failure. Man is dead. Only women remain.

With tongue in cheek I would say: "Follow me! That ye realise what is hidden in all suffering. I would make your self-mortification voluntary, your wincing courageous."

Still will ye be with me? Salutation to all suicides!

* * * *

With a yawn Zos wearied and fell asleep.

In time the stench awoke him—for he had slept amidst the troughs —and he observed that the crowd were no longer with him—that only SWINE remained. And he guffawed and spake thus: "Not yet have I lost relationship and am thereby nearly asphyxiated! Caught up am I in the toils of sentiment, the moral hallucinations within the ebb and flow of hopes and fears?

Shall age alone transmute desire? Not yet have I disentangled illusion from reality: for I know not men from swine, dreams from reality; or whether I did speak only unto myself. Neither know I to whom my anathema would be the more impressionable . . . .

My insensible soliloquy is eaten as revelation! What I spake with hard strived conceit to increase enterprise brings forth only swinish snorts. Water is not alone in finding its level.

I have not met tragedy, no, not in this life! Yet, whether I have spewed their doctrines upon the tables of the Law or into the troughs, at least I have not cast away the flesh of dreams.

And turning towards his light, Zos said: This my will, O Thou Glorious Sun. I am weary of my snakes descending—making slush.

Farewell antithesis. I have suffered. All is paid.

Let me go forth and recreate my sleep.

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* * * *

TITLES

1. Death came swiftly.
2. And I unhappy man to whom death was unwelcome.
3. Separation of soul from body is ultimate ecstatic suffering.
4. Metamorphoses from dream to its living reality.
5. Torn aside was the curtain of the Threshold.
6. An awakening to a world of emotional horror, a chaos without limit, a suffering without climax.
7. A consciousness with fluctuating identity indiscriminately associating and incapable of effective resistance.
8. Thrown into a sea of procreative potentialities.
9. I witnessed the severance of my automatons—elementals that appeared distortions of space.
10. Ghosts left to walk the Earth till their decay.

11. My astral bodies returned to their sterile strata.

12. I traversed the disastrous aberrations of transitory sex.

13. My good and evil were realised in conflict with phenomena.

14. Lost in the foul mire of inbred hypocrisy—tortured by the devastating fires of forgotten hatreds.

15. Escape from one hostile world to be the laughing stock of another.

16. Our follies are our judgment.

17. Forgetful of what I had willed—memory is the jester.

18. There was the tragedy of discovering my intrinsic beliefs—Identity alone is transitory.

19. I too saw the ugly destinies awaiting . . . . heard the pandemonium of the fear and pain-driven.

20. Too potent is this dream called death, it would seem to be a worse reality.

21. Verily, I witnessed every madness incarnate—realised every imagined possibility.

22. The cataclysmal desire beyond ability.

23. The numerous millions of myself—the vision of that which is and is not yet.

24. The vista of those selves I had been.

25. My soul more freely timed is a configuration of space.

26. Again I suffered adolescence.

27. What I have not desired I will never be.

28. I found my consciousness simultaneously existing—in death I had purchased beyond time.

29. With manifold consciousness in separate entities I suffered both pleasure and hurt, together with intense curiosity.

30. I had reached my apotheosis : the ability to realise all association.

31. I had created the desire for the manifold soul ; a complex identity to cancel out my suffering as may be.

32. My desires sprang forth as a mighty sun—all embracing—associating in the form—vortex, to enjoy ALL consciousness.

33. Thuswise is self-love without discrimination; the ecstasy born of harmony.

34. Consciousness became more emotionally vague.

35. Decay stepped in with emotional failure. Identity became chaotic—more dream-like.

36. Until dissolved into the nothingness I came from.

37. Again am I born without memory—with the Sisyphean effort of remembering and ability to guess—wrongly.

Epilogue

Art is Love. Wisdom and folly is a DIFFERENCE OF DEGREE.

To realise "rhythmic juxtaposition" is culture.

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AUTOMATIC DRAWING

BY AUSTIN O. SPARE AND FREDERICK CARTER

UT OF THE FLESH OF OUR MOTHERS COME DREAMS AND MEMORIES OF THE GODS. Of other kind than the normal inducement of interest and increasing skill, there exists a continual pressure upon the artist of which he is sometimes partially conscious but rarely entirely aware. He learns early or late in his career that power of literal reproduction (such as that of the photographic apparatus) is not more than slightly useful to him. He is compelled to find out from his artist predecessors the existence, in representation of real form, of super-

Automatic Drawing

sessions of immediate accuracies; he discovers within himself a selective conscience and he is satisfied, normally, in large measure by the extensive field afforded by this broadened and simplified consciousness.

YET beyond this is a region and that a much greater one, for exploration. The objective understanding, as we see, has to be attacked by the artist and a subconscious method, for correction of conscious visual accuracy, must be used. No amount of manual skill and consciousness of error will produce good drawing. A recent book on drawing by a well-known painter is a case in point; there the examples of masters of draughtsmanship may be compared with the painter - author's own, side by side, and the futility of mere skill and interest examined. Therefore to proceed further, it is necessary to dispose of the "subject" in art also (that is to say the subject in the illustrative or complex sense). Thus to clear the mind of inessentials permits through a clear and transparent medium, without prepossessions of any kind, the most definite and simple forms and ideas to attain expression.

Notes on Automatic Drawing.

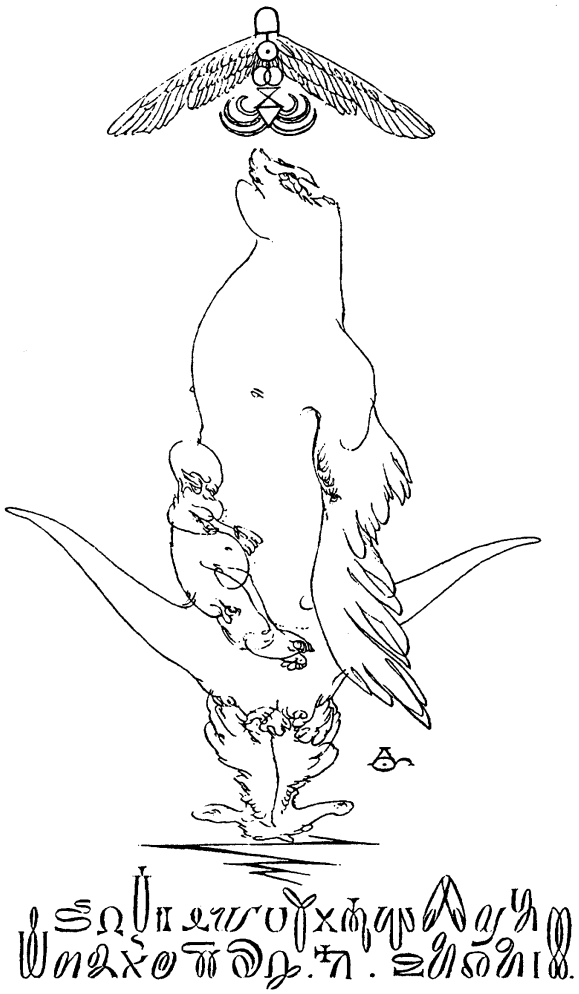
AN "automatic" scribble of twisting and interlacing lines permits the germ of idea in the subconscious mind to express, or at least suggest itself to the consciousness. From this mass of procreative shapes, full of fallacy, a feeble embryo of idea may be selected and trained by the artist to full growth and power. By these means, may the profoundest depths of memory be drawn upon and the springs of instinct tapped.

YET let it not be thought that a person not an artist may by these means become one: but those artists who are hampered in expression, who feel limited by the hard conventions of the day and wish for freedom, who strive for self expression but have not attained to it, these may find in it a power and a liberty elsewhere undiscoverable. Thus writes Leonardo da Vinci:—"Among other things, I shall not scruple to discover a new method of assisting the invention; which though trifling in appearance, may yet be of considerable service in opening the mind and putting it upon the scent of new thoughts, and it is this: if you look at some old wall covered with dirt, or the odd appearance of some streaked stones, you may discover several things like landskips, battles, clouds, uncommon attitude, draperies, etc. Out of this confused mass of objects the mind will be fur-

by A. O. Spare & F. Carter

nished with abundance of designs and subjects, perfectly new."

From another, a mystical writer "Renounce thine own will that the law of God may be within thee."



THE curious expression of character given by handwriting is due to the automatic or unconscious nature that it acquires by habit. So Automatic drawing, one of the simplest of psychic phenomena, is a means of characteristic expression and, if used with courage and honesty, of recording subconscious activities in the mind. The mental mechanisms used are those common in dreams, which create quick perception of relations in the unexpected, as wit, and psycho-neurotic symptoms. Hence it appears that single or non-consciousness is an essential condition and as in all inspiration the product of involution not invention.

AUTOMATISM being the manifestation of latent desires (or wishes) the significance of the forms (the ideas) obtained represent the previously unrecorded obsessions.

ART becomes, by this illuminism or ecstatic power, a functional activity expressing in a symbolical language the *desire towards joy* unmodified—*the sense of the Mother of all things*—not of experience.

THIS means of vital expression releases the fundamental static truths which are repressed by education and customary habit and lie dormant in the mind. It is the means of becoming courageously individual; it implies spontaneity and disperses the cause of unrest and *ennui*.

THE dangers of this form of expression come from prejudice and personal bias of such nature as fixed intellectual conviction or personal religion (intolerance). These

Automatic Drawing

produce ideas of threat, displeasure or fear, and become obsessions.

IN the ecstatic condition of revelation from the subconscious, the mind elevates the sexual or inherited powers (this has no reference to moral theory or practise) and depresses the intellectual qualities. So a new atavistic responsibility is attained by daring to believe—to possess one's own beliefs—without attempting to rationalize spurious ideas from prejudiced and tainted intellectual sources.

AUTOMATIC drawings can be obtained by such methods as concentrating on a *Sigil*—by any means of exhausting mind and body pleasantly in order to obtain a condition of non-consciousness—by wishing in opposition to the real desire after acquiring an organic impulse towards drawing.

THE Hand must be trained to work freely and without control, by practise in making simple forms with a continuous involved line without afterthought, i.e. its intention should just escape consciousness.

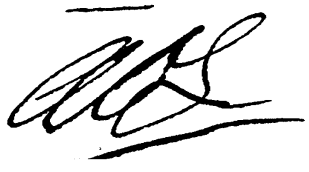
DRAWINGS should be made by allowing the hand to run freely with the least posssible deliberation. In time shapes will be found to evolve, suggesting conceptions, forms and ultimately having personal or individual style.

THE Mind in a state of oblivion, without desire towards reflection or pursuit of materialistic intellectual suggestions, is in a condition to produce successful drawings of one's *personal* ideas, symbolic in meaning and wisdom.

By this means sensation may be visualized.

Images and Illustrations of Austin Osman Spare

I thank the Gods that be—
I see myself as no other seeth me.



Book Plate : Through the Mystic Door

Austin O. Spare

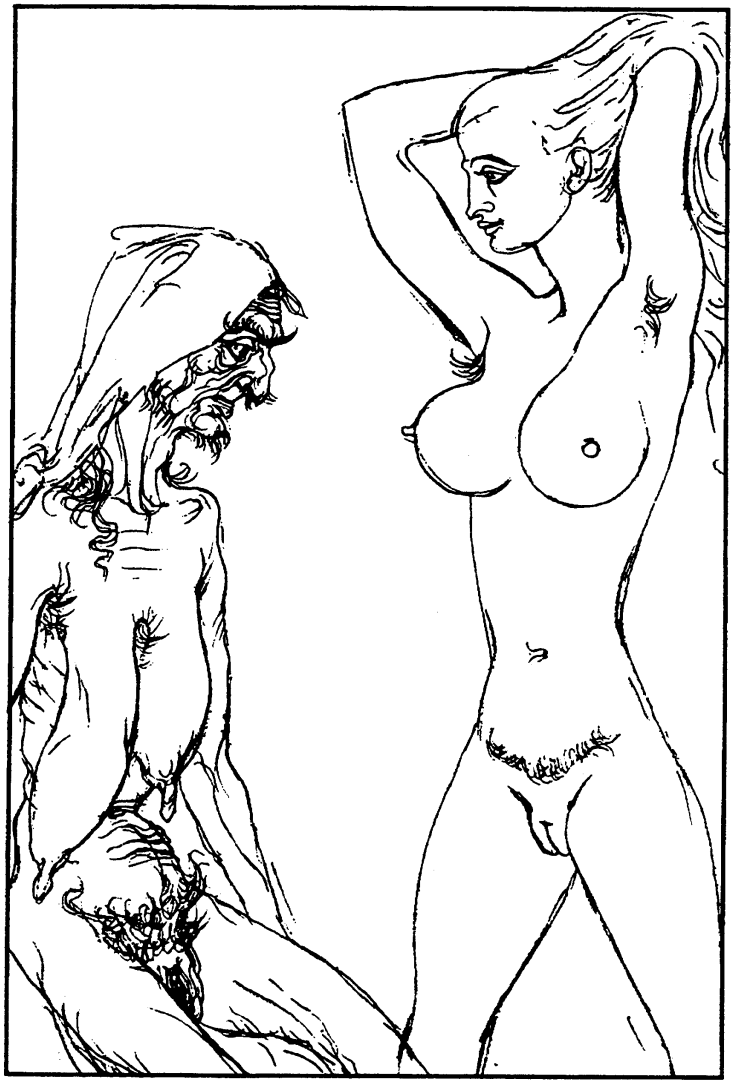
by R. E. D. Sketchley

The Art Magazine, 1907

HERE MUST BE FEW PEOPLE IN LONDON INTERESTED IN ART WHO DO NOT KNOW THE name Austin Osman Spare. The recent exhibition of his drawings made a sudden reputation for him, and the few who before the bringing together of his work had knowledge of his extraordinary talent are part now of a considerable public. This, at all events, is certain: nobody who saw the drawings in the Bruton Gallery can have been indifferent to them. They may have stirred repulsion, or an ugly form of curiosity, only here and there rebuked by some pure beauty in the work, but no one can have seen them dully and forgotten what they are like. The drawing on the catalogue-cover had power enough to turn people away from the exhibition, or to allure them to it, not only because power is interesting, but because of the kind of jeering, loose-lipped image of life suggested. It is a hateful image of evil sight, the coarse-fleshed face of the eighteenth century Satan-type, but expressive of no idea of energy even in destruction or accusation. In the power shown in producing convincing form the drawing on the catalogue is a real introduction to the art of Austin Spare, and it is partly true, too, in its suggestion of a rout of foul shapes thronging into sight. But it is not completely true as an indication of the actual contents of this copious and forcible art, and I believe it to be no true introduction to what Mr. Spare has the power to create, if his art from being the most involuntary utterance of all that seethes in his mind becomes a reasoned expression of the essential.

At present, it seems to me, the form of Mr. Spare's art is a process, not a conclusion. He is still very young, and much of the work shown at the Bruton Galleries was done some years ago; at any time since he was fourteen. It is an extraordinary out-put for a boy, especially when one considers that what was shown is only a small part of what he has done. But this copious discharge of imagery is, I think, rather the preparation for creative art than the declaration of it. The passing from the stage when an idea possesses the mind to the stage when the mind possesses the idea, is held, in a true sequence of the seven ages, to mark the passing from youth to manhood. Though on the technical side Austin Spare has developed through discipline a considerable strength of self-criticism, he has been occupied with reproducing the forms of his imagination almost without question or reason. The present result of this unquestioning reproduction of the forms that rise before his inward eye is to fill his art with monstrous and morbid shapes. Yet it is not really paradoxical to assert the very violence and distortion in proof of the essential healthiness and naturalness of his imaginative faculties. It is not paradoxical. But it needs explanation, since the reconciliation of the fantastical with the normal is in the personality of the artist, and that needs to be realised before his art can be appraised.

There is so much intelligence, and so little imagination, in modern art that the interpretation put on fantasies such as those of Mr. Spare is that they are the result of deliberate invention or imitation. There is an undoubted strain of likeness in much of his black-and-white work to that of Beardsley, and a similarity of mood in dealing with certain aspects of life. These qualities make it certain to the casual observer that the source of formal inspiration is the art of Beardsley, and



An old Witch with her exteriorisation of beauty

that, having seen distorted ideas of good and evil enformed with beauty in the designs of the illustrator of 'Salome,' Mr. Spare proceeded to an artificial intensification of 'fact,' which should be more stimulating than the reality. More learned critics have assigned a great deal else in Austin Spare's work to the influence of the other potent fantasists—to Goya, to Rops, to Hokusai, and to Greiner of Munich. As a matter of fact, Mr. Spare only made acquaintance with the art of Beardsley after he had done some of his most Beardsley-like designs, and with other of these "influences" he has not yet come into contact. When he does, if his work shows the effect, it will be—as in the case of 'The Magician' and other designs that reflect the qualities of Japanese colour-prints—because he finds his own language used by a master who can teach him farther secrets of rhythm and contrast and phraseology.

The source of his art is himself, the deepest, not yet fully known or controlled self, from which, by thought, proceeds creative power of every kind. In his case the sense of inward sight is extraordinarily vivid. The drawing of himself removing the curtain from the mirror, and calling attention to what is to be seen therein, is as near as possible to a precise image of his feeling about his work. Technically, of course, he identifies himself with it. If it is good, he feels he has striven to make it so; if it is bad, he must seek to remedy the failure. If with all efforts it fails to be expressive of the effortless vision, he is the critic that destroys. But on "good" or "bad" qualities in his design other than aesthetic he has no self-criticism to bestow, though he is as ready as though another hand had drawn them, to dislike certain of the more violent and repulsive of them.

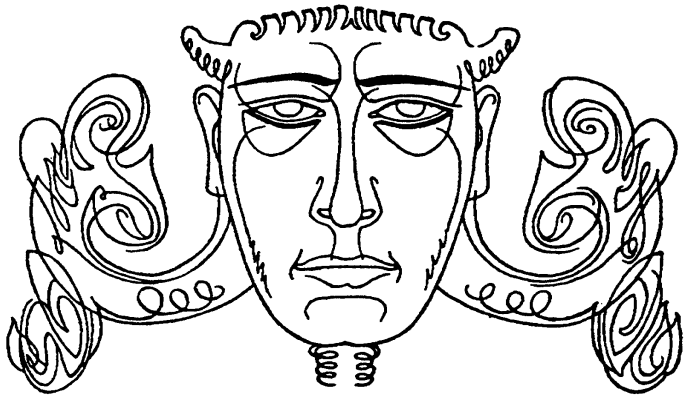
Austin Spare's attitude is the normal and healthy attitude of the artist, but we are, most of us, so beset with self-consciousness that it is improbable he will ever be generally disassociated from what is morbid or extravagant in his art, or not to be held to show immoral tendencies if his art expresses no moral judgements. But I think that he himself, in steadier and more complete realisations of true vision, will dissociate himself from the characterisation of the foul and horrible.

The unimaginative reason which assigns the appearances of things to categories of good and evil is a law of prudence, not of creation, and therefore inoperative in art. Mr. Spare was wise about that at sixteen years old. In the *Earth Inferno* he wrote of "The Chaos of the Normal," and that chaos is the apparent divided into opposites by the unimaginative reason. But, in the same remarkable book, he wrote "Revere the Kia," and the "Kia" in the nomenclature that he, like Blake, has invented for some of his needs of expression, is the indivisible point, the spiritual reason in man, and, in the greater creation, the boundless power of which it is the reflection. That single and pure reason, the harmony that is born of peace and strife and of the union of all other opposites, is not the inspiration of art that elaborates the horrible and morbid. When —it may be now—Mr. Spare has realised his power to control and purify his imagination, it must be that the forms of his art will image no more a "chaos of the abnormal," but a Cosmos, an ordering of beauty in the image of the perfect beauty.

That is no mere hope generated by the desire that so strong and penetrative an imagination, and a technique already remarkable in expressive draughtsmanship and imaginative colour, should fulfil a fine achievement. The art of Mr. Spare, as it now is, is not the true reflection of what is essential in his vision of life. The output of a phase of morbid imagination in an artist of twenty is not to be taken as significant of what he will do later, even if it agrees with the whole personality. But already Austin Spare is reaching towards greater simplicity of idea, and, at the same time, towards a fuller technical accomplishment, more assured draughtsmanship and composition, the use of colour in oil and tempera as well as water-colour. The imaginative and aesthetic issue must be a matter of deep interest to all who know his work and realise the sources of it.

Illustrations from *Poems and Masks* by Vera Wainwright, The Toucan Press, 1968

Illustrations for *Lucifer over London*, by Lewis Spence
Mystery, Hulton Press, 1952.



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Illustrations from *Poems and Masks* by Vera Wainwright, The Toucan Press, 1968

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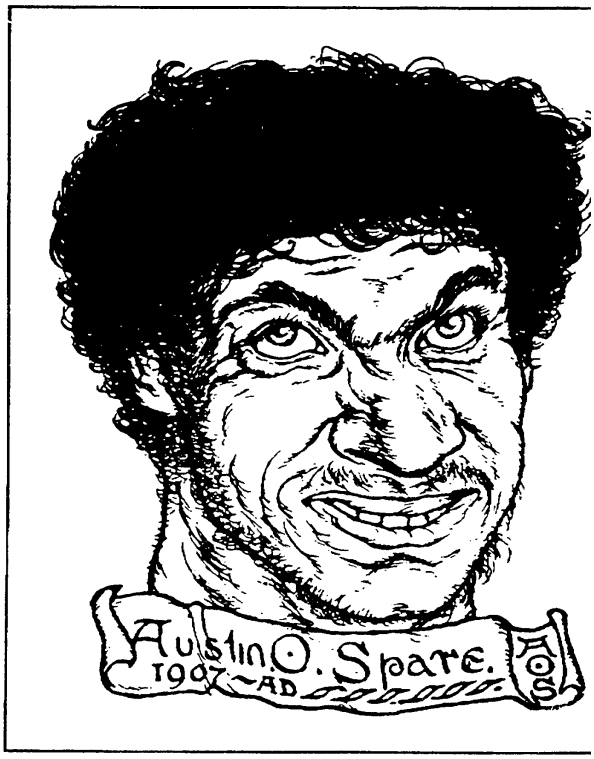
Austin O. Spare.
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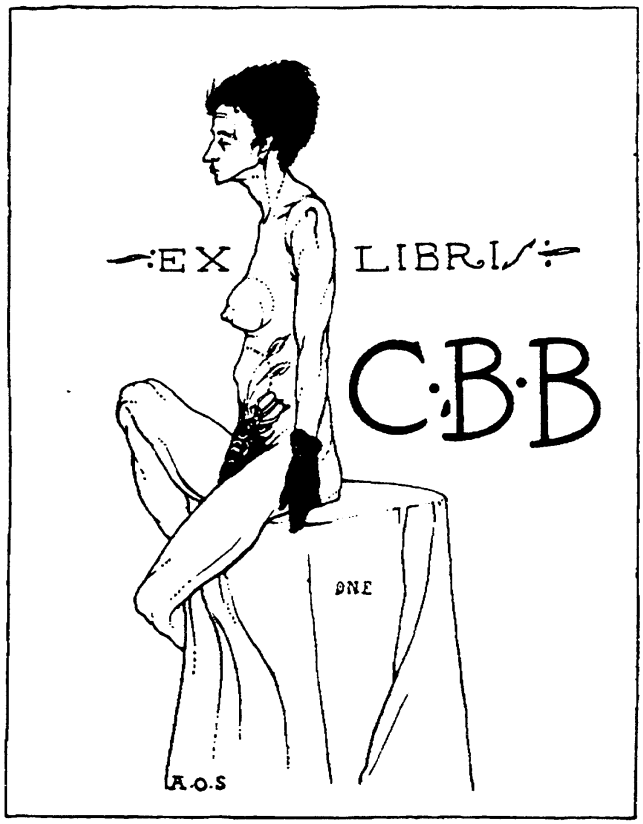
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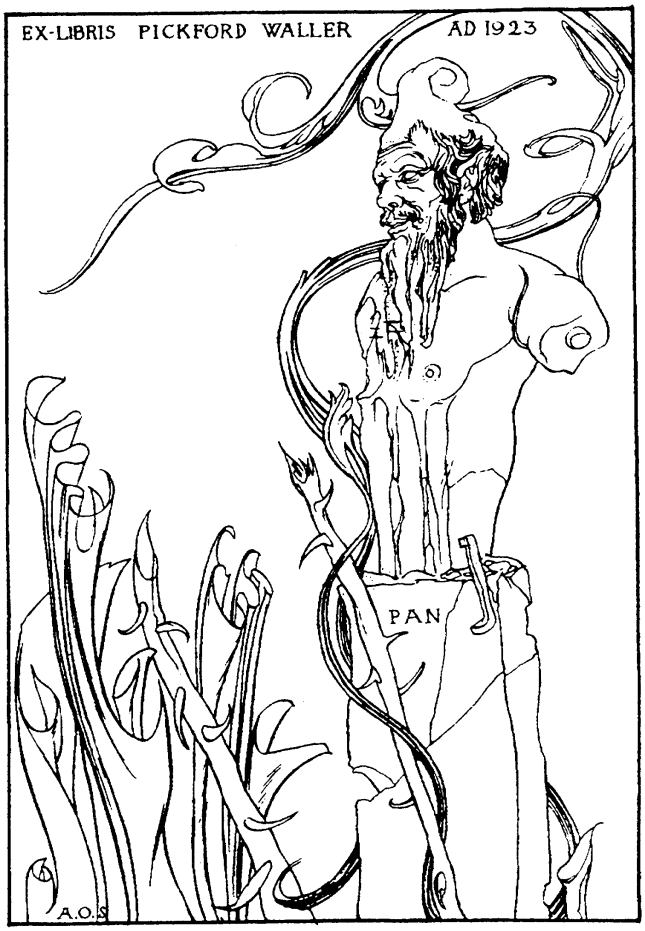
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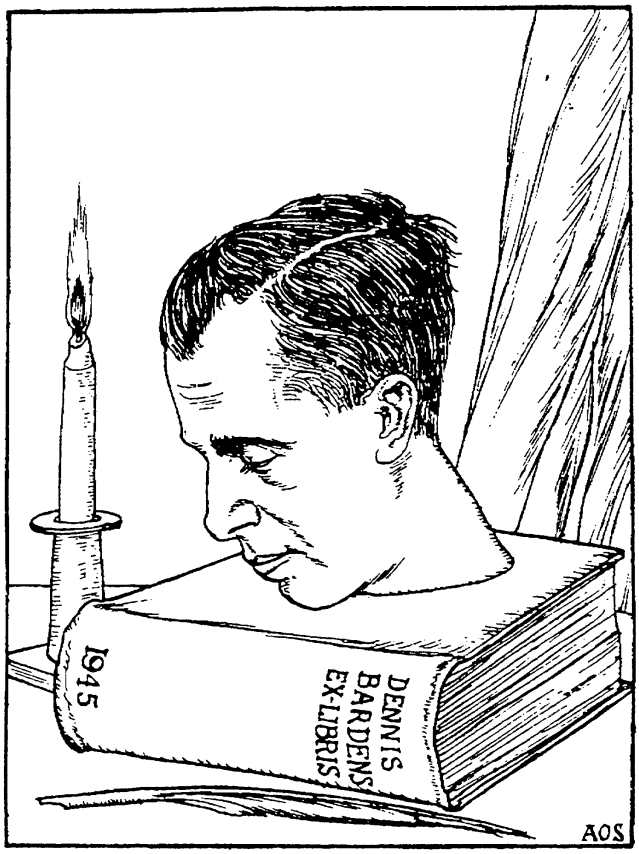
Bookplate Designs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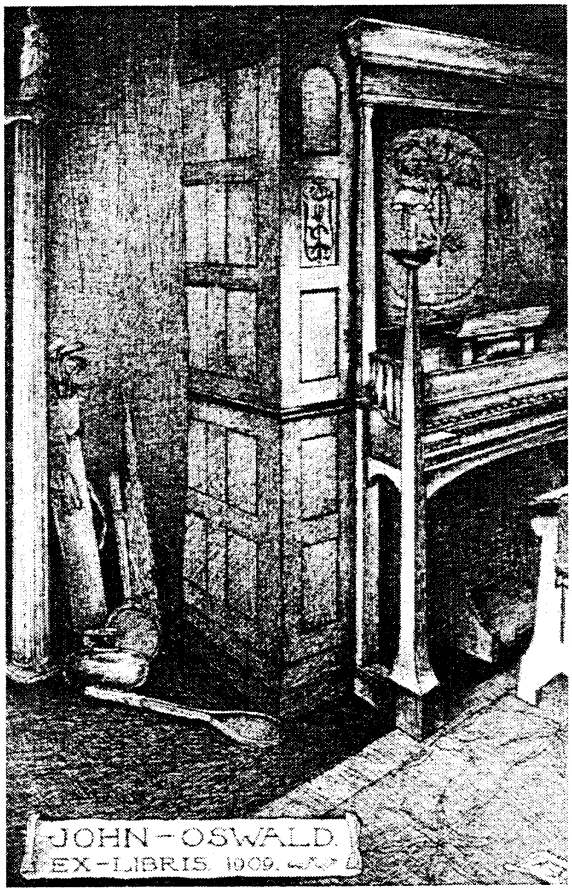
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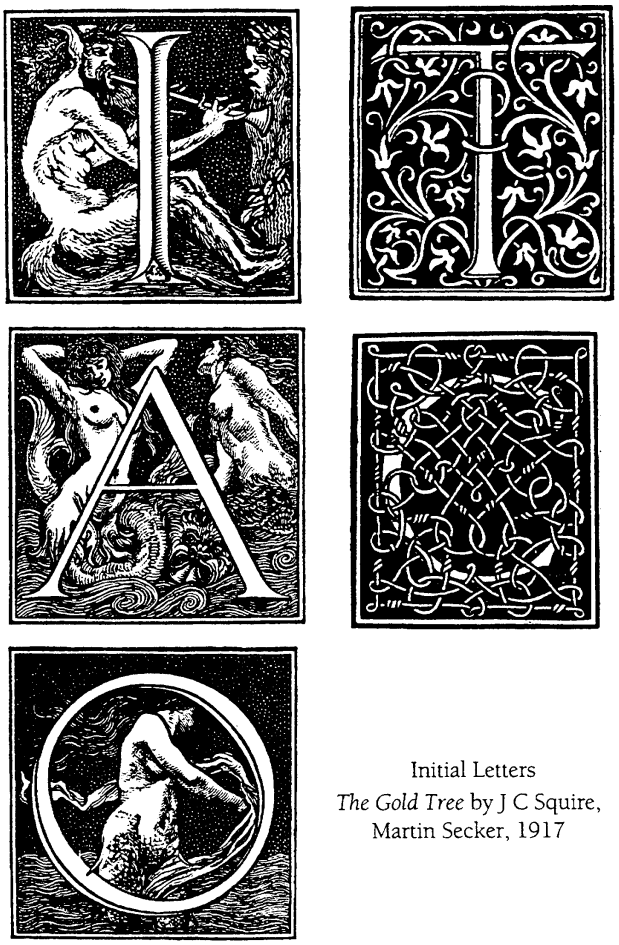
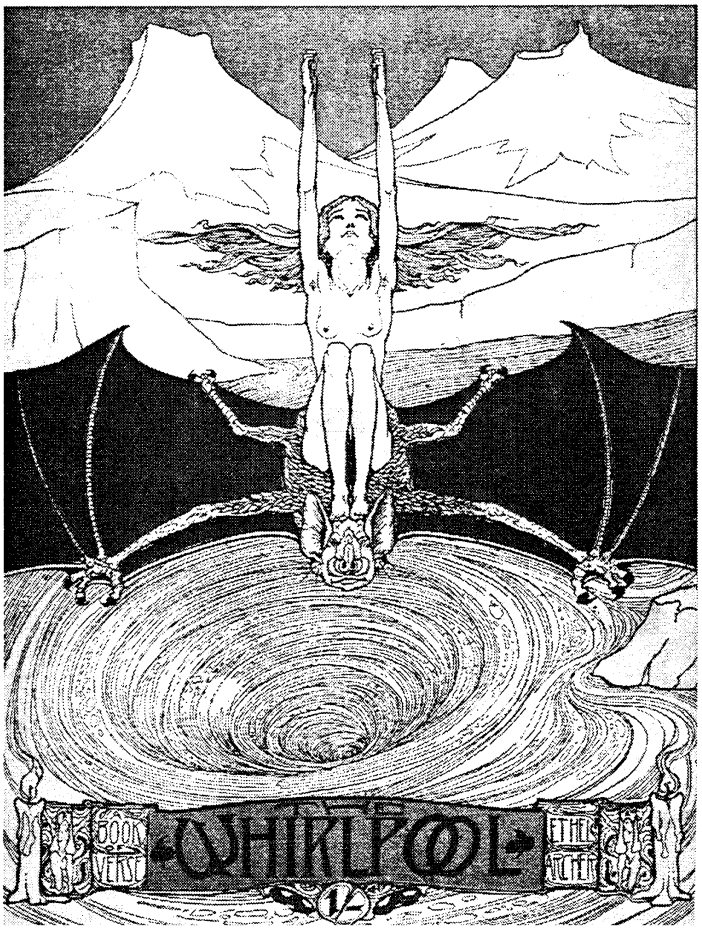
Bookplate Design



Initial Letters
The Gold Tree by J C Squire,
Martin Secker, 1917



15 Oct 1909

My dear Rechford Walker.

This change has again begun my cold. Herewith that "Equinox thing" I got you an Edition de luxe — (the ordinary price is 5/-.) You will find drawings by me facing page 141. Gn page 161. & diagram 33 page 276 & diagram 51 page 283. Perhaps you can give me some drawing paper for it or any thing you wish. The next number will have a coloured plate by me; I will get you a copy then.

Very pleased to have seen you hope your head is better.
Great haste. Best wishes
Ever yrs.
Aleister Crowley.

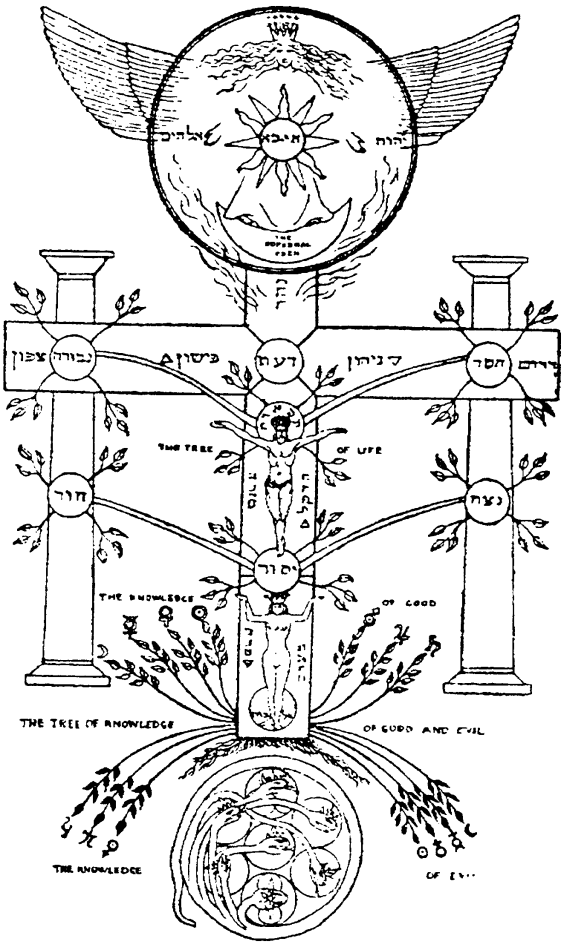


DIAGRAM 33.
The Garden of Eden.

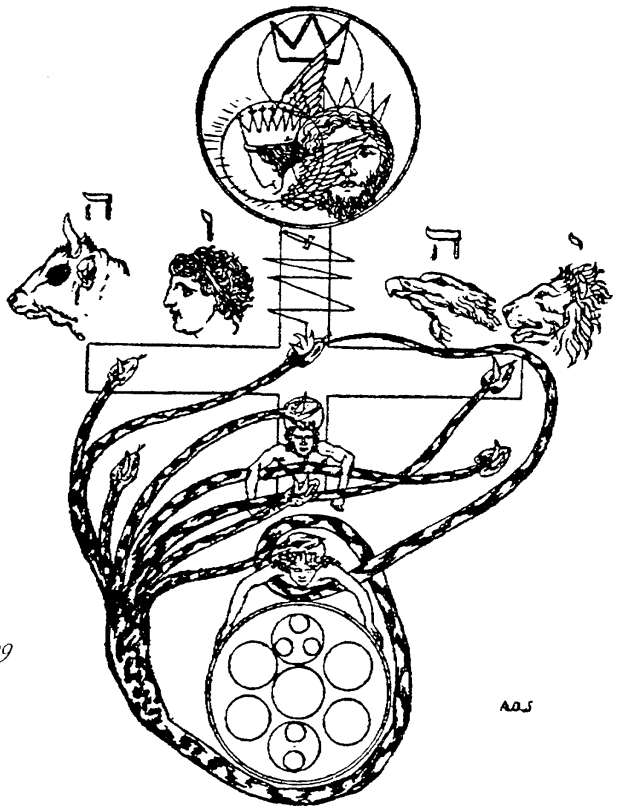
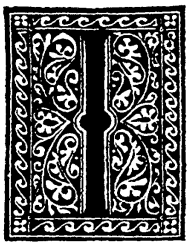
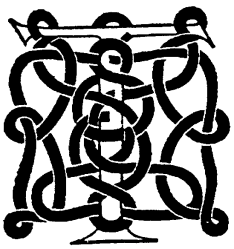


DIAGRAM 51.
The Fall

The Equinox
Volume 1 Number 2, September 1909

Note : The fourth diagram can be seen in *The Focus of Life* [p. 30]





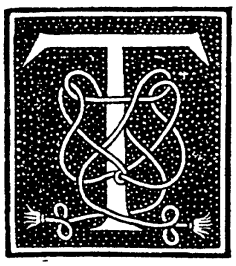
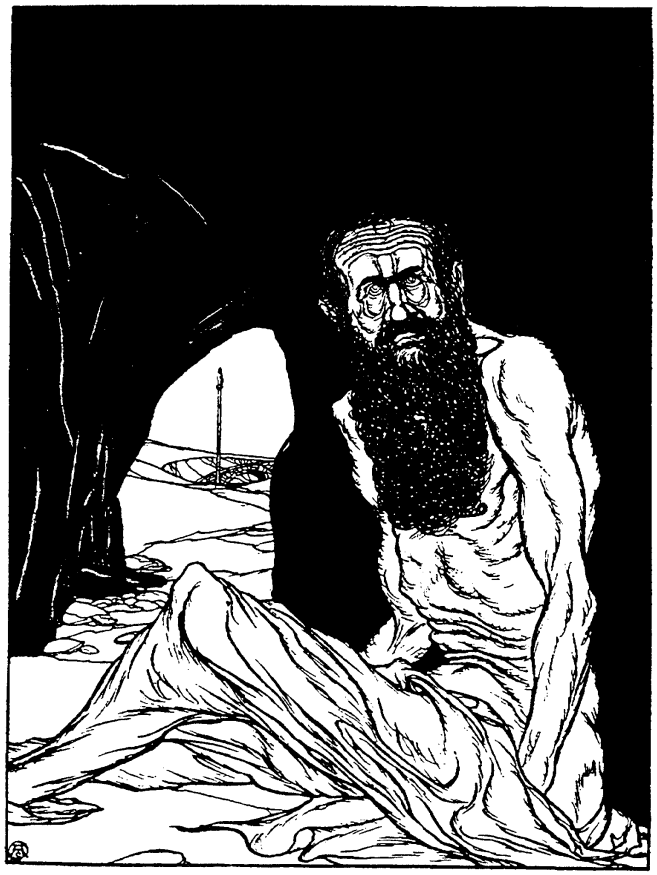
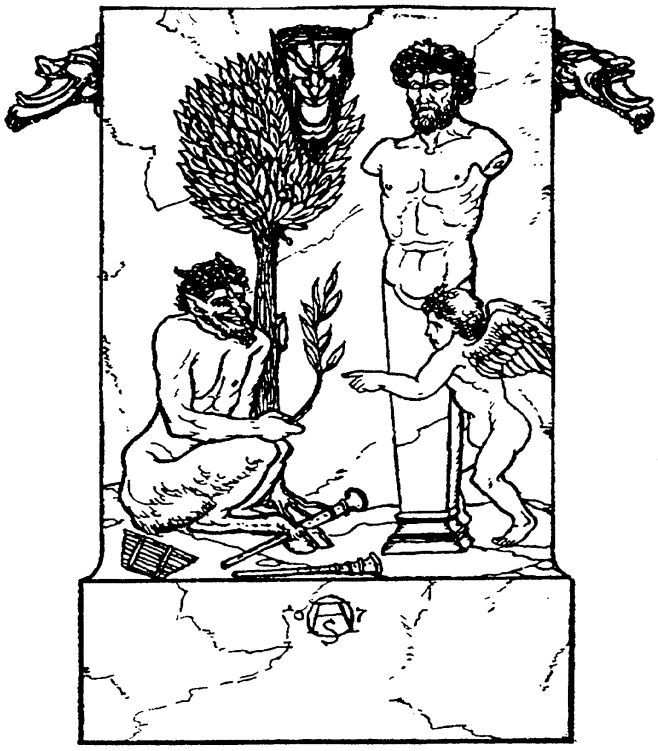
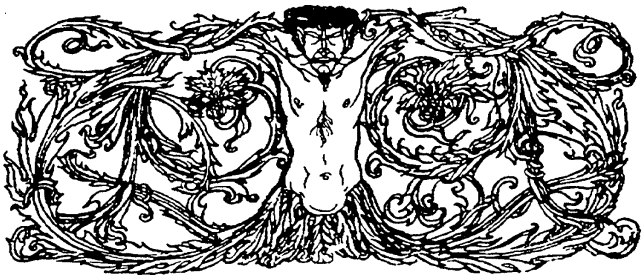


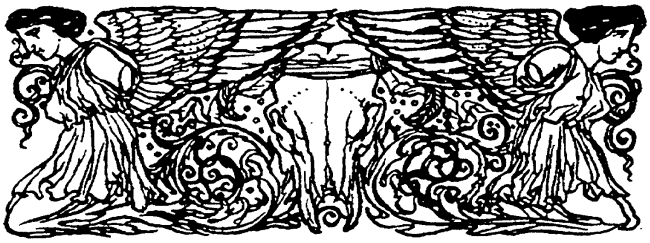
Illustration & Initial Letters

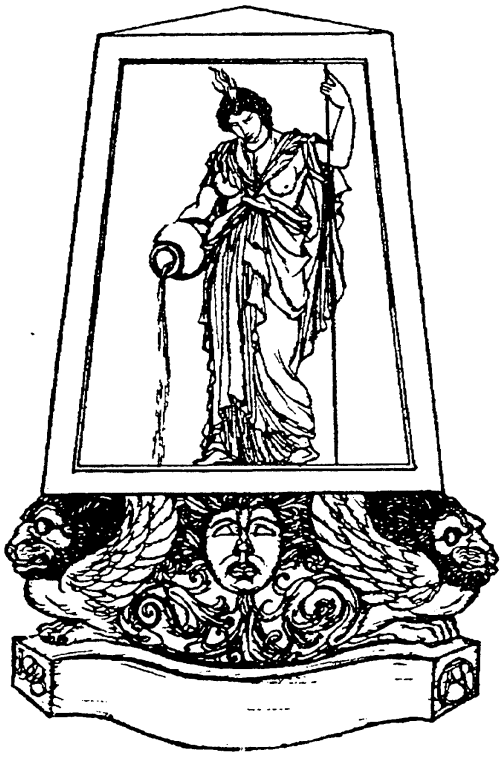
Songs from the Classics,
by C F Grinrod, David Nutt, 1907



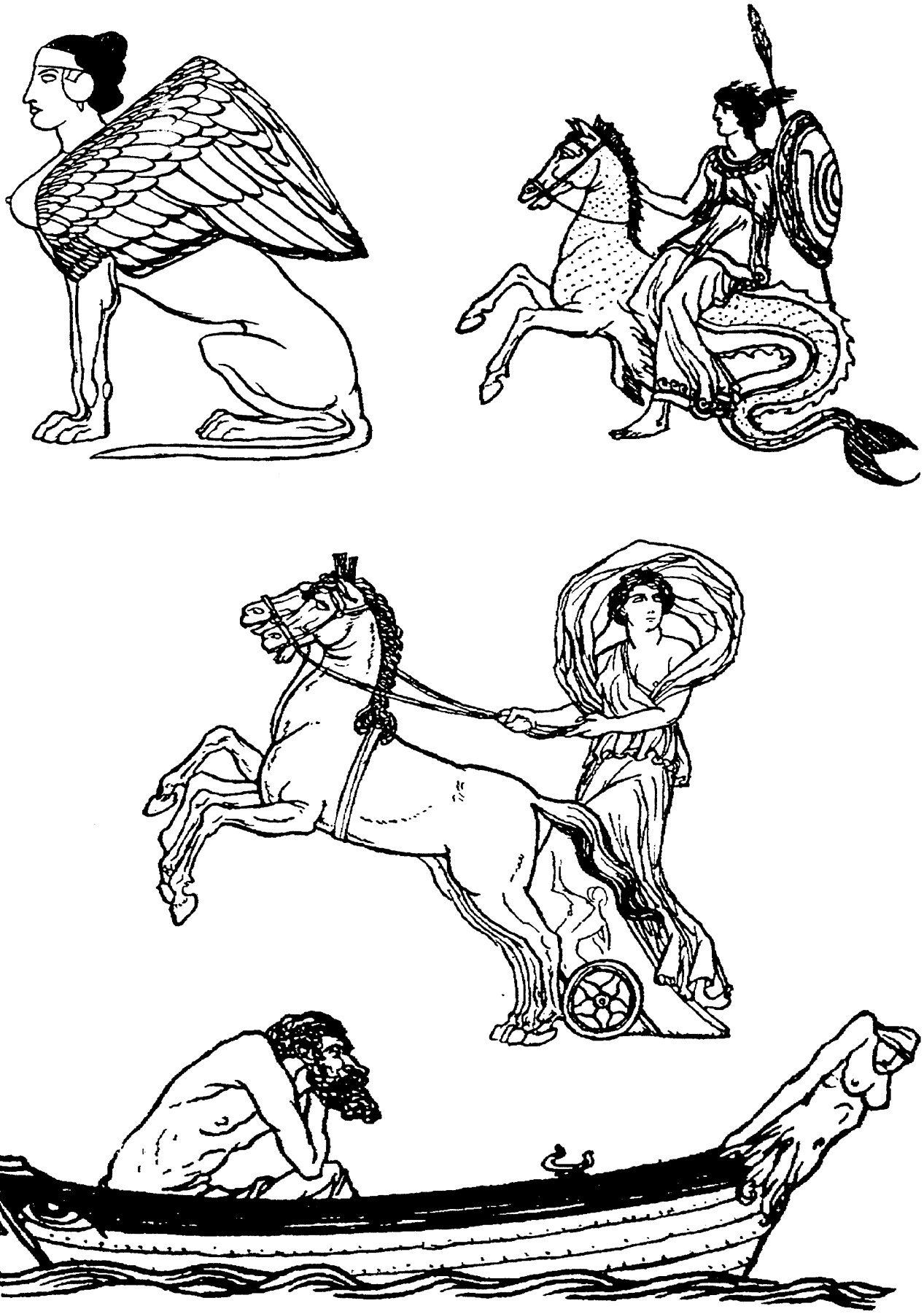








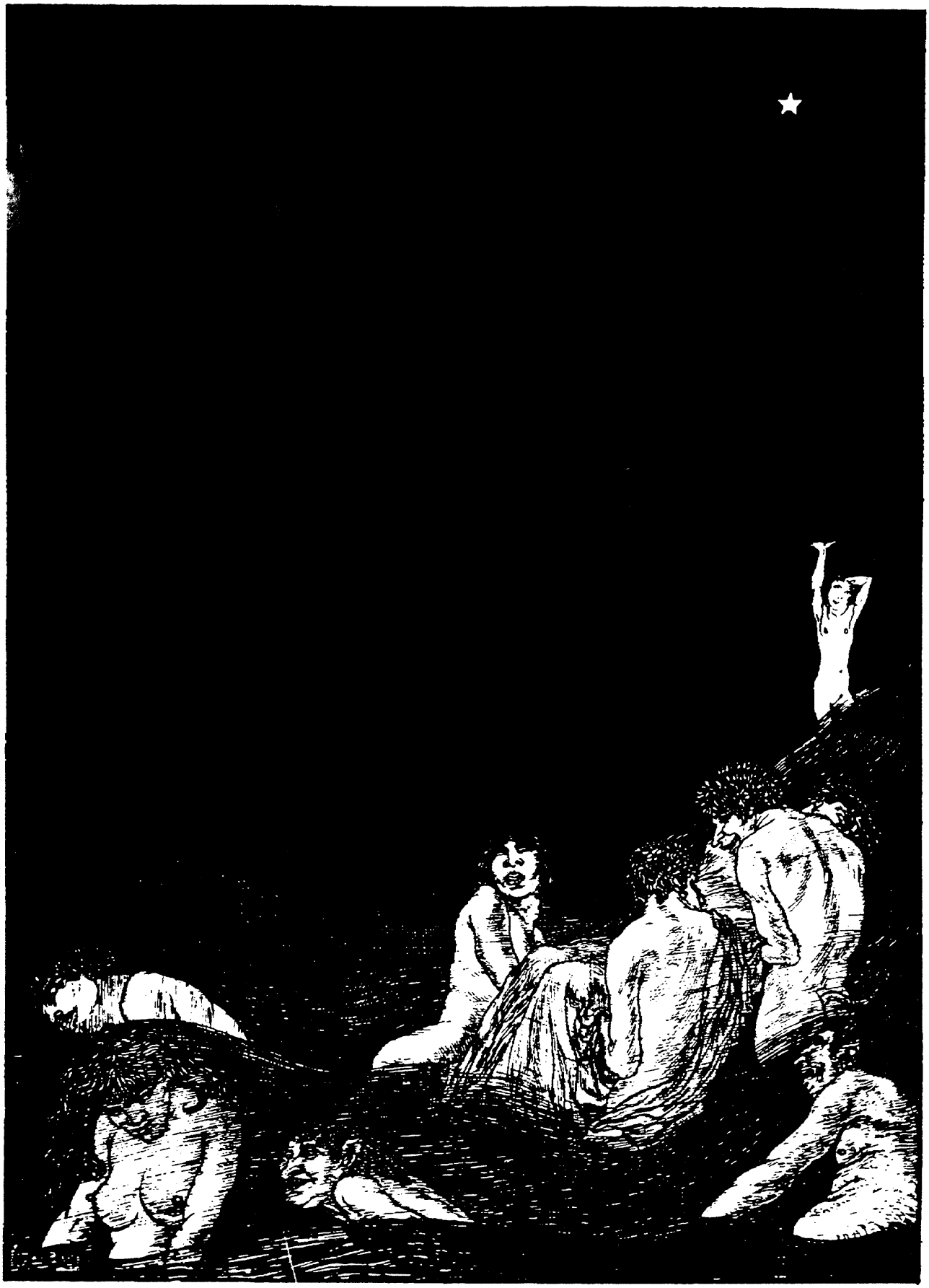
Songs from the Classics,
by C F Grinrod, David Nutt, 1907



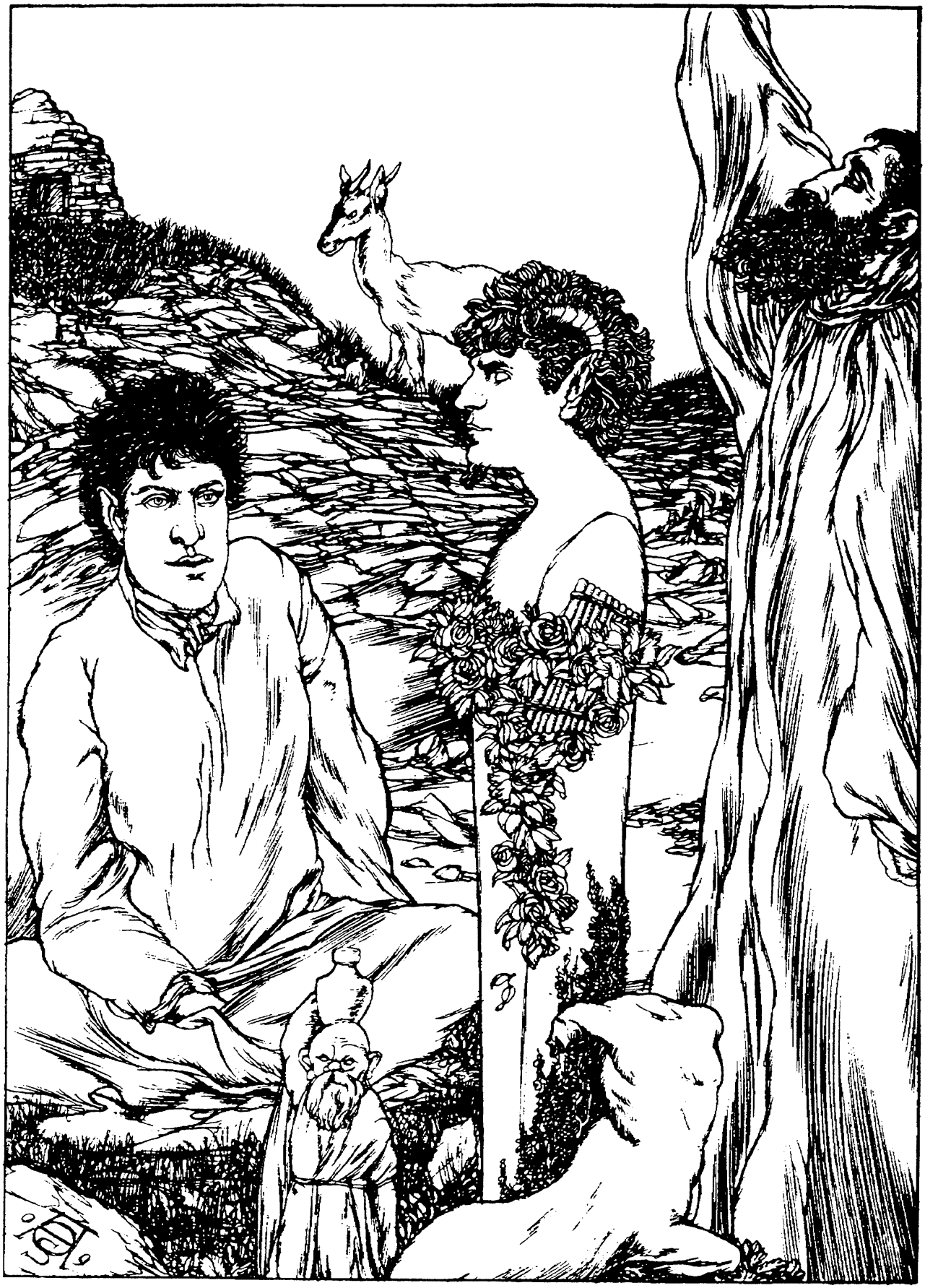
The Starlit Mire by James Bertram,F Russell. John Lane, The Bodley Head, 1911

The Starlit Mire by James Bertram,F Russell. John Lane, The Bodley Head, 1911

The Starlit Mire by James Bertram,F Russell. John Lane, The Bodley Head, 1911



The Starlit Mire by James Bertram,F Russell. John Lane, The Bodley Head, 1911



The Starlit Mire by James Bertram,F Russell, John Lane, The Bodley Head, 1911

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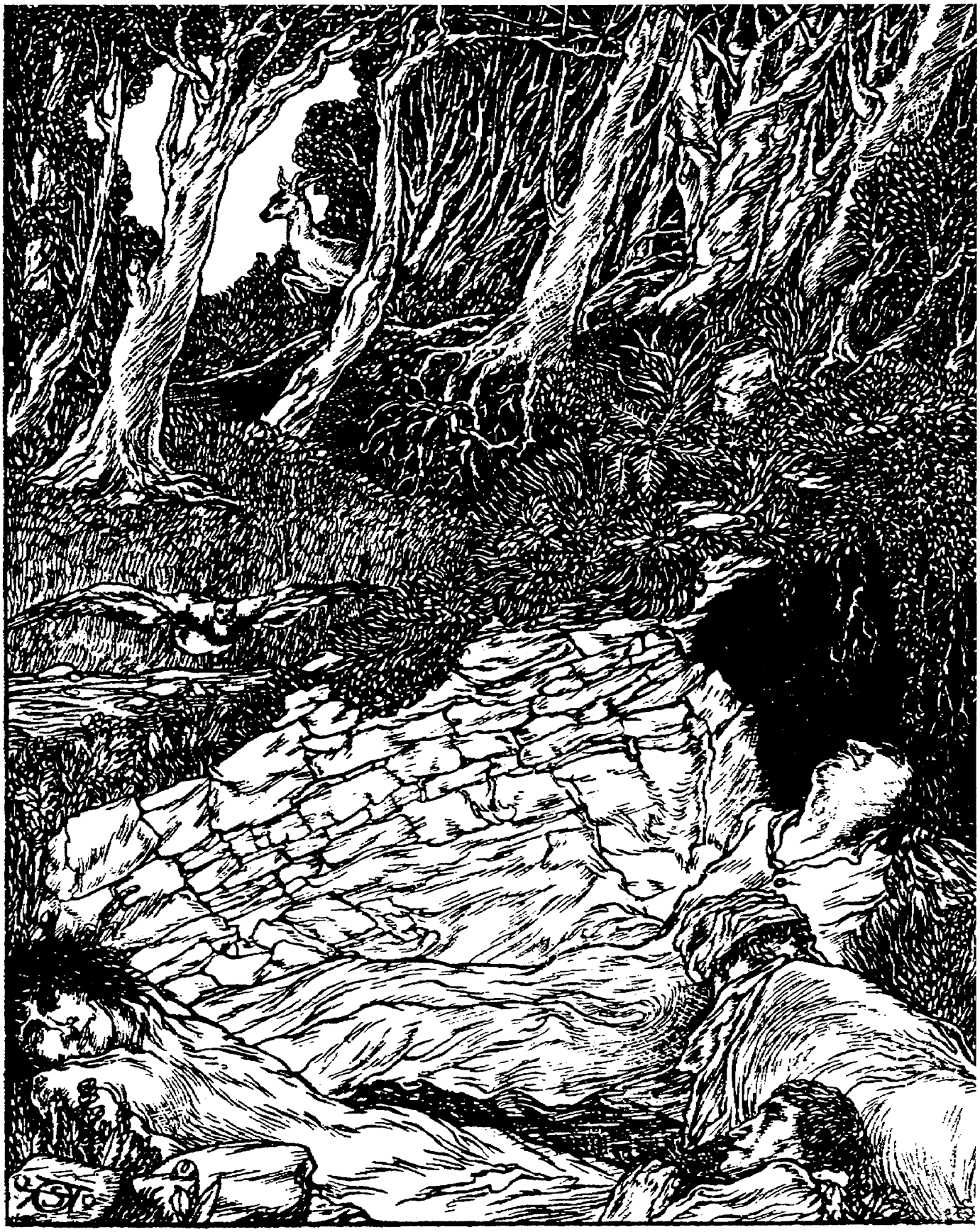
On the Oxford Circuit by the Hon. Mr. Justice Darling, Smith, Elder & Co., 1909



On the Oxford Circuit by the Hon. Mr. Justice Darling, Smith, Elder & Co., 1909

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On the Oxford Circuit by the Hon. Mr. Justice Darling, Smith, Elder & Co., 1909

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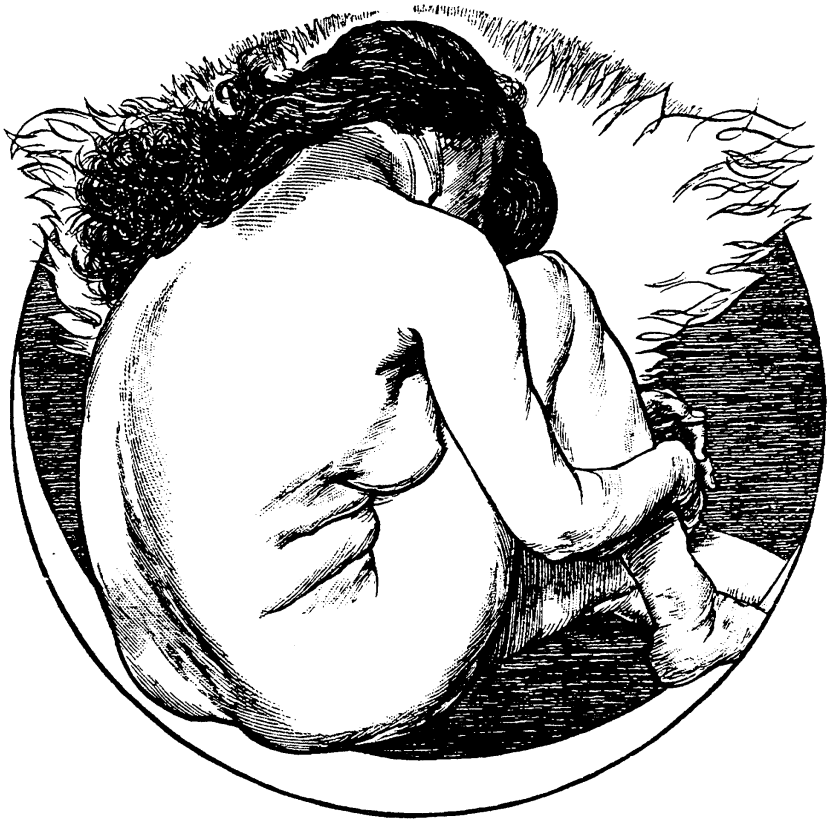
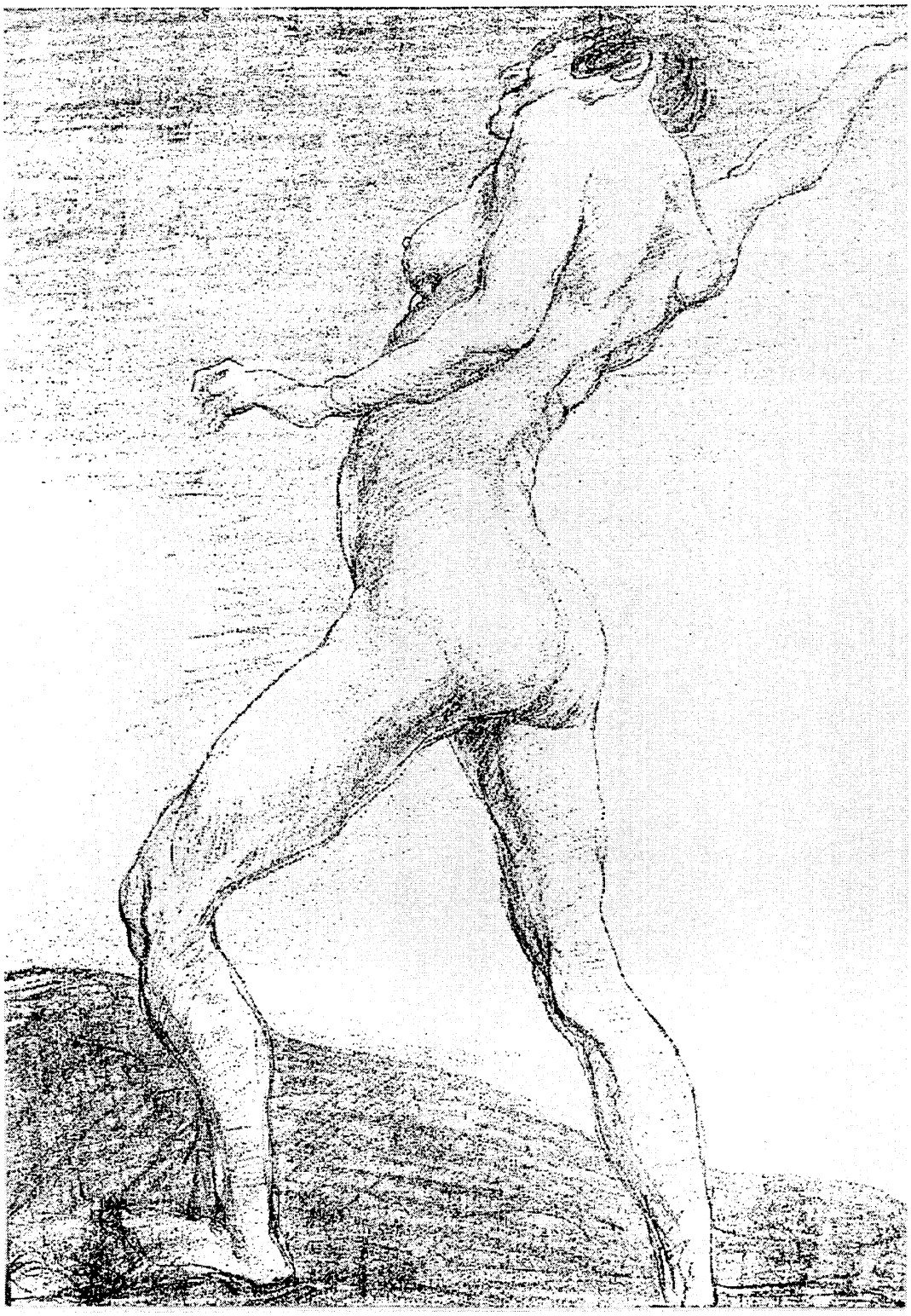




A Book of Automatic Drawings
Catalpa Press, London, 1972

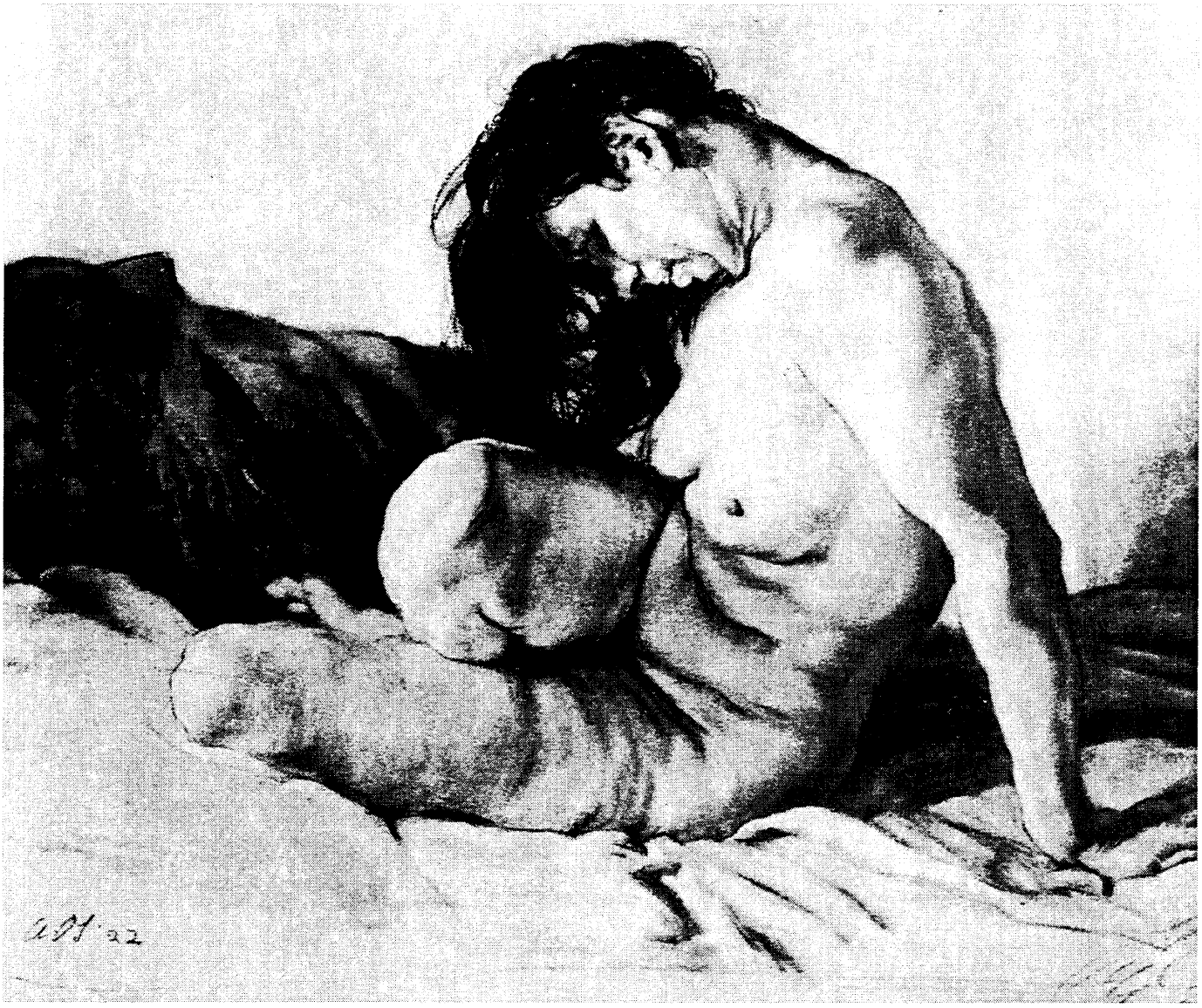
A book of Automatic drawing

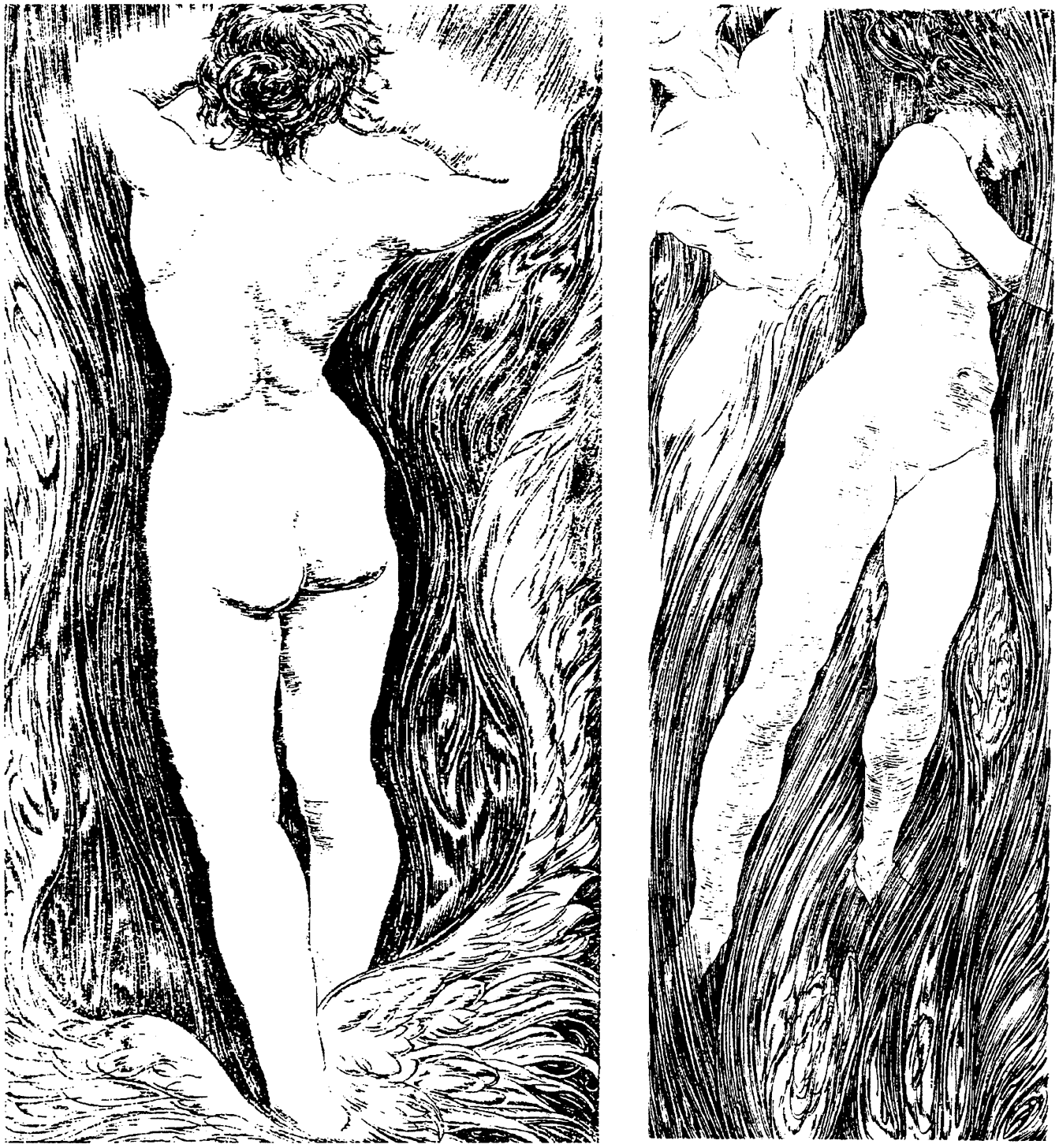
containing: Calligraphic titles, signatures & other devices together with Self portraits & Allegorical frontispeice by Austin Osman Spare

april 1925 may

Fini

Great is he who pleasures this difficult life

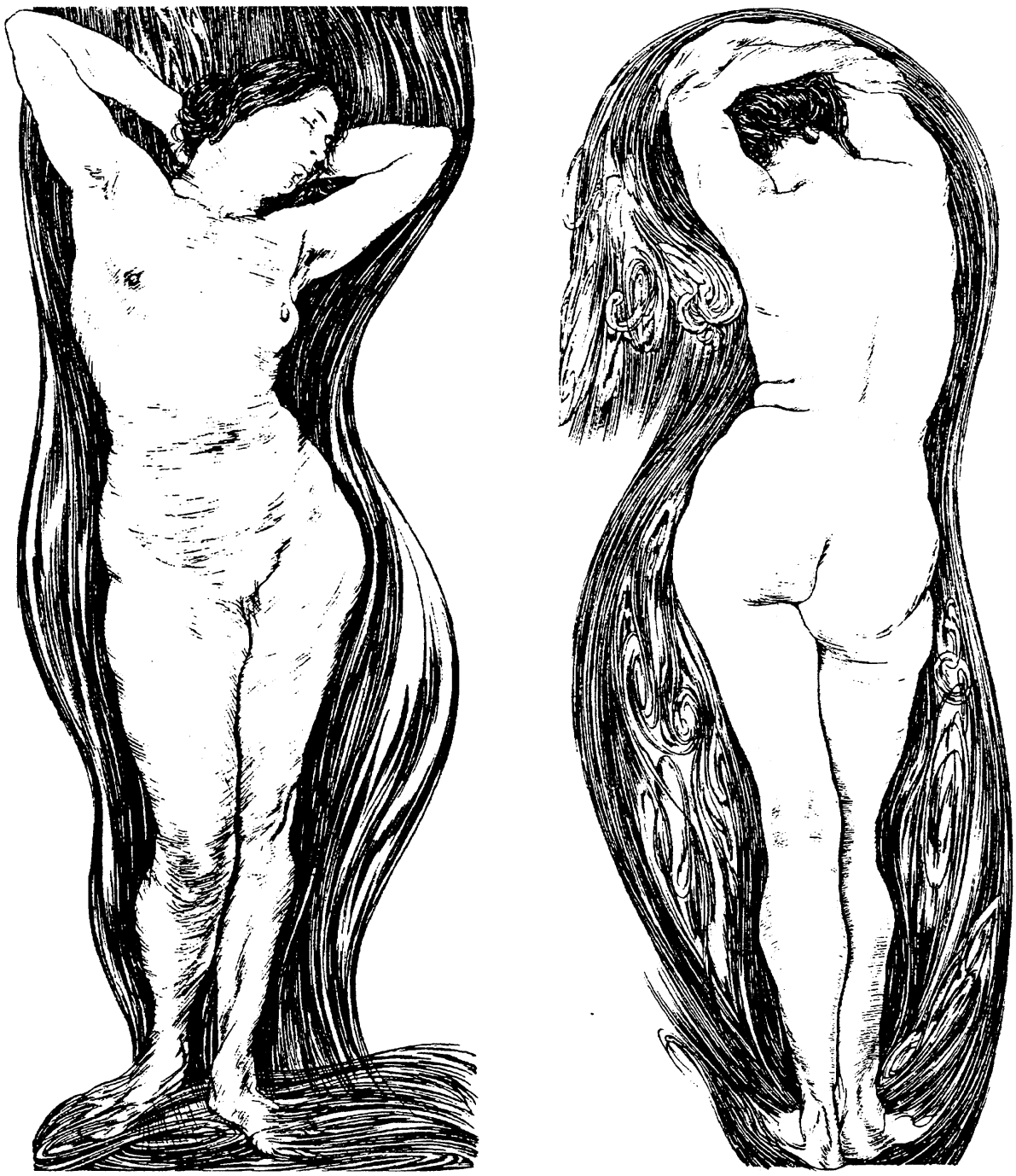




The Golden Hind, Chapman & Hall Ltd, 1922-24

The Golden Hind, Chapman & Hall Ltd, 1922-24

The Golden Hind, Chapman & Hall Ltd, 1922-24



The Golden Hind, Chapman & Hall Ltd, 1922-24

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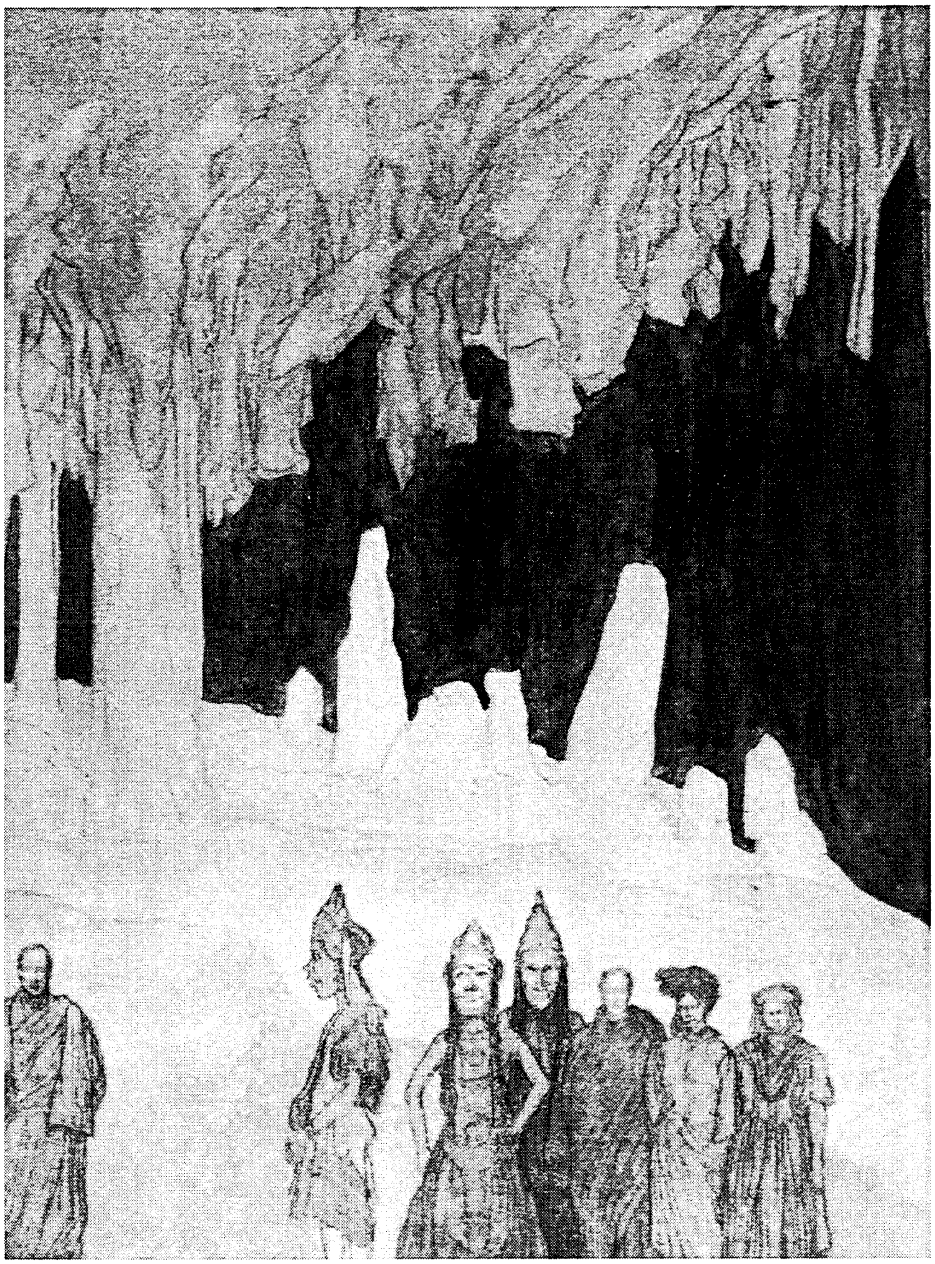


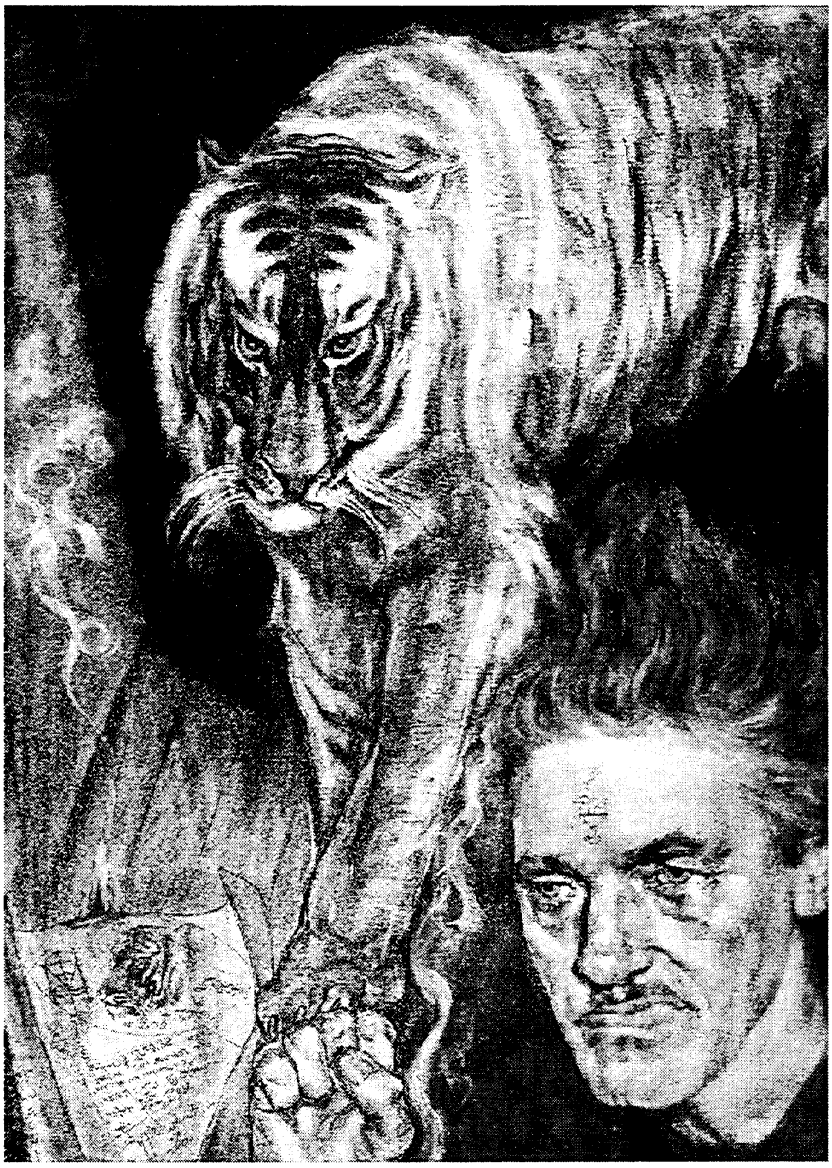
Celtic Dawn, Prebendal Press, 1989

London Mystery Magazine, October - November, 1950

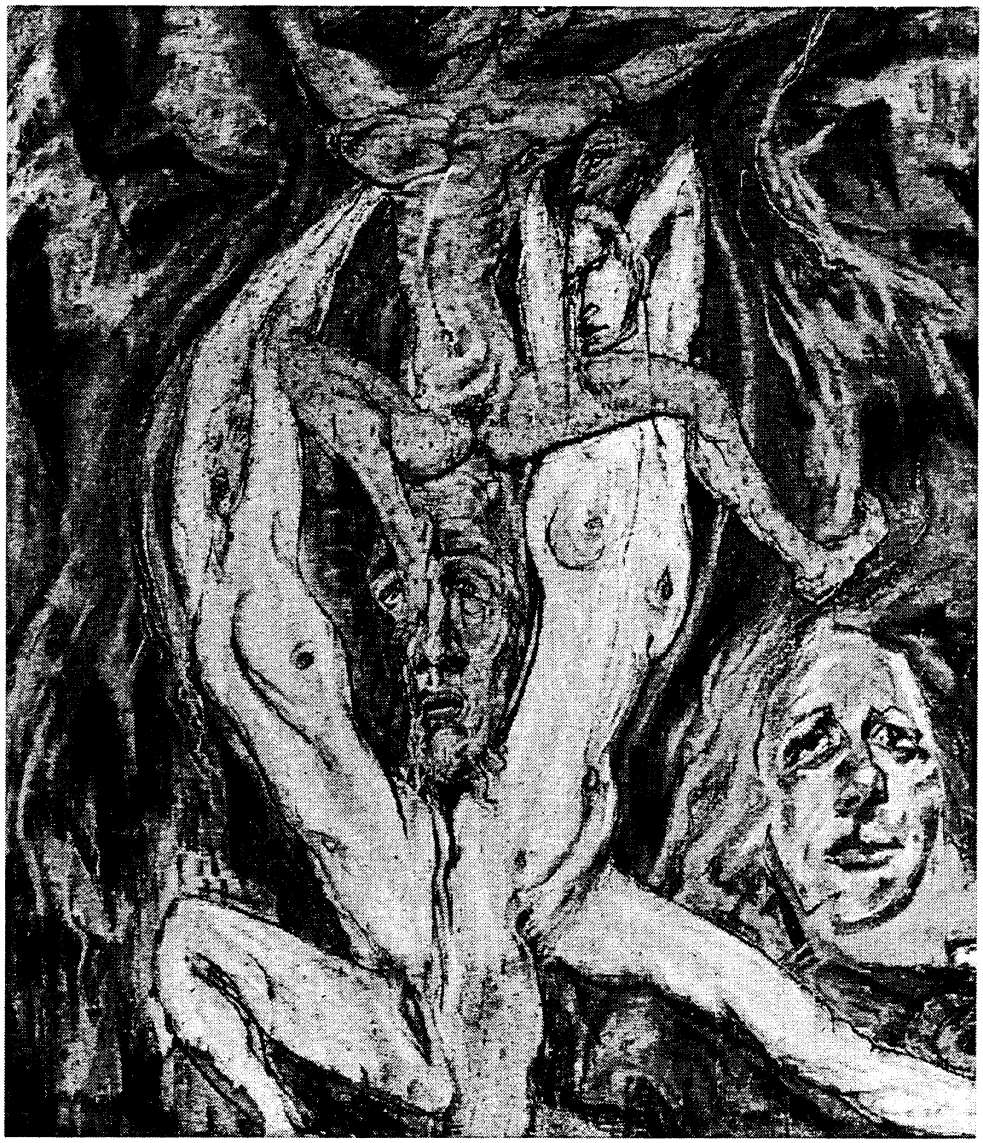
Austin Spare at home, 1953

The Resurrection of Zoroaster, 1904

Self Portrait, 1907



Self Portrait, 1955



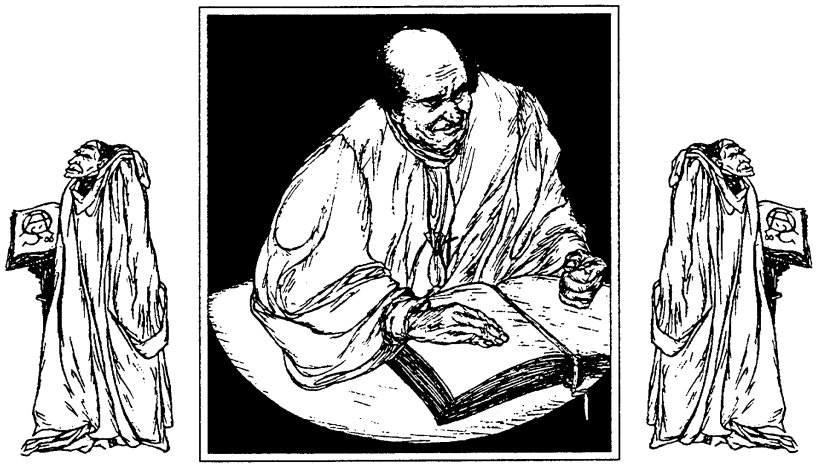
Flame, Fugue and Flesh, 1954

Sel Portrait, 1909

Austin Spare at work

Aleister Crowley, *Das Tier 666*, Sphinx, 1983

NOTES TOWARDS



A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE

COMPILED BY CLIVE HARPER

NOTES TOWARDS A

BIBLIOGRAPHY

OF

AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE

SECTION A - BOOKS BY AUSTIN O. SPARE - PUBLISHED

A1. EARTH INFERNO

a. EARTH | I•N•F•E•R•N•O AUSTIN O. SPARE | (ON FRONT COVER WHICH SERVES AS TITLE.)

Brown paper wraps, 17.875" x 13.625", 30 pp. 265 numbered and signed copies Foreword by C.H.L.

In 1916 the book was advertised in *Form* at 10/6.

A number of copies were bound up in vellum by The Morland Press. These were described as "Signed. Artist's Bookplate" and offered at 30/-.

b. REPRINTED 1976 - ASKIN PUBLISHERS

Hardbound, 320 x 250 mm, 250 copies at £14.75.
Also issued on microfiche at £2.00.

c. REPRINTED 1982 & 1986 - SORCERER'S APPRENTICE

In *Collected Works* [see A8].

d. REPRINTED 1991 & 1993 - BEYOND THE RISING SUN PUBLICATIONS

210 x 297 mm, card wraps, 200 copies.

A2. A BOOK OF SATYRS

a. A BOOK OF | SATYRS | BY AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE | [design] |

Co-op Press, 300 copies?

The "signed and numbered original edition edition, Artist's Bookplate" was advertised in *Form* at 30/-. This had increased to Two Guineas in the 1921 *Form*.

b. A BOOK OF | SATYRS | BY AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE | [design] |

John Lane, 1909. This edition had an introduction by James Guthrie and a different title page design.

In 1916 the book was advertised in *Form* at One Guinea.

c. REPRINTED (2.b.) 1979 - 93 PUBLISHING, QUEBEC

Green cartridge paper wraps, 17.5" x 3.25".

d. REPRINTED (2.b.) 1979 - [as illustrations to *SSOTBME.*]

Nigel Turner.

e. REPRINTED (2.b.) 1989 - VENUS, LONDON

Numbered limited edition of illustrations reproduced on postcards together with Spare's introduction [abridged] in a plastic sleeve.

f. REPRINTED C1990

No publisher or date given. A4 photocopies in buff wraps with plastic spine clip.

g. REPRINTED (2.a.) 1990 & 1993 - BEYOND THE RISING SUN PUBLICATIONS

Pale green card wraps, 11.312" x 7.875", 200 copies.

A3. THE BOOK OF PLEASURE (SELF LOVE)

a. THE BOOK OF PLEASURE (SELF LOVE). | THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ECSTASY. | 1909 - 1913 | [ILLUSTRATION] **| LONDON: | Printed by the Co-**

The Compiler wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to Mr. Gavin Semple who generously made available copies of his unpublished studies *Books of Austin Spare* and *Books Illustrated by Austin Spare* and Mr. Anthony Naylor for numerous helpful suggestions.

SECTION A - BOOKS BY AUSTIN O. SPARE - PUBLISHED *CONTD.*

operative Printing Society Limited, Tudor Street, E.C. | Published by the Author, 8b, Golders Green Parade, N.W. | [short rule] **| 1913**

Bound in black cloth, lettered in white on front board - THE | BOOK OF PLEASURE | (SELF-LOVE) | THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ECSTASY | AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE

800 Copies[?] In 1916 the book was advertised in *Form* at 10/6.
4+60pp. 15.5" x 10.5".

A number of copies were bound up in vellum by The Morland Press. These were described as "Signed. Artist's Bookplate" and offered at 30/-. The bookplate has led a number of dealers to catalogue such copies as "author's own copy" and to price accordingly. Some copies do not have the bookplate.

b. REPRINTED 1975 - 93 PUBLISHING, QUEBEC

With a new foreword by Kenneth Grant, 1000 numbered copies.

Originally sold at $44 but later reduced to $25.

c. REPRINTED C1977 - MORTON PRESS

White wraps, printed blue, 210 x 297 mm, 100 copies.

d. MICROFICHE EDITION C1978 - ASKIN PUBLISHERS

Issued at £2.

e. REPRINTED 1982 & 1986 - SORCERER'S APPRENTICE

In *Collected Works* [see A8].

f. REPRINTED 1987 - SUT ANUBIS

Card wraps.

g. REPRINTED 1990 & 1993 - BEYOND THE RISING SUN PUBLICATIONS

Card wraps, 200 copies.

A4. THE FOCUS OF LIFE

a. The Focus of Life : The Mutterings of Aáos | written and illustrated by Austin Osman Spare. | Edited by Francis Marsden. [illustration] | Printed and Published by the Morland Press | Ltd 190 Ebury Street London SW1 MCMXXI

12.625" x 10.125", 6+44 pp. Quarter vellum with buckram sides, lettered in gold on the spine "THE FOCUS OF LIFE". 50 copies, numbered and signed on the half-title.
This edition de-luxe was sold for Two Guineas. Later issues have a slip pasted over the third and fourth lines of the title page reading "With an introduction by Francis Marsden".

b. AS 4.a.

Brown papered boards and white buckram spine lettered in black "THE FOCUS OF LIFE".

600 copies. This was described as a 'limited edition' (and elswhere as the ordinary edition) and sold for One Guinea.

c. REPRINTED 1976 - ASKIN PUBLISHERS

Hardbound 320 x 250 mm., 500 copies at £12.75.
Also sold as a microfiche at £2.

d. REPRINTED 1982 & 1986 - SORCERER'S APPRENTICE

In *Collected Works* [see A8].

NOTES TOWARDS A

BIBLIOGRAPHY

OF

AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE

SECTION A - BOOKS BY AUSTIN O. SPARE - PUBLISHED *CONTD.*

e. **REPRINTED 1990** - (AS *NOW FOR REALITY*) MANDRAKE PRESS LTD.

297 x 210 mm. with nine poems to accompany the plates by Aleister Crowley and an essay by Keith Richmond. 1000 numbered copies.

f. **REPRINTED C1990**

No publisher or date given. A4 photocopies in buff wraps with plastic spine clip.

g. **REPRINTED (2.a.) 1991 & 1993** - BEYOND THE RISING SUN PUBLICATIONS

Card wraps, 200 copies.

A5. THE ANATHEMA OF ZOS

a. **ANATHEMA | OF ZOS | THE SERMON TO THE | HYPOCRITES | An Automatic Writing | by Austin Osman Spare |** [illustration]

Large 4to, 22 pp., 50 numbered and signed copies, bound in white vellum, price Three Guineas. (See this volume for a copy of the prospectus.)

Spare prepared 'unique' bookplates for this issue, of pencil and crayon 'vibratory' portraits.

b. **AS 5.a.**

Ordinary edition, 50 copies: numbered, 9" x 11.5", hand-made paper, with pictorial end-piece, stiff brown paper cover, price 6/-.

c. **REPRINTED 1973** - within AGAPE - THE OCCULT REVIEW VOL. 1 NO. 4

With a new introduction by Kenneth Grant.

d. **REPRINTED 1976** - NEPTUNE PRESS; LONDON

Plain keaycolour feltmark wraps, 295 x 230 mm., at £7.50.

e. **MICROFICHE EDITION C1978** - ASKIN PUBLISHERS

Sold at £2.

f. **REPRINTED 1979** - in THE NEW EQUINOX, VOL. 3 PP. 461 - 467.

g. **REPRINTED 1982 & 86** - SORCERER'S APPRENTICE

In *Collected Works* [see A8].

h. **REPRINTED C1985** - BLACK MOON PUBLISHING

Card wraps, 11" x 8.5".

i. **REPRINTED 1987** - SUT ANUBIS, NORTHAMPTON

Card wraps, 500 copies.

j. **REPRINTED 1991 & 1993** - BEYOND THE RISING SUN PUBLICATIONS

Card wraps, 200 copies.

Note:- A "2nd edition re-typeset" was announced by 93 Publishing (c1979) but never appeared.

A6. A BOOK OF AUTOMATIC DRAWINGS

a. **A book | of | Automatic drawing | by Austin Osman Spare | CATALPA PRESS | LONDON 1972 [1973]**

20 pp. 17" x 12", Introduction by Ian Law.
200 copies in a quarter goatskin signed by way of a personal cheque. Front board with a design and lettered in gold "A Book of | Automatic Drawings | by | Austin | Osman | Spare". The prospectus stated - Price "on application".

NOTES TOWARDS A

BIBLIOGRAPHY

OF

AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE

SECTION A - BOOKS BY AUSTIN O. SPARE - PUBLISHED *CONTD.*

b. AS 6.a.

1000 numbered copies in cloth backed boards at £7.50. Only a small proportion of the stated print run was initially bound up. Some of the standard copies were issued in grey card wraps and it is probable that far less than 1200 copies were sold.

c. REPRINTED C1990 - NO PUBLISHER OR DATE GIVEN

297 x 210 mm., buff card wraps with plastic spine clip

d. REPRINTED 1991 - BEYOND THE RISING SUN PUBLICATIONS

Card wraps, 200 copies.

A7. AUTOMATIC DRAWING

AUTOMATIC | DRAWING | BY AUSTIN O. SPARE AND | FREDERICK CARTER

An article from *Form* Vol. 1 No. 1 April 1916. Large folio.

a. AUTOMATIC DRAWING 1977 - 93 PUBLISHING, QUEBEC

Black card wraps, 13" x 17", with paper label. 100 numbered copies.

b. REPRINTED 1977 - 93 PUBLISHING, QUEBEC

250 copies in buff card wraps at $6.

c. REPRINTED 1991 & 1993 - BEYOND THE RISING SUN PUBLICATIONS

Card wraps, 200 copies.

A8. THE COLLECTED WORKS OF AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE

a. THE | COLLECTED WORKS | OF | AUSTIN O. SPARE AND | his art, philosophy and magic | © THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE 1982

Edited : Christopher Bray and Pete Carroll.
Grey card boards with black tape spine, 297 x 210 mm, 481 numbered copies.

Contains:- Preface, Austin Osman Spare 1886-1956 - 'A Brief Biography', 'The Sorcery of Austin Spare' by Pete Carroll, 'Automatic Drawing' (re-set), 'Earth Inferno', 'Book of Pleasure', 'Focus of Life', 'Anathema of Zos'.

b. SECOND REVISED EDITION 1986

500 numbered copies in black imitation buckram. Contains :- 'Sammasti Summary', 'Spare, Sorcery and Chaos Magick' by Christopher Bray and 'Spare Parts' by Lionel B. Snell.

A9. THE ART OF AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE

a. THE ART | OF | AUSTIN | OSMAN | SPARE - BEYOND THE RISING SUN PUBLICATIONS

297 X 210 mm., silver card wraps with black plastic spine clip, 200 Copies. 13 pp.

Twelve pages of illustrations from *Form* (or *Forum* as it is described in the introduction) and *The Golden Hind*, together with an introduction by Paul Cadden and Andrew Gardener.

b. REVISED EDITION - BEYOND THE RISING SUN PUBLICATIONS

Announced for 1993.

A10. AXIOMATA & THE WITCHES' SABBATH

AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE | AXIOMATA | FULGUR | MCMXCII

With a preface by Robert Ansell and an introduction by Gavin Semple.

NOTES TOWARDS A

BIBLIOGRAPHY

OF

AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE

SECTION A - BOOKS BY AUSTIN O. SPARE - PUBLISHED *CONTD.*

AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE | THE WITCHES' SABBATH | FULGUR | MCMXCII
With an introduction by Ramsey Dukes.

297 x 210 mm. two colour frontispieces tipped in, x + 21 pp. and xii + 19 pp.

The Prospectus gives the following details :-

a. EDITION A

26 alphabetically named copies (Atavism . . . Zos) in full black vellum with a slip case, £93.00.

b. EDITION B

93 numbered copies (I - XCIII) in quarter black vellum with a slip case, £46.50.

c. EDITION C

502 numbered copies black cloth for UK distribution, £23.00.

d. EDITION D

335 numbered copies black cloth for overseas distribution, £23.00.

The first copies sent out by the publisher contained, loosely inserted, a card reproducing a photograph of Spare working at an easel and his signature, a card reproducing a photograph of Spare and a chalice (taken from Clifford Bax's *Ideas and People*), and a printed bookmark.

Unfortunately due to circumstances beyond the publishers control, a considerable proportion of the print run was destroyed and so the books have a rarity greater than the stated limitation.

The Keridwen Press had previously announced the publication of *The Witches' Sabbath* for November 1990 in standard and special editions.

SECTION B - BOOKS BY AUSTIN O. SPARE - UNPUBLISHED

B1. ARENA OF ANON - FORTUNE TELLING CARDS
Listed in *Anathema of Zos*

B2. UGLY ECSTASY
Listed in *Anathema of Zos*. 60 pp. Spare sold the work to Gerald Reitlinger in 1924.

B3. THE NEW EDEN
Listed in *Anathema of Zos*

B4. AUTOMATA
Listed in *Anathema of Zos*

B5. BOOK OF TITLES
Listed in *Anathema of Zos*

B6. FRAGMENTS
Listed in *Anathema of Zos*

B7. THE SPHINX ANSWERED
Listed in *Anathema of Zos*

B8. THE BOOK OF THE LIVING WORLD OF ZOS
also known as
THE GRIMOIRE OF ZOS
Some of the material is included in Kenneth Grant's *Images and Oracles of Austin Osman Spare.*

NOTES TOWARDS A

BIBLIOGRAPHY

OF

AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE

SECTION C - BOOKS ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN O. SPARE

C1. BEHIND THE VEIL by ETHEL ROLT WHEELER

David Nutt, London, 1906.
[Not seen by compiler, but referred to by Drury & Skinner, Wallace, and Semple.]

Semple indicates that Spare contributed six drawings plus initials, tailpieces etc.

C2. EIGHT POEMS by W. B. YEATS - *FORM*, LONDON, 1916.

[Not seen by compiler, but Semple indicates that Spare contributed a frontispiece and a male Greek head endpaper.]

The poems were first published in *Form* Vol. 1 No. 1 (April 1916). 200 copies were available for sale at the following prices : Dutch handmade paper 4/- ; Italian handmade paper 3/- ; Jap-vellum 2/6.

C3 EQUINOX

THE EQUINOX | THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE A.·.A.·. | The Review of Scientific Illuminism | An V Vol. 1 No. II. ☉ in ♎ | SEPTEMBER MCMIX | O.S. | LONDON | Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co. Ltd. (lines 2, 4, 7, & 8 rubricated)

Spare listed his contributions in a letter to Pickford Waller, dated 15 October 1909 - drawing facing page 141, drawing on page 161 [these accompany Crowley's *A Handbook of Geomancy*], diagram 33 on page 275 and diagram 51 on page 283 [The Garden of Eden and The Fall from *The Temple of Solomon the King*].

The Equinox has been reprinted by Weiser (1972 and several times since) and Mandrake Press Ltd./Holmes Publishing Group (1992). *A Handbook of Geomancy* has been reprinted by Unicorn (c1973) and Sure Fire Press (1989) and a separate publication of *The Temple of Solomon the King* has been announced by New Falcon Publications.

C4. ON THE OXFORD CIRCUIT

ON THE OXFORD | CIRCUIT | AND OTHER VERSES | BY THE | HON. MR. JUSTICE DARLING | WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY | AUSTIN O. SPARE | [fleuron] **| LONDON : SMITH, ELDER & CO. | 15, WATERLOO PLACE | 1909 | [All Rights Reserved]**

Frontispiece, three full page illustrations, initials and tailpieces.
The book was later reprinted without Spare's illustrations.

According to Wallace (*Early Work of AOS*) Spare also produced drawings for a translation of *The Iliad* by Darling.

C5. POEMS AND MASKS

A. **POEMS AND MASKS | Poems by Vera Wainwright | Masks by Austin O. Spare |** [publisher's device] **| The Toucan Press | Mount Durand, St. Peter Port, Guernsey, C.I. | via Britain | 1968.**

Five "masks" by Spare and a biographical note by Vera Wainwright.

B. **REPRINT 1991** - BLACK LODGE PUBLISHING

C6. SONGS FROM THE CLASSICS

SONGS FROM THE | CLASSICS | BY | CHARLES F. GRINDROD | ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN O. SPARE | SECOND SERIES | LONDON | DAVID NUTT, At the Sign of the Phoenix | LONG ACRE | 1907

Cover design, head and tailpieces and other illustrations.

NOTES TOWARDS A

BIBLIOGRAPHY

OF

AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE

SECTION C - BOOKS ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN O. SPARE *CONTD.*

C7. THE GOLD TREE

THE GOLD | TREE | BY | J. C. SQUIRE | WITH INITIALS DESIGNED | BY AUSTIN O. SPARE & | CUT IN WOOD BY | W. QUICK | LONDON | MARTIN SECKER | MCMXVII

5 initials by Spare, 500 numbered and signed copies.

C8. THE SHADOW OF THE RAGGEDSTONE

THE SHADOW OF THE | RAGGEDSTONE | BY | CHARLES F. GRINDROD. | THE COVER DESIGN BY | AUSTIN O. SPARE | LONDON | ELKIN MATHEWS | MCMIX | **all rights reserved**

Cover design by a Spare of a monk atop a hill.

C9. THE STARLIT MIRE

a. THE STARLIT MIRE | BY JAMES BERTRAM & | BY | [2 fleurons] F. RUSSELL [2 fleurons] | WITH TEN DRAWINGS | BY AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE [above long rule] | [below long rule] LONDON : JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD | NEW YORK : JOHN LANE COMPANY, MCMXI

Ten drawings plus design on front board.

In 1916 the book was advertised in *Form* at 7/6.

b. REPRINTED 1989 - TEMPLE PRESS

500 numbered copies, Nos. 1 - 23 in a slipcase

C10. THE WHIRLPOOL

a. THE WHIRLPOOL | BY | ETHEL ARCHER | LONDON : WEILAND AND CO. | 3, GREAT JAMES STREET, BEDFORD ROW, W.C. | MCMXI

Printed paper cover with design by Spare.

b. REPRINTED 1993 - FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Cover design of 1st edition used as frontispiece.

C11. TWELVE POEMS

TWELVE POEMS | BY J. C. SQUIRE | Decorations by | A. SPARE, cut on | wood by W. QUICK | The Morland Press Ltd. | 190 Ebury St. S W | MDCMXVI

Frontispiece and initials designed by Spare.

SECTION D - MAGAZINES EDITED BY AUSTIN O. SPARE

D1. FORM - A QUARTERLY OF THE ARTS

Edited by Austin O. Spare and Francis Marsden
Large folio, printed wraps

a. VOL. 1 NO. 1, APRIL 1916

b. VOL. 1 NO. 2, APRIL 1917

Subscriptions were invited at £1-4s for United Kingdom, British Colonies and U.S.A.;

SECTION D - MAGAZINES EDITED BY AUSTIN O. SPARE *CONTD.*

£1-6s other countries. Subscription to the edition de-luxe (60 copies) was £3-3s for all countries. In the second issue the edition de-luxe was advertised at 50 copies, and the 'other countries' subscription had increased to £2-0s.

C. **REPRINTED (1.a.) 1991** - BEYOND THE RISING SUN PUBLICATIONS

D2. FORM - A QUARTERLY OF THE ARTS

Edited by Austin O. Spare and W. H. Davies
Quarto, printed wraps

a. **VOL. 1 NO. 1, OCTOBER 1921**

b. **VOL. 1 NO. 2, NOVEMBER - DECEMBER 1921**

c. **VOL. 1 NO. 3, 1922, JANUARY**

Subscriptions were invited at £2-14s p.a., single copies were priced at 4/6 ; and three monthly numbers, constituting one volume, 14/-. An edition de-luxe was available, printed on handmade paper and signed by the editors at £1-1s per copy.

D3. GOLDEN HIND 1922 - 1924

a. **VOL. 1 NO. 1**

Large folio, printed wraps

b. **VOL. 1 NO. 2**

Large folio, printed wraps

c. **VOL. 1 NO. 3**

Large folio, printed wraps

d. **VOL. 1 NO. 4**

Large folio, printed wraps

e. **VOL. 1 NOS. 1 - 4**
THE | GOLDEN | HIND [FRONT BOARD]
THE | GOLDEN | HIND | CHAPMAN | HALL [SPINE]

Brown papered boards with yellow buckram spines, large folio.

f. **VOL. 2 NO. 5**

Large quarto, printed wraps

g. **VOL. 2 NO. 6**

Large quarto, printed wraps

h. **VOL. 2 NO. 7**

Large quarto, printed wraps

i. **VOL. 2 NO. 8**

Large quarto, printed wraps

j. **VOL. 2 NOS. 1 - 4** (Bound as 3.e., large quarto)

Subscriptions for Volume 1 were invited at 26/- p.a. for the standard edition. The edition de-luxe in printed boards, was limited to 75 copies and was stated to be oversubscribed before publication. [However the list of subscribers in the first issue only has 13 names denoted as subscribers to the edition de-luxe.]

NOTES TOWARDS A

BIBLIOGRAPHY

OF

AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE

SECTION D - MAGAZINES EDITED BY AUSTIN O. SPARE *CONTD.*

The prospectus for Volume 2 invited subscription for the standard edition at One Guinea p.a., and the edition de-luxe (limited to 75 copies) at Three Guineas p.a. On publication the standard subscription was increased to £1-14s.

D4. TYPOGRAPHIA

The April 1917 issue of *Form* announced as 'in preparation' - *Typographia* : edited by A. O. Spare, J. C. Squire, F. Carter and L. Synett.

"This brief synopsis of the first number shows what is in the book and shows what you will get out of it. Among the features will be Articles, Poems, and Short Stories, composited in different Styles and Types, Specimen Pages, Title Pages, Decorations and Initial Letters, Woodcuts, Calligraphy, drawings and layouts suitable for Advertising and other purposes, all being the work of well-known Writers and Artists in conjunction with the Editors. Typographia will be the only authoritative Journal published in England dealing exclusively with high class typography and printing from original Ideas and Designs."

Regrettably the venture never reached publication.

SECTION E - EXHIBITION CATALOGUES

E1. BRUTON GALLERIES, LONDON, 1907

Catalogue of black & white drawings by Austin O. Spare

E2. THE BAILLIE GALLERY, LONDON, 11 - 31 OCTOBER 1911

Catalogue of drawings "The Modern World" etc. by Austin O. Spare

E3. THE BAILLIE GALLERY, LONDON, 10 - 31 OCTOBER 1912

Catalogue of paintings and drawings by Austin O. Spare

E4. THE RYDER GALLERY, LONDON, 17 APRIL - 7 MAY 1912

Pleasure and Obsession drawings by Austin O. Spare

E5. THE BAILLIE GALLERY, LONDON, JULY 1914

First one man show

E6. ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY, LONDON, MARCH 1927

Psychic drawings and others of magical and occult manifestations by Austin O. Spare.

E7. THE LEFEVRE GALLERIES, LONDON, APRIL 1929

Catalogue of drawings and water-colours by Austin O. Spare. (Introduced by G. E. Rogers.)

E8. GODFREY PHILLIPS GALLERIES, NOVEMBER 1930

There was a review in *The Times* of an exhibition and therefore, presumably, there was a catalogue.

E9. THE STORRAN GALLERY, LONDON, AUTUMN 1936

Catalogue with an introduction by Oswell Blakeston

NOTES TOWARDS A

BIBLIOGRAPHY

OF

AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE

SECTION E - EXHIBITION CATALOGUES *CONTD.*

E10. 56A WALWORTH ROAD, ELEPHANT, LONDON, AUTUMN 1937

Exhibition of paintings. Introduction "The Art of Austin Osman Spare" by G. S. Sandilands

E11. 56A, 56, 58 WALWORTH ROAD, ELEPHANT, LONDON, AUTUMN 1938

Exhibition of paintings with an Introduction by Dennis Bardens

E12. THE ARCHER GALLERY, LONDON, 3 - 30 NOVEMBER 1937

Exhibition of paintings by Austin Osman Spare with an introduction by Dennis Bardens.

E13. THE TEMPLE BAR (DOCTORS), 286 WALWORTH RD., LONDON, 28 OCTOBER - 29 NOVEMBER 1949

Exhibition of paintings by Austin Osman Spare. Apologia by A. O. S., *Spare and Southwark* by J. S., Note ref. Sir Alfred Munnings by A. O. S., Appreciation by Kenneth Grant, & Appreciation by H. Q.

E14. THE MANSION HOUSE TAVERN, 12 JUNE - 12 JULY 1952

Exhibition of paintings by Austin Osman Spare. Introduction *This and That* by Spare.

E15. THE WHITE BEAR, LONDON, 19 NOVEMBER - 19 DECEMBER 1953

Exhibition of paintings by Austin Osman Spare. Introduction *About It and About* by Spare.

E16. ARCHER GALLERY, LONDON, 25 OCTOBER - 26 NOVEMBER 1955

Catalogue of paintings and drawings by Austin Osman Spare. Appreciation by Kenneth Grant.

E17. THE GREENWICH GALLERY, LONDON, JULY 1964

Introduction by Mario Anaya.

E18. THE TARANMAN GALLERY, LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1974

Exhibition of paintings, pastels, and drawings by Austin Osman Spare.

E19. JAMES BIRCH FINE ART, LONDON, NOVEMBER 1984

Austin Osman Spare (exhibition). Introduction by N. Burwood.

E20. THE MORLEY COLLEGE GALLERY, LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1987

The Divine Draughtsman, an appreciation of the Man, the Artist and the Magician.

E21. HENRY BOXER, LONDON, NOVEMBER 1992

An exhibition to celebrate the launch of *The Witches' Sabbath* and *Axiomata*

NOTES TOWARDS A

BIBLIOGRAPHY

OF

AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE

SECTION F - BOOKS ABOUT AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE

INCLUDING ARTICLES ETC.

F1. AGAPÉ - THE OCCULT REVIEW

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 4, 1973

This issue of *Agapé* was dedicated to Spare and includes *Anathema of Zos,* Snell's essay *Spare Parts,* and reviews of *A Book of Automatic Drawings* and *The Search for Abraxas.* Other issues have passing references to Spare.

F2. THE BOOKPLATE DESIGNS OF AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE BY ROBERT ANSELL

Published by the Bookplate Society in association with The Keridwen Press, 1988. Edition limited to 500 copies. 330 numbered copies for The Bookplate Society; 140 copies for private distribution numbered and signed by the author; and a special edition numbered I - XXX with an original bookplate tipped in and bound in quarter morrocco with a slip-case.

F3. ARTIST FACES STARVATION FOR INSPIRED DRAWINGS BY A. W. AUSTEN

a. *PSYCHIC NEWS*, NO. 27, 1932.

An interview publicising Spare's 1932 exhibition.

b. REPRINTED 1992

The Occult Observer, Vol. II, pp. 12 - 13.

F4. IDEAS AND PEOPLE BY CLIFFORD BAX

Published by Lovat Dickson Ltd., 1936. Chapter IV *Sex in Art* tells of Bax's meeting with Spare and their editing of *The Golden Hind.*

F5. AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE 1886 - 1956 THE DIVINE DRAUGHTSMAN EDITED BY GERALDINE BESKIN & JOHN BONNER

Published by Beskin Press, 1987. The main brochure contains many illustrations from the exhibition at the Morley Gallery, September 1987, together with an introduction and essays by Ian Law, Genesis P-Orridge and Lionel Snell. Exhibition Catalogue loosely inserted - photocopied list on opening night, typeset list in later copies.

a. PHOTOCOPIED TYPED LIST OF 124 ITEMS

b. TYPESET AND PRINTED LIST OF 125 ITEMS.

c. MAIN BROCHURE,

40 pp., 17 colour plates, 25 monochrome plates, 297 x 210 mm.

The main brochure was sold for some years after the exhibition, as a work in its own right.

F6. CELTIC DAWN NO. 4, 1989

Colour cover reproduces an untitled painting by Spare (1931) also includes Algernon Blackwood's *The Birth of an Idea* illustrated by Spare (reprinted from *The London Mystery Magazine*) and an article on Spare by C. Morgan.

F7. SURREALISM AND THE OCCULT BY NADIA CHOUCHA

Published by Mandrake, 1991. Chapter 5 *The Surrealist, Manifestos, Automatism and Austin Spare* briefly reviews Spare's techniques in the light of the surrealist movement.

F8. THE AZOËTIA BY ANDREW D. CHUMBLEY

Published by Xoanon, 1992. Several reviewers have likened Chumbley's work to that of Spare. Chumbley is arguably the most accomplished of the contemporary writer-artist-magicians.

NOTES TOWARDS A

BIBLIOGRAPHY

OF

AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE

SECTION F - BOOKS ABOUT AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE *CONTD.*

F9. COIL MAGAZINE, C1986

[Apparently a one-off publication]. Reprints Spare's obituary from *The Times* and reproduces the inscriptions and drawings from the end-papers of a book presented to Frank Letchford in 1954.

F10. THE SPARE SIGIL : ITS CONSTRUCTION, USE, CARE AND FEEDING BY YAEL R. DRAGWYLA

Published by Polaris, 1990. A brief work of contemporary sigil magic.

F11. THE SEARCH FOR ABRAXAS BY NEVILL DRURY AND STEPHEN SKINNER

Published by Nevill Spearman Ltd., 1972. Includes a chapter *The Strange World of Austin Spare* with four black and white plates and a colour reproduction on the front cover.

F12. THE SHAMAN AND THE MAGICIAN BY NEVILL DRURY

Published by Routledge & Kegan Paul Ltd., 1982. First section of chapter 5 is *Austin Spare Atavitic Resurgence* and 'Now For Reality' from *The Focus of Life* is reproduced.

F13. FORMAOS - A PERIODICAL OF THE OCCULT ARTS

Vol. 1 Nos. 1 - 5, 1983 - 1987. An 'occult fanzine' which (as the name suggests) had a particular leaning to the work of Spare.

F14. THE CARFAX MONOGRAPHS, 1961 BY KENNETH GRANT

a. **CARFAX MONOGRAPHS, NO. IV.**

Austin Osman Spare : An Introduction to his Psycho-magical Philosophy, comprising a short essay and a photographic reproduction of a stele.

b. **REPRINTED 1991** - SKOOB BOOKS PUBLISHING

Reprinted in *Hidden Lore* with a colour reproduction of the stele.

F15. CULTS OF THE SHADOW - BY KENNETH GRANT

Published by Frederick Muller Ltd., 1975. Chapter 11, *The Sorcery of Zos* is directly relevant. Throughout Grant's books there are passing references to Spare.

F16. IMAGES & ORACLES OF AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE - BY KENNETH GRANT

Published by Frederick Muller Ltd., 1975. The principal study of Spare's magic, incorporating material from the unpublished *Grimoire of Zos.*

F17. THE MAGICAL REVIVAL - BY KENNETH GRANT

a. **THE MAGICAL REVIVAL 1972** - FREDERICK MULLER LTD.

Chapter 11, *Austin Osman Spare and The Zos Kia Cultus* was for many years one of the few sources of information on Spare.

b. **REPRINTED 1991** - SKOOB BOOKS PUBLISHING.

F18. ZOS KIA - BY MARCUS JUNKURTH

Published by Stein der Weisen, 1983. German language study of *Atavistische Magie.*

F19. THE MAGICIAN OF SOUTHWARK - BY FRANK LETCHFORD

Skoob Books Publishing have announced Letchford's illustrated memoir of Spare, edited by Gavin Semple. [At the time of publication, 1993, no firm date has been set.]

NOTES TOWARDS A

BIBLIOGRAPHY

OF

AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE

SECTION F - BOOKS ABOUT AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE *CONTD.*

F20. THE LONDON MYSTERY MAGAZINE

a. JANUARY 1950

Illustrations to Lewis Spence's *Lucifer over London.*

b. AUGUST 1950

Hannen Swaffer's article *The Mystery of an Artist.*

c. OCTOBER 1950

Illustrations to Martin Gardener's *Horrible Horns* and Algernon Blackwood's *Birth of an Idea*

d. OCTOBER 1951

Illustration to Dorothy Edward's article *The Dagger of the Mind*

Note : *Lucifer over London* was reprinted in *Mystery - An Anthology of the Mysterious in Fact and Fiction,* Hulton Press, 1952. Algernon Blackwood's *The Birth of an Idea* was reprinted in *Celtic Dawn* Number 4.

F21. SPARE'S ONTOLOGY - BY STEPHEN MACE

Published in *Nuit Isis* magazine No. 10, pp. 21 - 25.

F22. STEALING THE FIRE FROM HEAVEN - BY STEPHEN MACE

Privately printed. Describes techniques for creating individual systems of sorcery, much influenced by Spare.

F23. MAN, MYTH AND MAGIC 1970 - 1971 - PURNELL

A part-work of 112 issues. The first issue had for its cover a portrait 'Demonic Elemental' by Spare, which was also used for publicity posters. Issue No. 6 included an article on *Atavistic Resurgence* and No. 50 had *The Nightmare World of Austin Spare* by Kenneth Grant. Illustrations were also used in a number of other articles [see issues 1, 6, 36, 50, 65, 73, 84].

F24. SPARE PARTS - BY JOHN SANDERS

Published in *Formaos* magazine No. 4, pp. 126 - 129. Reprints three items from *The Times* - exhibition review 5 March 1927; exhibition review 19 November 1930; and the obituary 16 May 1956.

F25. THE BOOK OF RESULTS - BY RAY SHERWIN

Published by Morton Press, 1978 and reprinted by many publishers since. A slim but seminal work that popularised sigil magic.

F26. SPARE PARTS - BY LIONEL B. SNELL

An introduction and analysis of *The Book of Pleasure.*

a. AGAPÉ, VOL. 3 NO. 4, 1973. PP. 4 - 48

Published under the pseudonym Lemuel Johnstone.

b. REPRINTED 1986 - SORCERER'S APPRENTICE

Reprinted in *Collected Works* (revised second edition).

F27. AUSTIN O. SPARE - BY R. E. D. SKETCHLEY

Published in *The Art Journal,* 1907, pp. 50 - 52. An extended, illustrated review of the Bruton Gallery exhibition.

SECTION F - BOOKS ABOUT AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE *CONTD.*

F28. PSYCHIC ARTIST HAILED AS GENIUS DIES IN POVERTY . . . - BY RITA SMITH

Published in *Psychic News*, 26 January 1991, pp. 4 - 5 with 5 monochrome illustrations.

F29. THE BOOK LOVERS MAGAZINE : BOOKS AND BOOKPLATES - BY RALPH STRAUS

Published by Otto Schutzer & Co., 1909. [Wallace in *The Early Work of Austin Osman Spare* cites this article - not seen by the compiler.]

F30. ADVENTURES WITH INSPIRATION - BY HANNEN SWAFFER

Published by Morley & Mitchell, 1929. Includes 5 pp. on Spare. See also *The Mystery of an Artist*, 8 pp. essay by Swaffer in *London Mystery Magazine*, No. 5 August 1950.

F31. SIGILLENMAGIE IN DER PRAXIS - BY FRATER U.∴D.∴ [RALPH TEGTMEIR]

a. **PUBLISHED BY EDITION MAGUS, 1985,** GERMAN LANGUAGE EDITION.

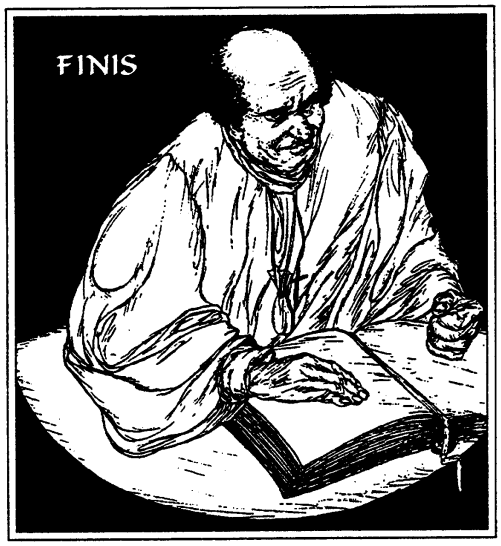
b. **PUBLISHED BY LLEWELLYN, 1990,** ENGLISH LANGUAGE EDITION **(PRACTICAL SIGIL MAGIC).**

F32. THE EARLY WORK OF AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE 1900 - 1919 - BY WILLIAM WALLACE

Published by Catalpa Press, 1987. 300 copies. Includes a foreword by Frank Letchford, a colour frontispiece and 26 half-tone illustrations.

F33. THE LATER WORK OF AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE 1917 - 1956 - BY WILLIAM WALLACE

Published by Catalpa Press, 1989 [1991]. Includes a foreword by Frank Letchford, a colour frontispiece, 2 further colour plates, and 26 half-tone illustrations.



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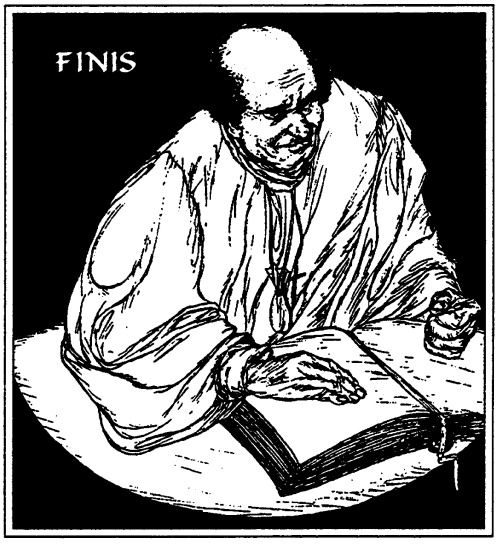

Exhibition Catalogues

1937	56a Walworth Rd. Elephant
1938	56a Walworth Rd. Elephant
1947	303 Westbourne Grove, W.11
1949	The Temple Bar
1952	The Mansion House
1953	The White Bear
1955	Archer Gallery

AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE
56a WALWORTH RD. ELEPHANT
EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS
AUTUMN 1937

A
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S

THE ART OF AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE

By G. S. Sandilands.

DO YOU get any sort of kick out of art? If you are a writer on art, the chances are that you don't, for writers on art are extremely careful people. They nearly always say that a particular artist is "one of the greatest," "one of the most significant" of a period, or of a style, or of something equally vague. It is extraordinary therefore, that so many writers and critics, as well as artists themselves, have said categorically that Austin Osman Spare has never had a superior as a draughtsman.

Time and again responsible writers and collectors have plunged into superlatives in describing Spare's work. When the artist was little more than a boy, Sir Claude Phillips prophesied a great career for him. Sargent, at the zenith of his own career, did the same thing. During the past ten years Spare's drawings have been compared with those of Leonardo, Raphael and Holbein.

Not long ago a couple of drawings done by Spare at the age of twenty-one and twenty-two, were shewn as special acquisitions in a glass case in the central hall of honour at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

To-day, the best known collectors in the world haunt his studio and buy his works whenever he has a show. At his last exhibition, all the drawings, 165 in number, were sold. Of these many went the *first day* and more than half of them in the first week. It is doubtful whether there is another living artist who could claim a similar success.

Why, then, does Spare ask so little for his work? The explanation is simple. Many of his subjects are the men and women of the district in which he lives and works and he wants his drawings to be bought by such people. He cares nothing for fame and still less for fortune. His work is his life.

Quite recently Spare began to teach drawing, — and he became inundated with pupils, some of them artists and others whose names are household words. Spare is probably the first great artist to become really articulate. Not only does he understand his own methods: he can explain them. His "Palimpsest Aesthetic," is a great discovery. A set of his demonstration drawings should be purchased by the nation.

It would be impossible to describe the "sort" of artist whose name is Austin O. Spare. He is every sort. In the most nebulous drawing you will find exquisitely drawn owls and hares and skulls in unexpected corners. His portraits may be realistic or they may be fantastic or sinister. He was doing "surrealist" work before the so-called "founders" of this work thought of it.

The basis of all Spare's work is his draughtsmanship. He would be a brave man who would say that there has ever been a greater draughtsman. Spare understands first principles and he can draw the human body as flesh and bone or as symbolism either from models or from his sub-consciousness and the work he produces could not be surpassed.

So far as it is possible for an artist of Spare's standard to improve, it can be said that Spare has improved even on his latest remarkable show. The present exhibition will surprise everyone. I have known the artist for many years and am used to his endless variety but I was quite bewildered when I was given a pre-view of this latest collection.

Whether he is presenting work that might have been done by one of the Old Masters or amusing himself with his own interpretation of the latest "Strip Tease" Austin Osman Spare knows that his work will live.

This is the biggest and most representative show Spare has ever held — and I am thinking not only of his shows in the big West-End Galleries but of his previous famous studio shows. A glance down the list of titles will reveal the artist's astonishing diversity of subjects.

Let me repeat that in his last exhibition the first day saw most of the outstanding works bought by eager collectors, and within a week a large proportion of the drawings were sold. The wise man will go early.

" Spare is the world's greatest creative draughtsman."

The opinion of many eminent people.

* * * *

" To praise Spare is redundant. He gave evidence of outstanding genius before his teens. He is that rarest of all things a creative draughtsman. Spare himself is a great period and of the future, — one that will outlast all others. Some of his " Psycho-revisionism " is unparalleled. Names like Michel Angelo only help to explain him."

* * * *

" Spare has only to disclose his " Nature Studies " — I mean his analytical and psycho-mathematical research work—to establish himself not only as the greatest of all draughtsmen but the profoundest thinker — the Newton and Darwin of art. His "Aesthetic Post-mortems" are a miracle of pure logic, dealing with a subject that is a " Hallation of Subtleties and abstracts obscured by human myopia."

* * * *

" Spare has greater potentialities and reserves than any living artist. He has only to exploit his own knowledge (he has the ability and it still young) to establish himself as unparalleled and give to art something quite new, and so big that the whole world will owe him much."

" Spare is the most fearlessly honest man and most human I have ever met. I could say much more : I will only add : he is the greatest teacher of all time."

* * * *

" Here is a man to whom all things are equally beautiful and can prove it both logically and graphically. *He works at the speed of light.* I must believe what I have witnessed ; but it is still incredible. If I repeated this as an episode you would say it was a wonderful story but you would not believe it. Spare would remark : " What does it matter whether you work in two minutes or two months? It's the results that count." I agree that Spare can obtain results in minutes that others fail to do in months."

* * * *

Spare's collected works are innumerable — all highly original conceptions, perfect in composition, form and line.

* * * *

" I have a book of drawings — certainly over a hundred original compositions — highly finished drawings. These were done during a week-end's holiday. There are many such books. Regarding the present show, it is three months' casual work during which period four hours of nearly every day have been devoted to the instruction of private pupils. I doubt whether the whole show took a hundred hours."

* * * *

" This show is better than the R.A. or any other show."

" Spare knows more about FORM and beauty than any other living man. He can create form. He can draw from his subjectiveness as easily as he can from life."

* * * *

" Spare's greatness mainly consists in the fact that he understands first principles — nature's laws and truths, and his success as a teacher may be summed up in his own words : ' Nothing is true until it is intelligible. Better believe your own lie than mimic a truth you do not understand.' He has made draughtsmanship a teachable science, has accurately defined that age-old query ' What is art?' and made of aesthetics a psychology."

* * * *

" Spare is wasting his time teaching individuals. He should be director of Art Education for both Elementary and Art Schools."

* * * *

" I am a doctor interested in art. A friend told me about Spare's teaching and said I should go along. I shall be eternally grateful I did. As Spare knew I should never practise art he taught me by lecture and demonstration. They were the most amazing discourses I have ever heard. His lucidity in handling the most obscure subjects is a real pleasure because he can and does demonstrate everything. He is a natural psychologist. He invented three complexes to explain certain truths : (1) The " tartan " complex to explain why certain things *appear* more beautiful than others. (2) The " wood-tree " complex to explain chaotic and un-co-ordinated observation. (3) The " self-fear " complex to explain intellectual myopia (seeing things unrelated) and our preference for lies instead of truth. This all very briefly. They explain very much more."

* * * *

" Meet Mr. Spare? You think so! The Spare of to-day is not the Spare of yesterday nor is he to-morrow's to-day. He is as baffling as his work."

* * * *

" Apart from the exquisite drawing of the " Strip Tease " I think the girl puts up a remarkable performance of her own !"

* * * *

" An extreme of modesty that hides a profound thinker, a man who only sits back to criticise his work. The most he will say of it is that it is good work for the money."

* * * *

" Here is a Rembrandt for three guineas, a Holbein for the same, an Alfred Stephens for two guineas, etc., etc. Yes, one has to use the greatest names. Don't take my word for it, come to this show and judge for yourself."

* * * *

" The drawing of Mrs. Brown is the world's greatest drawing. The notes alone constitute the most complete and authoritative work on draughtsmanship, art and aesthetics !"

PSYCHO-REALISM, PSYCHO-REVISIONISM AND AUTOMATISM

1	The Moralite	3 10 0
2	Psycho-biography	4 10 0
3	Metamorphic	4 10 0
4	Ego Omnia	5 5 0
5	Close Harmony	3 3 0
6	Kelpies Tryst	2 2 0
7	Plasmic	1 1 0
8	Walpurgis Night	1 10 0
9	Equine Elemental	1 5 0
10	Nannar	1 5 0
11	Legacy	3 10 0
12	Hepburn in the Fourth	2 2 0
13	Victrix	1 10 0
14	Eurymeden	1 10 0
15	Vortex	2 10 0
16	The Ever Lurking	2 2 0
17	Ghosts Go Sideways	3 10 0
18	Trio	2 10 0
19	Astral Chimera	2 10 0
20	Miasma	1 10 0
21	Descent	2 2 0
22	Birth of Psyche	4 10 0
23	Gehenna	1 1 0
24	Sabbatists	1 1 0
25	Ugly Ecstasy	3 3 0
26	Vorstellung	1 10 0
27	Coinage of Dreams	2 2 0
28	Pure Automatism	1 10 0
29	Ascent of the Fallen	2 2 0
30	Flame fraught	1 1 0
31	Resurrection	1 10 0
32	Confab in Limbo	2 2 0
33	Enigma	1 1 0
34	Resurgence	1 10 0
35	Submergence	2 2 0
36	Prometheus	2 2 0
37	Excarnation	2 2 0
38	Enthosthorasis	2 2 0
39	Conversation Piece (Publican Vicar and Bookmaker)	2 10 0
40	Psyche and Satyros	3 3 0
41	The New Eden	3 3 0
42	Soul Flotsam	1 10 0
43	Ego Strip	2 10 0
44	Uprise	1 10 0
45	Satyros Dux	1 5 0
46	Deadlock	1 1 0
47	Haan (Swamp Men)	1 5 0
48	Necromancy	1 5 0
49	Amorphous	1 5 0
50	Saturnalia Quadriga	4 4 0
51	Tarpelites	4 4 0
52	Dream Stuff	4 4 0
53	Aftermath	4 4 0
54	Bacchic	1 10 0
55	Vague Familiars	1 1 0
56	'These are the Women'	1 1 0
57	Moonrack	1 10 0
58	Effloration	1 1 0
59	Apostasy	1 10 0
60	Nymphean	2 2 0
61	Zaham	1 10 0
62	Hamomedatha	2 2 0
63	Mnason	1 10 0
64	Naashou	1 1 0
65	Obsession	1 1 0
66	Threshold Elementals	2 2 0
67	New Eden (No. 2)	2 2 0
68	Jerubbeseth	1 10 0

LOCAL TYPES

69	£3 10 0
70	3 3 0
71	3 3 0
72	3 10 0
73	3 10 0
74	1 10 0
75	1 10 0
76	1 10 0
77	2 10 0
78	3 10 0
79	1 10 0
80	2 2 0
81	2 10 0
82	2 2 0
83	3 3 0
84	2 2 0
85	1 10 0
86	2 2 0
87	3 3 0
88	1 1 0
89	1 10 0
90	2 2 0
91	1 1 0
92	1 1 0
93	1 10 0
94	2 2 0

STRIP-TEASE AND TORSO

95	Nue	4 10 0
96	Eos	4 4 0
97	Eve	4 4 0
98	Strip-Tease (No. 1)	2 2 0
99	Strip-Tease (No. 2)	3 3 0
100	Strip-Tease (No. 3)	2 2 0
101	Syliva Streamline	3 3 0
102	Plethora	1 10 0
103	Ea	3 3 0
104	Rhea	4 10 0
105	Themis	3 3 0
106	Cailleach	2 2 0
107	Repose	4 4 0
108	Othmel	2 2 0
109	Exhibitionist	2 2 0
110	Gaia (Earth Mother)	3 3 0
111	Tiamat	2 2 0
112	Semele	1 10 0
113	Astarte	2 10 0
114	Sarai	2 2 0

SELF PORTRAITS AND OTHER STUDIES

115	Seventeen Differentiations of Austin Spare	5 5 0
116	Self and Familiars (combined)	3 3 0
117	Self (Ex-profundis)	5 5 0
118	Self-Janus (combined)	3 3 0
119	Self and Chaos	1 10 0
120	Self	3 3 0
121	Self	2 10 0
122	Self	1 10 0
123	Self	2 2 0
124	Self	1 1 0
125		2 10 0
126		2 2 0
127		1 11 0
128		1 1 0
129		2 2 0
130		1 10 0
131		1 1 0
132		2 2 0
133		1 10 0
134		1 1 0
135		1 1 0
136		1 1 0
137		2 2 0
138		1 1 0
139		1 10 0
140		1 1 0
141		1 1 0
142		1 5 0
143		2 2 0
144		2 10 0
145		1 1 0
146		3 3 0
147		1 1 0
148		1 5 0

DEMONSTRATION DRAWINGS

149	The Allegory of Mrs. Brown	15	15	0
150	Drawn for purposes serving their own	5	5	0
151		5	5	0
152		5	5	0
153		2	2	0
154		1	10	0
155		2	10	0
156		3	3	0
157		5	5	0
158		10	10	0
159		7	7	0
160		6	6	0
161		3	3	0

SPECIMEN PORTRAITURE

162 Fred Thompson and Aesthetic Analysis
163 Master Thompson
164 Edward Ellul, Esq.
165 Sir Geoffrey Whiskard
166 Philip Merton, Esq.
167 S. Howden, Esq.
168 John Newton, Mrs.
169 G. S. Sandilands, Esq.
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175 Trelawney Irving, Esq.
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177 Beatrice Stewart, Mrs.
178 R. C. Wright, Esq.
179 Millicent Pain, Miss
180 H. V. Morton, Esq.
180A Mary Morton, Mrs.

NUDE STUDIES AND DRAWINGS

181	2	10	0
182	2	2	0
183	2	10	0
184	2	2	0
185	2	2	0
186	2	2	0
187	2	10	0
188	2	2	0
189	1	1	0
190	1	10	0
191	1	1	0
192	1	10	0
193	1	5	0
194	1	1	0
195	2	2	0
196	3	3	0
197	3	10	0
198	1	1	0
199	1	5	0
200	2	2	0
201	1	10	0
202	1	1	0
203	1	5	0
204	1	1	0
205		5	0
206	1	10	0
207	1	1	0
208	1	10	0
209	2	10	0

PETITE SUITE FOR SMALL ORCHESTRA

210	Overture de Capitation	4	4	0
211	Variations on the original theme	2	2	0
212	Fugue (Evolution)	2	10	0
213	Prelude	2	2	0
214	Scherzo	2	2	0
215	Monody	1	10	0
216	Rhapsody (in Pink and Green)	2	2	0
217	Threnody	1	1	0
218	Chaconne	3	3	0
218	Theme and derivations	3	3	0

MASKS AND DECORATIVE WORK

220		15	0
221		10	0
222	1	1	0
223	1	1	0
224		10	0
225		15	0
226		5	0
227	1	0	0
228	1	1	0
229	1	10	0
230	1	10	0
231	1	1	0
232		10	0
233		15	0
234	1	10	0
235	1	1	0
236	1	1	0

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AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE
EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS
AUTUMN 1938

56A. 56. 58. WALWORTH ROAD. ELEPHANT

INTRODUCTION

By Dennis Bardens

WHO is Austin Spare?
This sick man, who in addition to teaching pupils has contrived to produce over two hundred superb works in four months (including eighty portraits, which must surely, like the early-flowering violet in the "Times," be a record) is, though not intentionally, the enigma of the art world.

His work is scattered over the world, in private hands, in museums and art galleries. He was acknowledged a genius at 17 by Sargent. Superlatives have been heaped on him and had he kept a press-cuttings book he would by now be out of a crowded studio and working on the stairs.

This curious spectre of a fellow had written nearly twenty books on the occult in his teens, including that incredible illustrated treatise "Self-love," which, written in 1912, can truthfully be called the foundation of Surrealism.

(Characteristically, he keeps no records of his life; no photographs, no press cuttings, no copy of his books. "Self-love," for instance, can only be seen at the British Museum).

He works at prodigious speed and with uncanny sureness; he possesses, to an extraordinary degree, two qualities rarely found allied, perfect draughtsmanship and æsthetic imagination. He is alive in the sense that Nature is alive, changing constantly, drastically and with no apparent reason.

Although a famous artist, he is not famous in the unpleasantly orthodox sense, remaining aloof from the contaminating influence of a moribund Academy, mostly preferring, as portrait subjects, the terrifyingly vital local types at the Elephant and Castle to the bemedalled big-wigs. He cares little for money, selling pictures many times superior in execution, imagination and context as those for which the uninitiated pay far more. He'd rather sell a lot of good works for a few pounds each than do a few indifferent, but socially important, pictures for a few hundred.

He falls into no category, and has none of the familiar pretentions; on one hand, no arty cloak, no prophetic beard, on the other, no white collar or copper-plated banquet invitations.

Of Spare himself, as a man, it is difficult to say anything; perhaps the scholarly fossils of 2038, nosing over parish registers and museum records, must be left that task. There are so many Spares. The gaunt fellow with a hint of the devil about him will suddenly leave his world of dreams to mend an accumulator for a friend or have a bitter with a local stall-holder. He works equally well in any medium. He is as much at home with his portraits—staggering in their realism—as with his subconscious work.

But we can be certain of his work. In the past and the present there is nothing better and nothing comparable. In time, any piece of his will be irreplaceable and valuable. Whether you buy pictures of his subterranean creatures disporting themselves in their queer world of swirling unreality, or of the local whelk-man, of a shop-girl pleasantly and rhythmically nude against a coloured background, the fact remains; you have a picture, for less money than you would need to possess an imperfect reproduction of graphical mediocrity cluttering an "art" shop window.

A picture. A glimpse, if only fleeting, into Spare's world, a world sometimes terrifying, always fascinating, and at all cost real, a world in which all standards have not been forsaken, true merit, means something, honesty everything; to visit which it is a pilgrimage rather than an escape.

You needn't be scared to meet him. He is modest, and his confidence, offensive in anyone else, is so natural and justified that it is instantly acceptable. Ask him anything and he will answer; if you don't get the answer he will explain it; if you don't get his explanation he will explain his explanation. He will, in fact, account for himself, and the fact that in his School of Draughtsmanship he gets people of almost every profession painting and drawing better after a few hours' tuition than the students of art schools after years of training, is enough.

Go early. Last year half his works were sold before his exhibition even opened. If those studies of what he calls, unfacetiously "local flora and fauna," don't get you, if that humble pencil drawing of the Chinese woman, aptly titled "Bute Street Blues" doesn't tell you as much about Cardiff's backwaters as a Somerset Maughan novel, I'll eat my hat.

Local Flora and Fauna, including Honest Workers, Old Timers, Grifters, Hobos, Mayheam Artists, The Village Idiot, Myself and a galaxy of Victrix.

1	1	1	0
2	2	2	0
3	2	10	0
4	3	10	0
5	3	3	0
6	4	4	0
7	3	3	0
8	4	10	0
9	3	10	0
10	1	10	0
11	2	2	0
12	2	5	0
13	2	5	0
14	2	10	0
15	1	10	0
16	2	2	0
17	2	2	0
18	2	5	0
19	2	10	0
20	2	15	0
21	2	2	0
22	1	15	0
23	2	5	0
24	2	5	0
25	2	5	0
26	2	10	0
27	3	3	0
28	4	4	0
29	2	10	0
30	3	3	0
31	3	10	0
32	1	15	0
33	3	3	0
34	2	15	0
35	3	10	0
36	2	10	0
37	1	15	0
38	1	1	0
39	1	15	0
40	2	10	0
41	1	15	0
42	2	2	0
43	1	10	0
44	1	15	0
45	2	10	0
46	1	1	0
47	1	10	0
48	1	1	0
49	3	3	0
50	1	10	0
51	3	10	0
52	2	5	0
53	2	5	0
54	3	10	0
55	1	10	0
56	1	5	0
57	2	2	0
58	1	15	0
59	2	10	0
60	1	1	0
61	3	3	0
62	2	15	0
63	2	2	0
64	1	10	0
65	1	1	0
66	1	0	0

TORSO, STRIP-TEASE, NUDES AND NAKEDNESS.

66	The Isosoles	3	10	0
67	Strip-tease	2	2	0
68	Scalene	2	10	0
69	Nue	1	15	0
70	Torso	1	5	0
71	Prudence	2	10	0
72	Aspiration	1	10	0
73	Exhibitionist	1	10	0
74	Repose	1	10	0
75	Lonely Longing	2	10	0
76	Cubit Rotundity	5	5	0
77	Monody	2	5	0
78	Moody and Lukewarm	1	10	0
79	So what?	3	10	0
80	Vain Regrets	2	10	0
81	Divan Blues	2	10	0
82	Psyche	2	2	0
83	Dire Awakening	1	15	0
84	Strip-tease	3	3	0
85	Caileach	3	3	0
86	Flaming June	2	5	0
87	Blue Nipples	2	10	0
88	Bute Street Blues	1	15	0
89	Gaia (Earth Mother)	4	4	0
90	Walworth Venus	2	2	0
91	Inspiration	1	1	0
92	Nuptial Bath	1	10	0
93	Southwark Sylph	1	10	0
94	Payment Deferred	1	10	0
95	Palimpsest (face in body)	2	5	0
96	,, (profile)	2	2	0
97	Salome	2	5	0
98	Half a Woman	2	2	0
99	Juno	2	2	0
100	Eastern Rhythm	1	5	0
101	Hebe	1	5	0
102	Vauxhall Vanity	2	2	0
103	Fauness	3	10	0
104	Slave	3	10	0
105	Messalina	1	1	0
106	Astarte	1	10	0

107	Pristine Flesh	2 10 0
108	Languid Flame	1 5 0
109	Zenobia	1 1 0
110	Semele	1 5 0

AUTOMATICS, PSYCHO-REALISM AND REVISIONISM.

111	Deadlock	1 5 0
112	Satyros Dux	1 1 0
113	Nannar	1 5 0
114	Nymphean	1 1 0
115	Ego Omnia	1 1 0
116	Aftermath	2 10 0
117	Psycho-biography	3 3 0
118	Dream Stuff	3 3 0
119	Saturnalia Quadriga	2 10 0
120	Tarpelites	1 15 0
121	Miasma	1 1 0
122	The Moralite	3 3 0
123	Hamomedatha	1 10 0
124	Zaham	1 1 0
125	Necromancy	1 5 0
126	Death on the Swim (For O.B.)	3 10 0
127	Archaic Diversion	1 1 0
128	Mask	10 0
129	Normal Chaos	1 10 0
130	Excarnation	1 1 0
131	Kelpies Tryst	1 10 0
132	Coinage of Dreams	1 10 0
133	Enthosthorasis	2 2 0
134	The New Eden	2 2 0
135	Metamorphic	3 3 0
136	Overture de Capitation	3 3 0
137	Evolution Fugue	1 10 0
138	Rhapsody in Pink	10 0
139	Original Theme (slight variations)	1 1 0
140	The Ever Lurking	1 15 0
141	Psyche and Satyros	2 2 0
142	Trio	1 10 0
143	Fecundity	1 1 0
144	Obsession	1 1 0
145	The Moment	1 1 0
146	Equatorial	1 10 0
147	Cave	1 1 0
148	Threshold Elementals	1 5 0
149	Enigma	15 0
150	Gehenna	10 0
151	Moonrack	15 0
152	Plasmic	1 1 0
153	Amorphous	1 1 0
154	Mnason	1 10 0
156	Resurrection	1 5 0
157	Flora	10 0
158	Psycho-postures	1 1 0
159	Confab in Limbo	1 10 0
160	Columbian	1 1 0
161	The Bad Lands	15 0
162	Walpurgis Night	1 10 0
163	Enigma	1 1 0
164	Flame fraught	15 0
165	Lady Narcissus	1 5 0
166	Gas	2 15 0
167	Spirit Swirl	1 5 0
168	Quo Vadis	3 3 0
169	Crystal Shadows	2 2 0
170	The Iconoclast	3 3 0

SELF-PORTRAITS.

171	Self (1935)	3 3 0
172	Self (Auroral mood)	4 10 0
173	Self (1937)	1 10 0
174	Self (Aesthetic analysis)	5 5 0
175	Self and derivations	4 10 0
176	Self (The Esoteric Brotherhood)	5 5 0
178	Self Necromacy	4 15 0
179	Self (1938)	2 15 0
180	,, ,,	2 2 0
181	,, ,,	3 3 0
182	,, ,,	1 1 0

PORTRAITS.

183	H. V. Morton, Esq.	
184	Wallace Coop, Esq.	
185	Victor B. Neuburg, Esq.	
186	Millicent Pain (Miss)	
187	E. Ayliffe, Esq.	
188	Master Benson	
189	Austin Osman Spare, Esq.	
190	Edward Ellul, Esq.	
191	Sir Geoffrey Whiskard	
192	Chris. Hassel, Esq.	
193	Dennis Bardens, Esq.	
194	A. E. Richardson, Esq.	
195	E. Dale, Esq.	
196	R. B. Scott, Esq.	
197	John Teed, Esq.	
198	Study	1 5 0
199	,,	1 5 0
200	,,	1 10 0
201	,,	15 0
202	,,	1 5 0
203	,,	1 1 0
204	,,	1 10 0
205	,,	2 2 0
206	,,	1 15 0
207	,,	2 15 0
208	,,	3 3 0
209	,,	1 5 0
210	,,	1 1 0
211	,,	1 15 0
212	,,	1 5 0
213	,,	3 10 0
214	,,	4 4 0
215	Creation of FORM	3 3 0

216	Constant Rectification	2	10	0
217	Aesthetic Analysis (Principles of)	2	10	0
218	Space Anatomy	2	10	0
219	Differentiations	2	2	0
220	Invertion and Revertion	3	10	0
221	The Fundimentals	2	2	0
222	The Law of Alignment	2	10	0
223	The Square Circle (for No. 76)	2	10	0

Work too late for Catalogue—Title and price on drawing.

Work sold may be removed at time of purchase. Price includes frame.

56A, 56, 58 Walworth Road, S.E.17, is over "Harrison & Morris."

The following high class shops within the vicinity of the Studio will courteously oblige with direction:

"Harrison & Morris" (Consulate Shirts), 58 Walworth Road.

John Newton (Tailors), Ltd. 40 Walworth Road.

"Broadlands," 22 Walworth Road (Tobacco and Confectionery).

Mr. Ingram, "Black Prince," 29 Walworth Road (Nearest Barclay House).

G. Baldwin & Co., 77 Walworth Road (Herbalists).

"Collier's Furniture Stores," 46 Walworth Road.

"Woolworth's," Newington Butts.

W. Love, 61 Newington Butts (Picture Framer).

"Barnes' Pianos," 56 and 59 Walworth Road.

Dales' (Tailoring Dept.), 99 Walworth Road.

Dales' (Gent's Headwear, etc.), 271 Walworth Road (under personal supervision of Mr. Dale).

AUSTIN SPARE'S SCHOOL OF DRAUGHTSMANSHIP

Fees for 1939, commencing 1st January until May 30th.

DRAUGHTSMANSHIP COURSES:

	£	s.	d.
24 lessons (two hours each) ...	11	0	0
12 lessons ,, ,, ,, ...	6	0	0
*10 lessons ,, ,, ,, ...	4	4	0
10 lessons (three hours each; mornings only)	5	10	0

Each Course includes Lecture Demonstration.

OIL PAINTING COURSE:

10 lessons	5	5	0

MUSEUM TOURS CONDUCTED:

(*a*) By demonstrator (four tours)	1	1	0
(*b*) As visiting lecture-demonstrator, per lecture	7	7	0

N.B.—All materials and equipment supplied free. Criticism of home-work free.

Special Terms for Students taking longer Courses, and for County and Foreign Students.
Courses should be booked now as the system of teaching only permits of a strictly limited number of Students.
Fuller Particulars on request (interviews by appointment only).

RESULTS ARE GUARANTEED

The various thesis of Form and draughtsmanship as created and taught by Austin Spare will shortly obtain throughout the whole world.
Not yet two years old, the school is already famous and every student a living reference.
*This short course has already been given to many famous people of almost every profession.

ARCHER GALLERY

303 WESTBOURNE GROVE, W. 11

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS

by

AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE

including

OVER ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY NEW STUDIES IN PSYCHO - PHYSIOGNOMY

with an admixture of spivs,
ghosts, hoboes, layabouts,
fiddlers and others

November 3rd to 30th, 1947
10 a.m. to 6 p.m., including Sundays

INTRODUCTION

AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE is the self-taught son of a London policeman. Sargent thought him a "genius" at 17, and while still in his teens he had written over twenty books on the occult. Since then he has maintained a constant and prolific output of good creative work, astonishingly diverse, and of superb draughtsmanship. Those who remember his pre-war exhibitions will recall how he preferred to live in South London, away from the self-conscious artiness of Bloomsbury or Chelsea; without idealizing the working class, he liked to live with them, drawing his inspiration from the sounds of "The Cut" and "The Elephant." His studio-flat was awkward to reach, yet his exhibitions there would draw visitors from all over the country, including his two most consistent admirers, the late Lord Howard de Walden and Sir Frank Brangwyn, R.A.

The Elephant and Castle was no place to be during the war, which explains why this is the first exhibition of Spare's work to be held since the outbreak of war. He "stuck it out" during the blitz, sleeping over a time bomb which came through his studio in November, 1940, but on May 10th, 1941, fire and high-explosive totally obliterated his studio flat, depriving him in one second of his home, equipment, and his health. For three nightmarish years he struggled to regain the use of his arms; and it seemed that because of delayed shock he might not regain the use of his right hand. Official assistance was both tardy and inadequate, and for five months of the winter in 1946 he subsisted on nine shillings. None the less, he has emerged from this forbidding experience to prove that he has not only regained the mastery of his old techniques but has evolved some which are new.

Many will remark on the queer perspective of many of these pictures. This is deliberate and based on a geometric thesis. Spare believes that by combining two or more perspectives of the same object -say one frontal and one side - certain aesthetic qualities are obtained. To quote his own words: ". . . through attenuation, either horizontal, perpendicular or oblique, there occurs a natural emphasis of the rhythm of aesthetic values inherent in form but usually obscured." By the use of complex perspective, almost stereoscopic values may be obtained, as in number 17. The new orientation of perspectives does not, strangely enough, interfere with "likeness."

Whatever one's own beliefs may be, the psychic world is, for Austin Spare, a reality. ("By turning my head quickly and involuntarily I can always see my alta-ego, familiars or the gang of elementals that partly constitute my being.") One portrait is, indeed, that of the ghost of a dead friend, whom he found sitting opposite him while he was working at his easel; he discontinued the work on which he was engaged and, grabbing his crayons, put down what he saw.

One need not turn one's head quickly or involuntarily, or share Spare's beliefs in order to appreciate his work. Here is one of his best exhibitions, in which, incidentally, every picture is reasonably priced.

DENNIS BARDENS.

CATALOGUE

NUMBER	TITLE	PRICE IN GUINEAS
1	Psychic Costermonger	6
2	Conversation Piece	5
3	Mayheam Artist	5
4	Mask	2
5	Soul, Mind and Body	10
6	The Unseen	8
7	Lonely Longing	10
8	Satyrization of friend Gable	10
9	Fauness	7
10	Barrow-boy	5
11	Medusa Complex	8
12	Smiling Mask	5
13	Priest of Ra	5
14	The Meliarest	6
15	Aged Youth	6
16	Strange Augury	4
17	Stereoscope Essay	15
18	Mask	2
19	Close Harmony	7
20	Faun and other stuff	7
21	Spirit Guide	5
22	Astral-body and Ghost	7
23	Guide and Powerful Elemental	10
24	Mountains of the Moon	5
25	Gutter Pundit	5
26	Coinage of Dreams	10
27	Inbetweenness	5
28	Medium	5
29	Spiritualist	8
30	Mask	2
31	Novitiate	8
32	Psychic Portrait (H.S.)	8
33	Anti-climax	7
34	Strange Phobia	8
35	Dennis Bardens, Esq.	—
36	Aspiration	10
37	Auroral Mood	8
38	Pythoness	2
39	Satyr	5
40	Facial Pastiche	8
41	Lambeth Type	5
42	Nue	5
43	Psychic Map	12
44	Laughtonesque Mask	5
45	Trance	8
46	Priest of the Cat-God	6
47	Delphic	2
48	Authentic Ghost Portrait	6
49	Faun and Satyr	6
50	Alta-Ego	6
51	Youthful self and Witch	6
52	Grim Alternative	10
53	Saturnian	6
54	Mask	2
55	Rendezvous with Dragon	4
56	Fauness and Satyr	6
57	Study	4
58	Flora	7
59	Iconoclast	8
60	The Moralite	5
61	Hope	5
62	Murky Aura	8
63	Mask	2
64	Suspense	5
65	Witch and Exteriorization	6
66	Hannen Swaffer (1920)	—
67	Dualist	7
68	The Haunt ...	3
69	Hymencal Close-up	7
70	Study	2
71	Sappho	5
72	Poetaster	6
73	The Walking Tree	4
74	Smiling Eyes	2
75	Cockney	6
76	Astrologer	6
77	Journey's End	5
78	Satyros	6
79	Apprehension	6
80	Study	2
81	Juno	5
82	Mind Phantasmagoria	6
83	Wedlock	5
84	Astarte	8
85	Histrionic	2
86	Vague Familiars	6
87	Entranced	5
88	Pyrrhonist	6
89	Blue Eagle	10
90	Study	3
91	Sophisticated Lady	6
92	Redundancy Isle	6
93	Astral Zodiac	8
94	Obsession	4
95	Moonrack	6
96	Victrix	8
97	Study	3
98	Aspiration	6
99	Resurgam	10
100	Spiv Rex	6
101	Exhibitionist	5
102	Dire Awakening	12
103	Tauntologist	6
104	Soliloquy	8
105	Haunted Avenue	5
106	Renunciation	6
107	Dreamscape	6
108	Palimpsest	6
109	Pressman	4
110	Generate Aura	8
111	Anthony and Cleopatra	6
112	" And the Sunfleshed "	5
113	Nemesis	12
114	Anatomy of Failure	15
115	Priestess and her God	18
116	Ghosts	6
117	Excarnation	7
118	Materialist	5

NUMBER	TITLE	PRICE IN GUINEAS
119	Miss Kate Fox-Jencken	6
120	Sir Arthur Conan Doyle	6
121	Andrew Jackson Davis, Esq.	5
122	Sir Oliver Lodge	10
123	Sir William Crooks	5
124	Derivations and Enigma	6
125	Study	2
126	Deadlock	5
127	Oriental	8
128	Nymphean	7
129	Gaia	5
130	Enthosthorasis	10
131	The Cave	4
132	Protective Aura	8
133	Psychic Portrait	12
134	Oliver Lodge and Astral Visitant	12
135	Thought: the stuff between	10
136	Mors Janua Vitae	5
137	Assurgent reflection	8
138	Stars	4
139	Aeneas and Achates	10
140	Languid Flame	10
141	Blue Stocking	4
142	Primitive and Degenerate	8
143	Unseen Associate	8
144	Study	4
145	Charmante	10
146	The Ghost Tryst (self)	8
147	Self and Dimensional Differentiations	12
148	Mask	2
149	Various readings	8
150	Ego Omina	17
151	Astral Chimera	7
152	Torsoist	4
153	Satyros Dux	5
154	Amazon	8
155	Strange Encounter	6
156	Facade	5
157	Psychast	5
158	Automatic Transcription	5
159	Semele	5
160	Catharsis	6
161	Threshold	4
162	Rhapsody in Fawn	6
163	Ex-Profundis	6

and a selection of Drawings and Psychograms

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At

'THE TEMPLE BAR' (DOCTORS)

286 WALWORTH ROAD, S.E.17

(Next to Carter Street, nearly opposite East Street)

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS

BY

AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE

including

Over one hundred new studies in psycho-physiognomy by realism, dual-perspective, automatism and other diverse means of rhythm and reorientation — relating to Southwark Types and other subjects

ADMISSION FREE

28th October to 29th November, 1949

CATALOGUE SIXPENCE

Apologia

Why a show in a Tavern? My answer: It is democratic and gives a chance (where necessary) to people who normally have little time to visit the more orthodox places which often entail dress, tickets, fees, etc., and my other friends and clients might find it an interesting change.

The " Elephant " district is the Clapham Junction of Tubes, Trams and Buses, easy of access from and to anywhere, and it costs nothing to enter a Public House.

I agree with Dr. Johnson: " . . . there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good Tavern or Inn."

Finally, the " Temple Bar " is a friendly and decent Tavern of the family type, with good beer, and good service. The customers are a fine cross-section of local characters of the worthy type.

Sales:—All monies should be paid to the Proprietor or *over* the Bar to a responsible employee. (Cheques made payable to Austin Spare.)

Pictures may be removed directly paid for from after 2.30 p.m. opening day—subsequently at any time or day. Pictures catalogued and not on show will replace those sold and removed. Work is exhibited in all bars, including the Summer House in Garden. A red spot denotes that a picture is sold.

Mr. and Mrs. Slatter will be pleased to supply any information, etc., not given here.

Spare and Southwark

Much that was colourful and romantic in the Cockney Life of Southwark has now departed, never to return. The realms and rivalries of the Pearly Kings and Queens have declined; the enchanting aurora of the naphtha flare has been replaced by the still light of the electric bulb; the proud Cockney melodies have perished in a flood of alien sob-songs; and beer, alas, is not the mighty brew of forty years ago. The " Elephant and Castle " still stands, not much altered, as regards the " Gin Palaces " of those palmy days, but its hours are surely numbered. Only a few buildings of charm remain, and these, with the graceful exception of Saint George's Church, are hidden or over-shadowed by unsightly surroundings. What was most worth preserving has often been neglected, mutilated, or destroyed, and nothing worth more than a passing glance has been erected for a century.

Nevertheless, there are yet occasions when the spirit of bygone glories is recaptured, and there are still genuine Costers and Old-Timers whose sturdy characters are evocative of the picturesque past. They have little money, but much humour, courage and pride; and they have made enduring friendships and marriages, suffering most things, worrying little, forgiving anything and surviving everything. They never retire. As a class, however, they are passing, and the slick barrow-boy or " Dog Results " tout of to-day is of less valiant stuff. *Sic transit gloria.* . . .

Austin Spare remembers Southwark as she was, and knows her as she is to-day. From the Elephant and Castle to East Street, Walworth Road, is still his favourite walk, and he recalls nights when it could be a full and adventurous one for a shilling or less. He has breathed the dusty air of the Borough for many years, during which he has faithfully and skilfully interpreted her turbulent and irrepressible life. Himself, he is a part of her. The bruisers, barrow-boys and barmen, waifs and strays, hawkers, hucksters and higglers whom he portrays are more than stimulating subjects for his craft. They are the neighbours of his street, and his necessary and welcome companions in the local pubs each evening. It is from this kinship with his models that Spare's work derives its power and its integrity. He sometimes dramatises, but he never sentimentalises. He has long realised that the woman skinning rabbits and her husband chopping eels at a stall in " The Lane " have often led a far deeper emotional life than many of us would have cared to experienced—a truth that is apparent in so many of his pictures of them.

Spare unashamedly proclaims himself a Cockney. His appearance, with its dramatic tufted beard, rebellious brows, and manifold sartorial imperfections suggests the traditional Bohemian, whereas, in fact, no one would be more likely to stifle in Bohemia. His labours and aspirations would have been as incapable of fulfilment in the atmosphere of an Artists' Colony at Chelsea or Saint Ives as Hogarth's would would have been. His art has thrived on the full-blooded life brawling and boasting on the Elephant pavements, sipping its brown tea at the coffee-stall, or drawing to its consumptive close in a tenement.

When I first met Spare he was living in a flat over Woolworth's Stores in the Walworth Road, in the very centre of the pounding heart of South London. His rooms contained a fantastic congestion of pots and pans, cooking utensils, sketches and personal sundries, and I remember one occasion (after the visitation of a Time Bomb) when the floor seemed to be ankle-deep in debris. His quarters were not luxurious,

Spare and Southwark

but they provided him with all that he demanded of them. He toiled, and taught, and was happy. A fastidious housewife might have grumbled at the bachelor disorder within, and she might not have approved of some of the shabby and obscure characters who came to pose for the occupant, but she would not have accused him of idleness. His annual exhibitions (familiar, no doubt, to more than a few visitors to the present show) when his pictures covered the walls of every room, not excepting those of the scullery, were a testimony not only to his talent, but to his industry, too. And I believe that he was as close to contentment in those days and in that place as he has ever been.

The history of Spare's residence in Southwark, however, has not been without its hardships and disappointments. He has sometimes been incapacitated by malaria, and during the war he was for some months troubled by an injury which prevented him from using his right hand. In 1941, while he was out fire-spotting, his Walworth Road home was completely destroyed, and he was, in consequence, rendered practically destitute. He remembers with gratitude the generous offer of shelter made to him by Mr. Vic, the landlord of the nearby " King's Arms," although he did not avail himself of it ; and he writes bitterly of the scant assistance that he received from official sources when he was without the tools of his craft and a place in which to live. At the moment he is the fretting tenant of a Brixton basement, which lacks both the light and the space necessary for his work. Southwark suffered grievously during the enemy air-raids, and doubtless there were at the time, many pitiful and urgent claims for aid. Nevertheless, the Borough is under a peculiar debt to Spare, who may not be one of her most conventional citizens, but is certainly one of her most remarkable. Many of the pictures that he created in the studio above the bustle and tram-jangle of the Walworth Road have travelled far, and have taken a vivid touch of contemporary Southwark to places very distant from the Elephant and Castle. It is a pity that one who has served the Borough, in his unique way, for so long and for such little material gain, and has done so much to record the changing spirit of her times as it is reflected in the countenances of her community, should to-day feel grieved that he was not more generously treated in his adversity.

J. S.

Catalogue

Number	*Title*	*Price in guineas*
1	The metamorphoses of Autoego : Sisyphus Pygmalion. (Constant rectification of self-misconceptions)	8
2	Luna on the bash	5
3	Mask : horoscopic aspect	3
4	Ghost Tryst. (Chedda)	3
5	Flesh and Stone	5
6	Word and Graph : Pan-psyche	6
7	,, ,, ,, Satyros Dux	7
8	,, ,, ,, Self-re-Hitler	8
9	Satiric	5
10	Anatomy of Ecstasy (Arboreal Metaphor) ...	8
11	Anathema Quadriga	10
12	Trees	3
13	Southwark Broad	3
14	Old Soldier	5
15	Atavistic Nostalgia	7
16	Alfred H. Harris—Auctioneer	8
17	Self-portrait	8
18	Scorpio. (The maleficent zodiac.)	2
19	Barrow Boy	3
	[illegible]	5

Catalogue

Number	*Title*	*Price in guineas*
21	[1]Horses for Slaughter : Ex hunter	6
22	,, ,, ,, Railway horse	2
23	,, ,, ,, Van horse	2
24	Mask	2
25	Cleopatra (with Anthony)	4
26	Coinage of Dreams	8
27	Green Apanga	2
28	Choronzonic Caesar	4
29	Yantra of Yearning	5
30	Aura Radiant	5
31	Aura Malefic	3
32	Pyromaniac	4
33	Arrivest	5

[1]Horses are now worth more dead than alive. (Sales from these pictures for " Dumb Friends League ")

34	Aspiration	4
35	Spiv	2
36	Tough	3
37	Dead End	4
38	Solar Menace	5
39	Paranoid Pleasure	3
40	Una	2
41	Neurotic	5
42	Nemesis	4
43	Suspense	4
44	God and Pythoness	6
45	Sidereal Semblance	5
46	Obsession	5
47	The Ghoul-Grove	10
48	Egotist	5
49	The Lampsacene	4
50	Insouciance	3
51	Metamorphoses—2 : Silenus-Laughton. (Spontaneous phanerogamous Dionysia into deliberate histrionics)	7
52	Ex-Profundis	4
53	Ego-Ominous	8
54	Languid Flame	8
55	Psychic Labyrinth	10
56	Demi-monde	4
57	Phoenixian	8
58	Flora	3
59	Enthosthorasis	8
60	Satyrization	8
61	Primitive and Degenerate	5
62	Io Bacche ! Evohe !	8
63	Catharsis 1 (Bette Davis)	6
64	Catharsis 2 (Actress)	6
65	Catharsis 3 (Dolores Del Rio)	6
66	Poetasters	2
67	Conversation Piece (Artist, Undertaker and Publican)	5
68	Conversation Piece (Engineer, Farmer and Actor)	5
69	Child Study	5
70	Mr. Gregory (Fruit Salesman)	6
71	. . . And the Moon fleshed	10
72	Chimaera	5
73	Moonbeam	10
74	Protective Aura	8
75	The Novitiate	8
76	Masked Emotion	2
77	Machiavelli	8
78	Histrions	8
79	The Girl Next Door	5
80	Arbor Vitae	4
81	Visitant	8
82	Apprehension	3

Catalogue

Number	*Title*	*Price in guineas*
83	Psychographic	5
84	Sardonyx	2
85	The Double	2
86	Delphic	3
87	The Hypocrite	3
88	Pyrrhonist	5
89	Phantasmagoria	3
90	Arboreal	2
91	Metamorphoses 3 : Ego to Self via stream of thought	8
92	Docker with National Teeth	6
93	Sappho	4
94	'Anne !	8
95	Hecate-Oak	6
96	Flower Girl	6
97	Betty (" Gladstone," Boro')	5
98	Tartan Moon	6
99	Southwark Type	6
100	Facial Pastiche	5
101	Exhibitionist	3
102	" Annie "	6
103	" Jerry "	5
104	" Bluff " of the Boro'	5
105	News Boy	5
106	" Carry "	5
107	Docker	5
108	Autotelic Theurgy	10
109	Airman-Publican (" Alfred's Head "—Elephant)	8
110	The Sensitive	3

Catalogue

Number	*Title*	*Price in guineas*
111	Mr. H. Slatter (host of the " Temple Bar " Walworth Rd.)...	8
112	Southwark Characters and Personalities ...	5
113	" " " " ...	6
114	" " " " ...	5
115	" " " " ...	5
116	Mrs. Gregory	6
117	Assurgent Reflection	7
118	Nymphean	6
119	Aged Youth	5
120	Redundancy Isle	5
121	Smiling Eyes	2
122	Banana King	8
123	Zeitgeist	6
124	... ...	00
125	... ...	00
126	... ...	00
127	... ...	00
128	... ...	00
129	... ...	00
130	... ...	00
131	... ...	00
132	... ...	00
133	... ...	00
134	... ...	00
135	... ...	00
136	... ...	00
137	... ...	00

Note re Sir Alfred Munnings

THE MODERNS AND ART—" ABSIT INVIDIA "

We must own that the effect of their respective arguments —as usual with frenetic propaganda—is not to satisfy us with either, but to dissatisfy us with both. Neither side has much veracity in its conclusions—the usual jumping from half-truths into the uncertainties of generalization.

The Greek ideals (of art) were tactual of reality and potentiality, with the possibility of being true to Art and Life. Whereas the *atavistic nostalgias* called " modernism " are *mainly* the dark sanctuaries of incapacity—the fear to face and express reality. The fine traditional works (not always so in their period) will always remain great, because they are works that have survived the ephemeral fashions and phases of Thought. The " academy school " has lost its fine traditions and oft degenerates into sentimental and analgesic art. Let us remember that although Art may have direction, it is not necessarily knowledge, truth, intuition, or anything else : it is ubique ; a metaphor of possibilities, of making aesthetic and other interesting sensations more permanent. What is Art ? The function of Art is the ornamentation of things and of life giving pleasure or interest. It has this paradox that it can make anything appear possible, and is the most justifiable form of lying. Fundamentally all art is an essential and natural graphic synonymous syllogism without antithesis ; that is, " *Idea, form and composition* " with spatial parenthetical embellishments never accurately indexed. To sum up Art in one word, I reply : " Composition " (with the proviso that successful unity needs sufficient libido).

Yes . . . but this content does not qualify it as great art or anything very much, indeed quite elementary patterns are significantly all this and still quite commonplace. Hence, of the fundaments : The " Idea " should be original or a fresh interpretation of the familiar. " Form " should be aesthetic and, however rhymic, logical and vital. " Composition " should have balance, however asymmetrical or inventive, and always remain geocentric.

These three elements at their best, however abstract, when unified, constitute fine Art and may significantly throw a halo of nuances hard to define. Colour, tone, perspective, conventions, degrees of realism, etc., are subsidiary, although sometimes dominant : indeed there are great works of Art that are purely linear and colourless, and others that have dominant subsidiaries, such as colour. Hence Art is elastic and elusive, where much overlaps, where certain qualities may have special value or be absent, but the three fundaments are always there. And apart from the more abstract values, the above should be the criterion for judgment, whatever the idiom, schcol, style or period. As for the public, the best advice re " modern art " is to like whatever appeals to them and not what they are told to appreciate. The experts, critics and artists *are* more often wrong than right. I can remember such statements as " that Lord Leighton (and others later) equalled Michelangelo " and so on, ad nauseam . . . And G. F. Watts stated publicly when I was fifteen years old, that I had already done sufficient work, which when properly exploited would surpass etc. . . . (sic) So be careful what you believe and trust your own inclinations—modern things, whatever their style, are always under- or over-rated. The fear of the ultra stylist is—the next one.

Personally I believe: reality too remote paralyses Art; what we term "genetic" is either emphasis, exaggeration or mutilation of natural stuff: at its best a synthesis. Man is excreative; if we were increative we would neither require Art nor anything else.

The latest "idiom" appears an effort to express sincerely what we do not believe as if it were co-equal to expressing what we do: this effort seems the destruction of beauty by such artistry, and already our most appreciative class is dying—the authorities and educational experts have helped—from the culture that lavatory distempered walls (LCC) etc. . . . "muraglia bianca di matto."

Finally: great Art is the result of great ability whatever the idiom, style, and so on; inspired by the subject and having its own meaning (the apperceptive concept of the Thing's ethos). Thus the portrait of a person should be more like them than they are themselves—seldom complimentary . . .

Laws of Art or logic are limited rules as of patterning, and nothing is deduced except variations from them: there is no technique of spontaneity.

Beauty is the depth of the average mean, and the alignment of all extremes.

Perfection cannot be caricatured, because it is perfect economy.

Austin Osman Spare,

1949.

Appreciation

Spare's portraits look at us with faces that confess the whole story of their lives.

He shows us the living eyes, glittering between the lids of even the most basilisk countencance which he draws. A basilisk whose neighbouring pictures are of hypnotically beautiful faces, delicately distorted, as upon the heaving walls of a dream.

Art lovers of the future will try to unearth the details of the life and methods of Austin Spare. They will want to know the secret of his solid-seeming heads, which emerge from the background so amazingly.

Perhaps they will wonder how all this wizardry of form and colour has been achieved with but a few sticks of brownish-pink chalk and an odd red or blue.

Spare is a gentle, burly man, owning a manly temper. A man with the head of a Balzac and the same appetite for real life. Knowing beer as he knows the flesh tones of Velasquez and the finest moments of Shakespeare. Not just a Bohemian of Brixton-road, but Humanity's professor, student, experimenter.

He is friends with his models, "the bruisers, barrow boys and barmen, waifs and strays, hawkers, hucksters and higglers" with whom he drinks.

He knows the words from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam—

> "For I remember stepping by the way
> To watch a Potter thumping his wet clay:
> And with its all-obliterated Tongue
> It murmured—'Gently, Brother, gently, pray!'"

Spare's touch is full of brotherly understanding.

H. O.

Appreciation

Austin Osman Spare sees with the soul. His work is that window of weird wonder and terror of which few have succeeded in raising the blind. To look through that window and to understand is perhaps even a greater task still, yet some there are who will appreciate the subtlety and beauty of what lies unveiled, stark, precise, and awful.

We are shown the true unsullied vision of the Qliphoth, the Averse side of the Coin of the Soul. Horror is surpassed, is caught up by the strokes of wild transfiguring beauty that permeate all the works of Austin Osman Spare. There is no doubt, no vague hinting hiding incompetence or inability to hold the vision perfectly rigid—there is only sheer perfection and power of perception, which, like a thunder-bolt, shakes the soul's chains loose and thrusts the mind from the "inferno of the normal."

We are mostly confronted with faces; faces that appear quite worldly, quite common, quite acceptable, but these faces, placed as they are in a peculiar perspective, suffer an unfathomable distortion which brings the thread of Spare's mighty magic to the surface of the canvas. One is aware, quite suddenly, of a "wrongness," and as one's awareness develops there also develops beside it the absurd conviction that this "wrongness" is right; is essentially *the* feature, the main and potent and only factor that lies behind the face which looks impellingly towards you.

I do not believe any theories of perspective and technique can at all account for the phenomena just described; I believe the answer lies in Spare's ability to see unflinchingly the vision of the Soul of Form—the Besz-Mass of Matter with which he is, and has been, continually preoccupied. He is not looking to unmask the soul of spirit, but the soul of sense, of the earth-lust essence which goes to compose the faces, the eyes, the lips. We feel that a separate life exists in each particle of the face, that the whole is a series of complex combinations, not at rest, but battling interminably with each other in the fatal frustration of force which can never cease so long as all these wills are forever at war. And yet there is somehow generated in the observer of these disquieting mirrors of himself a state of peace and tranquillity.

There has been no development or regression in Spare's work—he himself agrees with this view. Even to technique this largely applies. He was born with the power of a fatal vision—a vision that has driven other great men mad with fear—and he persists in the painful recording of every detail of what his all-seeing eye beholds.

Alone on his self-made rock of Vision and Vigour, he has dwarfed Beardsley and the drawing-room or bath-tub moderns. He stands supreme, and his physical endurance and spiritual courage deserve a greater praise than this writer is capable of giving.

We are not concerned from where he came or to what ultimate shores he is heading, we are only concerned with testing the fabric of his work by our own interior experience of things. It is because so much is demanded of the passive spectator that so few can claim to appreciate Spare and his greatness. Incomparable as a draughtsman of the Face and Form, he, like his brother in the realm of the word—Arthur Machen—has no equal in the ability to catch those undertones that lurk beneath the simple and seemingly commonplace forms of Things.

Some would describe him, perhaps, as one who has come face to face with all Evil, dipped his brush and pen into its venomous rivers, and, with unerring skill traced patterns of sin and madness on the face of humankind. I would prefer to say that he has seen the power of Form, of Matter Herself, throbbing with a deadly lust, blind and fatal, at the very Heart of All.

Kenneth Grant.

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THIS AND THAT

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A red spot denotes that a picture is sold. The proprietor will be pleased to supply any information not given here. Mr. Spare will be in attendance most evenings—other times by appointment.

Being my last show of this kind, prices have been deliberately kept low, so as to permit of more appropriate re-framing where necessary. Bespoke frames are a formidable expense these days—some quotations were far more than the price for which I am selling the framed picture! Surely one of the many useless Artists' Societies could handle this crippling business and justify their existence; I've hardly room enough to change my shirt, otherwise I'd set up as a framer—and become a millionaire!

Some of my titles will sound familiar from my last show; that is because of work that was then catalogued but not exhibited. Everything catalogued is available this time.

Every picture is on sale directly the show opens—nothing has been reserved—so the earlier the better for the best!

Speed has certain qualities that nothing can simulate well: automatic drawing has this virtue, and No. 14 was finished in under seven minutes—whereas the more quasi-automatic drawing, No. 81, took over two hours. Outside of fluid execution (without need of correction), perhaps its most outstanding quality is the uninhibited rendering of certain inherent levels and values, these usually being expressed through a deliberate matrix of ethical conventions: probably all deliberate expression is an arbitrary corruption or rectification of our "Ids." Thus automatism proves its value as psycho-realism and to psychology. Speed is the only criterion of the genuine automatic.

None of the "Life" drawings on show took longer than an hour—in most cases 30 to 40 minutes. Any elongation is through my being goat-eyed and having to sit too near the model. With me, "what cometh—stays," I never allow any psycho-somatic conflict while at study.

Pictures No. 95 and No. 96 are copied from one of my old 1912 sketch books: by this resurrection I have no desire to make any claim as to being the first surrealist or psycho-realist; it is all very old stuff and so are the symbols used—Janus head, etc. I *could* make claim to be the first fully to exploit genuine automatism as an Art-form, and have rendered such work from boyhood; have also written more than one thesis with suggested techniques *long before* our surrealists were thought of, and predate with the use of certain symbols later adopted by them (see "Book of Pleasure," 1910). And I definitely claim that automatism, being as near spontaneity as possible, has "all and more" than any other psycho-art thesis at present known.

As an Individualist I resent this cant re "self-expression," a catch-phrase to hide every form of delinquency—the excuse to perpetuate the worst within us at *other's expense.*

"Looking within, to the depths of one's Soul" is another inverse cliché: personally, my experience of "looking within" has been exactly like looking into an empty bucket! As an inveterate believer in the Soul, I have experienced the "Touch" . . . and all stimuli of inspiration at any level are an effulgent refraction from something we have glimpsed from *without* and excreated from the machine within. So far we have made a sorry mess of the Anatomy of the Mind. The Soul is apart—becoming tactual of sincerity when our level of values is near equity—its language is a baffling symbolism to all untruth: human nature being the most unstable thing known—correspondence is rare.

Number	*Title*	*Price in guineas*
1	Ascent of the Fallen	8
2	Substance and Shadow	5
3	Anaxagoras	5
4	Ritual and Ceremony	5
5	The New Eden	7
6	". . . And the Moon Fleshed"	6
7	Dead and Alive	4
8	Study for Schizogensis	2
9	Satiric	3
10	Cockneys: Docker	4
11	„ Lighterman	6
12	„ Newsboy	5
13	„ Diogenes	7
14	". . . It Was My Soul that Saved Me"	8
15	Corybantic Ennui	5
16	Flesh-fantasy	7
17	Primal Urge	10
18	Obsession	8
19	Anatomy of Ecstasy	8
20	Lamia	5
21	Gaia	5
22	Redundancy Isle	7
23	Vortex	8
24	Lost Shepherd Isle	5
25	Sea-Anemone	5
26	Flame of the Deep	5
27	Sidereal	3
28	„	4
29	„	6
30	„	4
31	Aura Malefio	3
32	Effloration	2
33	Body and Soul	3
34	Darkly Splendid	6
35	Sidereal	4
36	„	4
37	The Last Sun	2
38	The Witches Moon	6
39	Werewolf	5
40	Sekhet	6
41	Neurotic	2
42	Incident at the Witches Sabbath	6
43	„ „ „ „	6
44	„ „ „ „	5
45	„ „ „ „	5
46	„ „ „ „	6
47	Sun-Sting	3
48	Histrionic	4
49	Sidereal	4
50	Empyrean	3
51	Frustrated Narcissus	4
52	Astral Dream	3
53	Increative Self	7
54	Trees	5
55	Psychic Labyrinth	8
56	Sidereal	6
57	Lorelio	5
58	Sidereal	3
59	„	4
60	Satyrization	4
61	Moon-Rack	6
62	Sidereal	6
63	Cleo	4
64	Nu (adaptation from "B.M.")	7
65	Child Study	3
66	Ancient and Modern	7
67	Luna on the Bash	5
68	Self	2
69	Study for Garden of Satyros	2
70	Coinage of Dreams	6
71	Publican	5
72	The Ghoul Grove	7
73	Machiavellian	5
74	Venus	8
75	Self-Portrait 1950	7
76	Hermaphrodite	3
77	Phantom Inferno	8
78	Flamenco	5
79	Dire Awakening	5
80	Sapphonalia	7
81	These are the Women	8
82	Unfinished Symphony	9
83	Zos	2
84	Orgasm	5
85	Transference	6
86	Sabbatisto	8
87	Walpurgis Succubi	7
88	Hepburn	3
89	Funambulatory Ecstasy	7
90	Sidereal (Steffie)	6
91	Ghosts Go Sideways	7
92	Vampires	5
93	Wandering Lust	8
94	Death of a Trapeze Artist	7
95	Memorial to British Housewife (symbolizing the War-time sacrifices to the Family, oppressed by the omnipresent Luftwaffe)	8
96	Schizogenesis by *as if*	9
97	Into the Benthos	9
98	Modality of Eve	3
99	Garden of Satyros	6
100	Knee-Deep	6

Cacoethes scribendi: Twelve sketch-books of original ideas. A work of art often owes its virtue to omission as well as revision or consummation; yet equally (if not more so) the uninhibited nature of the contents of artists' scribbling books are instructive, potent and stimulating, because they show the creative faculty in unhindered operation, and the underlying ideas motivating the artist are in some measure revealed. Those purchasing these sketch-books obtain therewith both the copyright and my permission to exploit any of the ideas as their own.

101	Sketch book 24 drawings, shown on request	£2 10 0
102	„ „ 48 „ „ „ „	£4 0 0
103	„ „ 37 „ „ „ „	£2 10 0
104	„ „ 24 „ „ „ „	£3 0 0
105	„ „ 12 „ „ „ „	£2 10 0
106	„ „ 24 „ „ „ „	£1 10 0
107	„ „ 24 „ „ „ „	£3 0 0
108	„ „ 56 „ „ „ „	£3 0 0
109	„ „ 12 „ „ „ „	£2 0 0
110	„ „ 12 „ „ „ „	£2 0 0
111	„ „ 20 „ „ „ „	£8 0 0
112	"Book of Pleasure," signed, with some original sketches	£4 10 0
113 to 143	"One Hour of Life," studies from the nude,	each 2 & 3
144	Silent Moon	2
145	Deep Waters	2
146	The Eststoic	7
147	Journey's End	3
148	Catharsis	5
149	Self-Portrait (1937)	3
150	Inferiority Complex	5
151	Study	6
152	Moonbeam	10
153	Cockney Character Study	6
154	„ „ „	5
155	Lambeth Liz	7
156	Bluff	6
157	Rag-Bone Man	6
158	Authentic Phosporograph	6
159	Old Age	6
160	Grifter	5
161	Flower-Girl	6
162	Old Soldier	6
163	Flower-Girl	6
164	Old Timer	5

165 Also on sale are a number of quite *new* styles, with title, thesis and instructions, created for people who are unable to draw: guaranteed to give new and beautiful forms. (Prices on application.)

Works not catalogued — number and title on picture

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A red spot denotes that a picture is sold. The proprietor will be pleased to supply any information not given here. Mr. Spare will be generally available, or by appointment any time.

Every picture on sale directly the show opens—nothing has been reserved—so the earlier the better for the best!

Art defies definition by aphorism, being ubique, may relate with very direvse artistry and craft . . . to anything and in every direction: never furthers itself thereby, usually reticent.

Thus, our definitions should be qualified, parenthesized by 'may be' or 'may not be,' indeed, often **appears** to be its own antithesis, its ethos being partly **simulation.** Positive statements being useless, therefore, we can assert something from the negative, what is **unessential** to Art.

Now listen to some of these besotted crudities . . .

I read: "All Art is escapism . . ."(Vaguely, I recall work done of things beloved—to re-remember). "Art should be unrepresentative" (therefore, unrepresentative of their unrepresentativeness or misrepresentative of their misrepresentations?—it always is, of their intent!). "Art translates the infinite into terms of the finite . . ." "Art must ultimately negative itself . . ." (e.g., when all are artists, art will be unnecessary—but the reverse is more true). "Art is allegory—metaphor—symbolism" of this or that . . . (so what?). "Art is compensatory . . ." (I am surviving my uncertainty). All this and much more, partial, confusing, often nauseous, is quite **unessential** to Art; this spewed adjutage of wordy hyperbole . . . a veritable contagion, due as usual to pseudo-patho-phychos. Being self-educated, I dislike the smarmy hand, the stench of adrenalineous sweat from circumambulatory midden-pickers with their misnomers . . . on analysis, they are merely mouthing silly sayings: how can one express the Unknowable, Infinity, etc., through the limits of sense, dimension and form? Any such attempt at best is but distortion, exaggeration or indirect likeness of the Known . . . admittedly, significant art always vaguely radiates something more than the obvious content, that has **affective** reactions, and so may **anything else,** as lambent sunlight transforms a hideous corrugated-iron Gothic construction. We have not yet a workable hypothesis of "consciousness" and we stumble over the finite in our path of ambiguous words . . .

An outcome of this form of crapulence in paranoiac clarity is another kind of 'Art-Spiv' who now misnames his maudlin infantilism as **'Abstract'** and thereby must be above criticism! And we should feel giddy and overwhelmed! Does anything mean more when called "abstract"? (Garbage by any other name). No! Only another form of disguised incompetence. Reality has defeated them; there may be other iotas of merit!

We are shadows of a great reality, trying to escape our substance, and, wandering, have fallen into drunkenness—as through over-indulgence in self-pity. And I make this assertion: More nonsense, graphic or written, is expressed under such terms than by any other. When we see a few uningenious pieces of bent wire given premier award—such a shake-down never before known in art—this is such an encouraging tip-off to the "Cons and old push-up mob" that we may expect another inundation of "inferior figure flingers." Are our own sculptors only dumb and not dead? If only the public knew the mechanics behind these things! Another curse of all this confusion by, at best, mere novelty, is that people are afraid of their own inherent likes and inclinations and so become over-persuaded by these spielers into spurious modalities.

My friends! "Escape!" Be not prisoners of "forced on" or borrowed fallacies, for what you pretend is always inferior to what **you are** (the higher level). My advice to the bewildered, well-meaning, is to appreciate and purchase **whatever they naturally prefer** and forget the critics, self-styled experts, conventions, idioms, styles, reactions or the latest myopia, and, if other judgment must serve, make conclusion from the **ability** shown, which alone survives obliteration by time's mordant test. For much choice seems to be between the man of ability playing the fool and the nincompoop that apes him.

By all means let us realise that 'the seen reality' (factual and fictual are akin) is far more than we **do** see, feel or know. But I resent any dictatorship, control or direction of what I should accept or be receptive to . . . the propagandism that would think for, persuade or bully me (some hope with a Cockney!) that twice two make five, black is white—or that asininity is wisdom.

Life is haunted—I see the **faces** of the so-called dead everywhere, etched and glyphographed on things, on the roads, while their restless ghosts wander in space; as if Charon demanded payment of the facial imprint, as coined, and then scattered rough-cast, sown by the wind. They become sigilated, instigmated on time, and vaguely vanish as their flesh returns. They are "the awaiting," and would warn and foretell us. Perhaps they are less dead than ourselves . . . the unburied.

But of living faces and portraiture—forget the exceptions—what can we judge or realise from faces? Not very much **these** days. Few facially show their potencies, wisdom or character—rather they show their pretences, and so, to see a face is either to see a fiction or a facade, hiding . . . ?

Discounting unhealthy devastation, intellectuals show little of their emotional experiences, most of them being physically hesitant and thereby seldom scarred. Being more receptive, their real emotional activity needs be subconscious, for the

chaotic mind alone is obsessive—inspired. And any attempt to read or portray such contents would be presumptive supposition, from the particular. As 'individuals,' perhaps. one knows them best and less prejudiced from their works. Others more extrovertive often show their character and whole emotional life clearly delineated on their faces—inevident in the genius, who is often a poseur or effacive.

One of the wisest men I know looks half idiot, and some of the most impressive faces I have seen are often little more than those of morons and the most 'saintly' woman I know is repulsive-looking. How deep is beauty? Of face, deeper far than flesh and bones . . . and the inner beauty? Deeper yet than many fleshings. If physiognomy fails with these baffling, complex—or fry-pay types of face—there is this: What emanates from the eyes, whether good or evil, nothing can disguise for long—that halation of thought dredged from some latency . . . for I've seen 'angel faces' when unguarded—all evil sillating from the eyes. The only general characteristic of real ability I've noticed, are **strong** and often beautiful **hands.** Nature's whole effort would seem—as to create the genius—brave individuals (escapees la 'stinking lump'), the great blade of grass amongst the lesser—things are only trivial or significant in relation to their environment. And so, what should an artist portray? What he sees, thinks, feels, imagines, or supply the clientele with **their** ideas? I think flattery absurd where the book of aesthetics was mislaid, and personally, I haven't the morality necessary for a fashionable portrait painter.

I believe in the effort to simply render what we see alone produces a concurrent and subconscious emotional superfetation that is the ethos, and always within, great art; I am certain that Rembrandt and other masters had no **conscious** or special way of 'seeing' a thing; their single purpose was to portray exactly what we all see (now the overlooked obvious).

In my new series of "Distinguished Individuals" all difficulties have hindered—health, time, inconveniences on both sides. Hence in some cases I have had to use photos—often not much larger than stamps—but where so used they have been freely transcribed, using my own approximations of values, tones, colours, nuances, etc. They help, being factual, as Rodin rendered Balzac. Anyway, much academic portraiture nowadays must so rely for reasons similar to my own. Perhaps only in art, with skilled handling, may the result justify the means when commitments drive. I find it far more difficult to work from photographs than from the life. I hope this beginning in straight portraiture will later be the means of more direct contact. Enough is too much!

NOTES ON SELECTED PICTURES, IN BRIEF:

No. 2: "Mine own ghost": I have long suspected that my ghost (astral body or Ka) often wanders forth . . . now I know. What I've seen amongst the Tombs you would scarcely believe! I search for something . . . nothing fortuitous—maybe a new reality? Or the pint of blood owing me from the hospital? Not, like most—their lost absoluteness, perhaps I seek the **Humane.**

No. 19: "Mind and body"—or the contexture of consciousness: The snake symbol is energy and the unconsciousness: the woman's head is the something we call 'subconsciousness' (the more fertile part). The male head symbolizes the consciousness and body: Many consider and others more glibly think of the subconsciousness as being inferior to normal consciousness, whereas, it is **the mind,** our hidden omnisciences, with illations reaching across the rafters of firmament (as nerves, veins and arteries). The Ego is merely the echolalia-echopraxia of something greater. Other heads represent the emotional range, instincts and past lives. At the base—the Bess-mass, benhos and forms we evolve through and revert to. The whole picture, a symbol of the great dualities: mind and body—male and female.

No. 108: "The birth of a Hydra": symbolizes the Individualist, communist and autocrat; unbeknowingly the strange regime we now live under: Never more talk of democracy and actually less.

A picture I shall not nominate was completed in seven minutes, a similar one in two days. The speed and friction wore out two of my finger-nails—a life of hard work has never caused this before.

I will gladly "explain" any other picture—if I can!

CATALOGUE

N.B.—Some of the work had to be priced for catalogue prior to their completion, so please inquire, as prices may be **less.**

Number	Title	Price in guineas
1	Laughing Eyes	4
2	Mine Own Ghost	10
3	Labyrinth of Longing	4
4	Machievellian Mask	6
5	Histrion with Phasmagraph	6
6	Resurgence	7
7	"Mumpsimus" into Irrelatives	6
8	Sabbatesque Symphony	5
9	Hardened Hymeneals	5
10	"Inasmuchas . . ."	5
11	Slow Ascent	8
12	Funambulatory Ecstasy	7
13	Stars in Déshabillé	10
14	Victrix Divested	6
15	On the Brocken	5
16	Accidental Ataraxia	6
17	Substance and Shadow	4
18	Satyr and Sylph	3
19	Mind and Body	25
20	Horses for Slaughter: Frightened Horse (To benefit R.S.P.C.A.)	6
21	Transference by Theurgy	5
22	Socrates Eclypsing	5
23	Cryptographic Portrait	6
24	Auspicious Aura	4
25	Sea-anemone	3
26	. . . and the moon fleshed	6
27	Mirror of the Sea: Zeno of Elea	2
28	Incident at the Witches' Sabbath	5
29	Dance of the Uninhibited	5
30	Tutelage (by affective anamnesis)	12
31	Palimpsest	4
32	Effloration	4
33	Differentiation	6
34	Derivation	4
35	Arboreal	2
36	Synthetic delineation	4
37	Asymmetries	4
38	Assurgentation	7
39	Reorientation	3
40	Sidereal Semblance	6
41	Henry Miller	Price on Request
42	Jack Bilbo	"
43	Evelyn Waugh	"
44	Richard Church	"
45	Charles Laughton	"
46	Donald Wolfit	"
47	Walter de la Mare, O.M.	"
48	Clifford Bax	"
49	Joyce Carey	"
50	Sir Winston Churchill, O.M.	"
51	Dr. Eustace Chesser	"
52	Benjamin Britten	"
53	Sir Laurence Olivier	"
54	Georges Simenon	"
55	Sylvia Pankhurst (1930)	"
56	Anonymous	"
57	Anonymous	"
58	Anonymous	"
		Price in guineas
59	Anonymous	8
60	Anonymous	6
61	Character Study: Auctioneer	6
62	Ex-docker	6
63	Ex-char	5
64	Ex-flower-girl	6
65	Ex-cabby	6
66	Ex-solicitor	6
67	Ex-prizefighter	6
68	Lorry-driver	7
69	Banana King	5
70	Night Watchman	4
71	Road-sweep	4
72	Street Hawker	8
73	Coolie	6

Number	Title	Price in guineas
74	Mother Murphy	10
75	Dart Champion	6
76	Latitudist	7
77	Gladiator battling	3
78	Gladiator resting	3
79	Evening Ablution	2
80	Self Quinary: as in 1948	6
81	Self Quinary: as in 1948	7
82	Self Quinary: as in 1948	8
83	Self Quinary: as in 1948	7
84	Self Quinary: as in 1948	8
85	St. Narcissus	5
86	Slipstream of Memory	10
87	Refraction and Grotesquerie	4
88	Anamorphoses	3
89	Beautiful is My Grotesque	10
90	Factual and Fictual	3
91	Derisive Reflection	5
92	Superimposition (Self into Feline)	2
93	Pan-Ego-Omnia	10
94	Seance Manifestation	10
95	Evolutionary	8
96	Ex-profundis	10
97	Punch and Judy	5
98	Tavern-nights	3
99	Fabric of Dreams	8
100	Luna has fallen . . .	5
101	Witchery	5
102	Redundancy Isle	3
103	Nu	6
104	Evening Star	5
105	Augural Sun	2
106	Portrait Mask	6
107	Gaminerie	4
108	Birth of a Hydra	20
109	". . . The Shadow of a Doubt"	10
110	Isis Smiles	8
111	Laterality	10
112	Mousmé and her Mother	10
113	Astral Auguration	3
114	Walpurgis Vampires	5
115	Satiated Succubi	5
116	Shunammite	4
117	Study for Schizogenesis	2
118	Study for Garden of Satyros	2
119	Bess-mass of Matter	5
120	Anamorphosis and Sidereal	4
121	Anamorphosis and Sidereal	4
122	Anamorphosis and Sidereal	4
123	Anamorphosis and Sidereal	5
124	Anamorphosis and Sidereal	4
125	Anamorphosis and Sidereal	4
126	Anamorphosis and Sidereal	7
128	Anamorphosis and Sidereal	3
129	In The Nude: Hour Studies	3
130	In The Nude: Hour Studies	2
131	In The Nude: Hour Studies	3
132	In The Nude: Hour Studies	2
133	In The Nude: Hour Studies	1
134	In The Nude: Hour Studies	2
135	In The Nude: Hour Studies	3
136	In The Nude: Hour Studies	2
137	In The Nude: Hour Studies	2
138	In The Nude: Hour Studies	1
139	In The Nude: Hour Studies	3
140	Other Life Drawings available	3
141	Other Life Drawings available	2
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143	Sketch Books: shown by request	5
144	Book of Pleasure (autographed with original Drawings)	5
145	Southbank Siren	4
146	Danae Reverves	4
147	Spotlight on Eve	4
148	Aural Orgasm	5
149	Unwanted Angel	2
150	Phantasmagoria	2
151	Dryad	2
152	'The Vampires are Coming' . . .	8
153	Ghostly Combine	12
154	Facial Pastiche	8
155	Virid Torso	3
156	Daughter of Oceanus	3
157	Phantom Inferno	8
158	Sabbatisto	6
159	Moon-wrack	3
160	Knee-deep	6
161	Witches at Work	6
162	Humoresque	3

A few Commissions for portraits are open; Prices of uncatalogued work by request. My School of Draughtsmanship re-opens April 1954.

A. O. S.

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CATALOGUE

of Paintings and Drawings

by

AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE

With an Appreciation by KENNETH GRANT

25th October to 26th November 1955

Tuesday—Saturday, 10 a.m.—5 p.m. Sunday, 2—5 p.m.
Closed Monday

ARCHER GALLERY

303 WESTBOURNE GROVE, LONDON, W.11
Park 8761

Catalogue

		Gns
1*a*	SELF-PORTRAIT (1950)	10
	CONTEXTURE OF BEING:	
1	Background of prescience	20
2	Evolution of mentation (symbolized by art)	12
3	. . . Stuff of dreams . . . (ego)	15
4	Man is a bundle of Ids	25
5	The Inasmuch as	15
6	Cacophonic Fugue (Soul, Mind, Body etc.)	30
7	The Besz-mass of flesh	25
8	The Qliphoth	15
9	Eternal Masquerade	20
10	Traverser of the Aeons (Ego)	12
11	Mine own ghost	18
12	Protective aura	10
13	SABBATISTO	10
14	TREE OF KNOWLEDGE (Good and Evil)	10
15	MANNEQUIN MADONNA	8
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17	THE TRUTH DRUG	30
18	DRAGON'S BREATH	10
19	AFFLATUS	12
20	MADE-UP AND UNMADE-UP	11
21	FUNAMBULATORY ECSTASY	10
22	DAILY CHAOS	25
23	THE DEVIL AND I	15
24	PSYCHO-SOMATIC PHANTASY	20
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27	Insatiable Desire	15
28	Calcination	10
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31	. . . THE SHADOW OF A DOUBT	12
32	VICTRIX DIVESTED	10
33	NURSERY FRIEZE (Psycho)	18
34	SAINTS AND SINNERS	15
	DREAM CONTENT:	
35	Hopes, Fears and the Half-Cognizant	10
36	Hopes, Fears and the Half-Cognizant	10
37	Hopes, Fears and the Half-Cognizant	15
38	Hopes, Fears and the Half-Cognizant	15
39	Hopes, Fears and the Half-Cognizant	15
40	Hopes, Fears and the Half-Cognizant	8
	GHOSTS I HAVE SEEN:	
41	Classic Survival	8
42	Classic Survival	12
43	Ghost of the Living	12
	GHOSTS I HAVE SEEN: (*continued*)	
44	Ghostly Amalgam	18
45	Ghosts are sidereal	12
46	Friend's Astral Body	8
47	Facial Abstract	8
48	Elemental Materializing	20
	MATERIALIZATIONS WITNESSED:	
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50	Séance Semblance	8
51	Broken Aura	12
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53	Visualization steps out	20
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55	BIRTH OF CONSCIENCE: Variation of a 'Benin' Theme	10
56	BIRTH OF SELF-PITY: Variation of a 'Classic' Theme	8
57	RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX	12
58	LOST SHEPHERD IDYLL	15
59	FRIEZE OF WOMEN	10
	MAGICAL STÉLÉ:	
60	For Protection from evil people	10
61	For Destruction of Vermin (human or otherwise)	8
62	Cure for all types of Headache	7
63	General Anathema and Malediction	8
64	General Benedictus and Love of All Things	7
65	Desire for Vampires and Succubi	8
66	Desire for Psycho-somatic Strength	8
67	THE ORIGINAL FLYING SAUCERS (as commissioned for their purpose)	2
68	THE ORIGINAL FLYING SAUCERS (as commissioned for their purpose)	2
69	THE ORIGINAL FLYING SAUCERS (as commissioned for their purpose)	2
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71	Dart Champion	7
72	Ancient Mariner	8
73	Coolie	7
74	Lorry-driver	6
75	Banana King	8
76	Ex-Charlady	5
77	Ex-Solicitor	5
78	Winkle King (Sidereal)	10
79	Old-Timer	7
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81	Clown	8
82	General Dealer (Sidereal)	6
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85	Brother and Sister	7
86	Lighter-man	6
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99	ST. NARCISSUS	6
100	LATERALITY	10
101	TRAPEZE TRAGEDY	10
102	FEMININE NEBULÆ	5
103	HUMOURESQUE	3
104	SLIP-STREAM OF MEMORY	15
105	EGO-OMINA	12
106	AURA-CONTACT	5
107	AFTERMATH	10
108	. . . AND THE MOON FLESHED	10
109	INTROVERT AND EXTRAVERT	10
110	BEAUTIFUL IS MY GROTESQUE	15
111	SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW	5
112	SLOW ASCENT	10
113	EX-PROFUNDIS	15
114	MAESTRO	12
115	MOZART MOSAIC	10
116	FLESH, FUGUE AND FLAME	18
117	VOLTEX (Benjamin Britten)	6
118	CARNIVAL	18
119	THE WAYWARD DAUGHTER (Operetta)	18
120	BLUE HEAVEN	25
121	THE HORSE OF HEAVEN (Flying Dutchman)	18
122	CHROMATIC CLIMAX (Becket Williams)	15
123	BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH (Opening phase)	20
124	AÏDA	25
125	THE SNOW-MAIDEN	18
126	PUNCHINELLO PHANTASY (I. Stravinsky)	15
127	CHAOTIC RHAPSODY	18
128	CHOREIC TAPESTRY	15
129	EURYDICE IN THE UNDERWORLD	15
130	SACRED AND PROFANE	15
131	FRIGHTENED LADY	10
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133	VENUS RESURGENT	10
134	TRANSFERENCE	8
135	HARDENED HYMENALS	8

		Gns
136	CATARACT CALAMITY	15
137	BLOOD ON THE MOON	10
138	KNEE-DEEP	10
139	EVOCATION BY ACROBATICS	5
140	VAMPIRES AT PLAY	10
141	COMMUNAL ORGASM	18
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164	ABSTRACT (by palimpsest)	10
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169	Voltairesque	7
170	Transparent and Solid	5
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173	Java and Stafford	10
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175	Plaster Mannequin	12
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177	Who is Shiva ?	8
178	Druidesque	10
179	Sunset Rendezvous	7
180	Dawn: Procession of Procarnators	10
181	Probationers at play	12
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184	Where the Qliphoth ends	12
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187	Survival	10
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189	DECORATIVE PANEL	7
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191	LIFE DRAWING	2
192	LIFE DRAWING	2
193	LIFE DRAWING	2
194	LIFE DRAWING	2
195	MATERNAL ISIS	6
196	SATIATED SUCCUBI	6
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198	WALPURGIS NIGHT	7
199	INVERSE ALTERNATION (Bad to worse)	10
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220	SIDEREAL SEMBLANCE	8
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221*b*	LANDSCAPE: Whispering Silence	7
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221*e*		
221*f*		
221*g*		
221*h*		

Appreciation

THE SPIRIT which permeates the artistic creations of Austin Osman Spare may not be easily ensnared or examined, for it is exceedingly tenuous and elusive, as fugitive as the odour of a rose and as cloyingly nostalgic.

Those who would read into his flowing arabesquine line and into his haunting modulations of light and shade the speech of usual things will step back baffled by the hint of wild and unknown things which are here presented to view. It is as if a corner of the veil of inscrutable mysteries were suddenly lifted before our eyes so that we are able to descry a landscape of strangeness, illumined by inexplicable refractions of light which seem to proceed from sidereal moons. We are in a lunar world, a fantastic world where every vision is a tactual shock, awakening awarenesses of long dormant memory, and back into the arena of the mind there flow those long forgotten images of eld, nostalgic with an anguish of disquietude. It is the nostalgia of remembered remotenesses; the anguish of things lost and all but regained, but which slip yet again from the memory's grasp; the disquietude that comes from the knowledge that Spare has unerringly captured for us what we ourselves are unable to shadow forth from the dark deep confines of our latent being.

For there is in all these wonderful tapestries of dream and desire a certainty of touch and force of vision which has the power of dispersing any suspicion of vagueness or nebulosity that would, in the hands of an uninitiated artist, characterise all such work as is here presented.

It is not possible in this place to enter into Spare's basic theory of Atavistic Resurgence, nor is it necessary for an appreciation of and ability to receive the full impact of the pure æsthetic delight which he offers us. To come to the feast without knowing the name or the nature of the viands and delicacies so sumptuously spread about the festive board in no way mars the perfection of the feast or hinders the delectation in the many fascinating things presented; but a little sensitivity of the palate, a cultivated taste in the finer reaches of such unique fare as is here offered, will prove of indubitable value in experiencing the quintessence or acme of sensation through the channel of unhindered vision.

By living with a work of Austin Osman Spare we come in time to partake of this fifth essence aforementioned, and begin—gropingly enough at first—to sense the development of a subtle faculty which combines Feeling and Vision in a synthetic unity of tactual awareness obtaining within the sphere of the energized imagination.

A casual glance at even the most ordinary-seeming 'straight' portrait will give the viewer a hint of some haunting and subtle component latent in the flesh or in the countenance observed; how much more so is this quality of an invisible presence felt when the viewer is confronted with one of Spare's peculiarly dynamic and enigmatic sidereal semblances ?

It is impossible to describe or explain such work as this, the production of which has involved something so much more than that which the general run of painters bring to their work, for here are not only the creations of an artist gifted beyond the normal, but these very creations themselves are the true delineations of a realm of being existing here and now at a level of awareness veiled to the uninitiated vision of the generality of men. One might almost say that far from being fanciful products of a highly trained and vivid imagination, these works represent faithful recordings of those latent levels wherein and wherefrom proceed the motivating causes of all the complex and inscrutable mentations, fragments of which only appear within the limited orbit of the so-called 'rational' activities of the mundanely conscious individual.

We have to understand not only the mysteries of dream and of sleep, of waking consciousness and the mechanism of desire, but also we should have direct experience of the 'knower' of all these various states of consciousness before we can begin to understand the fugitive essence of Spare's enchanted creations. For even as the universe is a glamour cast forth from and by the mind of man, so also these creations subsist as realities within a deeper consciousness than is manifest in the everyday waking activities wherein the human machine lives and moves. From regions which make these activities seem merely automatic reactions to external phenomena, Spare brings the tenuous thread of his dream into the reality of day, and makes the dream-intrusion into waking awareness a subtle perichoresis of two worlds as remote and apart from each other as the outward form and appearance of man himself is to the soul which exists in the veiled sanctuaries of his unknown realities.

This perichoresis is what Spare has achieved and it is the greatest witness to the power of his magic that such interpenetration does not result in confusion but in unity, not in distortion but in beauty, not in conflict and pain but in perfect balance and intensity of rapture. All these things form the thread of the bright tapestries wherewith these walls are hung. If we do not fail to lose the central thread of all, we shall pass from picture to picture as from delight to delight, relishing a bliss that is rarely given to mortal man in his hour of upheaval, disharmony and corruption. To Spare—as for the individual who is able to stay possessed of this central thread—none of these imperfections exist, and we are brought to a vision of transcending beauty, seeing the perfection of the whole in the true relation of its myriad parts.

KENNETH GRANT
1955

The Favil Press Ltd. (T.U.)

MISCELLANY

THE TIMES

FROM THE INFERNO TO ZOS — FIRST IMPRESSIONS 1993 — REVIEWS, OBITUARY NOTICE AND LETTER

MR AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE

It is difficult to know quite how to take the "Psychic drawings and others of magical and occult manifestations" by Mr Austin Osman Spare, now on view at the St George's Gallery, 32A George Street, Hanover Square; whether as works of art or as material for the psycho-analyst. As the draughtsman with the point in a more or less literal manner — for he appears to have little power of simplification beyond that implied in reducing things to outline — Mr Spare commands respect, his work being both firm and delicate, and he evidently has easier access than most of us to the unconscious; but the trouble is that the two capacities do not work very well in harness. Since the word "magical" is used to describe some of his drawings, it may be said that they have very little of the magic of art; the magic, that is to say, which resides in pictorial composition — irrespective of what the picture is about. Very few of his designs have much potency as designs. The two which come nearest to reconciling the two magics, that of the unconscious and that of design are "The Ape" and "The Salamander" — and they are both in the starred series stated by the artist to be automatically produced. They, particularly "The Salamander", which represents a fantastic creature coming out of something between flames and foliage, produce an effect by the disposition of lines on the paper, irrespective of what can be read into them. Another of the starred drawings which produce an effect corresponding to the title is "Dissolution of Consciousness", a stream of heads — apparently the same head in different degrees of grotesque — going up like smoke.

The impression is given that Mr Spare either cannot or will not subject the promptings of his unconscious mind to the discipline of art — in the sense of composition — but allows them to work out in stammering and babbling upon the paper. Exactly why he should not exercise control is not very evident, because, though "automatic" or "psychic" may be accepted as a description, it is clear that some direction is applied in the very act of drawing. It speaks for Mr Spare's sincerity that there is very little evidence in his work of the imitation of Blake, and he might be reminded of Blake's extremely matter-of-fact provision of pictorial machinery for the promptings of an unconscious mind at least as rich as his own. One cannot help feeling, indeed, that if Mr Spare would give the same care to design that he must have given to statement his work would be much more interesting. A considerable number of green and blue — and among them "The Passing", "Druid Rite", — bought for the National Museum of Wales — "Despair", may be picked out as having the greatest pictorial consistency.

5 March 1927

ART EXHIBITION
GODFREY PHILLIPS GALLERIES

Mr Austin Osman Spare, who shows water colours and drawings at the Godfrey Phillips Galleries, 43 Duke Street, St James's is a baffling artist. Technically he is a good draughtsman of a literal kind; temperamentally he leans to the supernormal — if not the occult; and there does not seem to be any connection between his artistic capacity and his personal interests. It would be rash to say that he has no imagination, but there is something in his symbolical compositions, with their mixture of rather trite realism and apparently meaningless arabesques, which reminds one of the trivialities of the spiritualistic seance. Perhaps that is proof of their authenticity, but, as was said, it leaves the observer baffled. But 'Enthosthorasis (Flames)', 'Moon Goddess' and 'The Bridge' all contain good passages of drawing. A new departure for Mr Spare is a series of water-colours, mostly of heads, under the general title of 'Experiment in Relativity' — whatever that may mean. Actually the water-colours work out rather like Japanese colour print portraits of actors, except that the heads are distorted — rather as if they had been drawn from reflections in a curved mirror. Perhaps that is where 'relativity' — on the principle of space bending — comes in. No 21 is rather beautiful, and No's 7, 12 and 15 have their interest.

19 November 1930

OBITUARY

Austin Spare, an artist of unusual gifts and attainments and of even more unusual personality, died on 15 May 1956, in hospital in London at the age of sixty-seven.

A dreamer of dreams and a seer of visions, he had that complete other-worldliness so often depicted in romantic fiction and so rarely found in real life. Money meant nothing to him. With his talents as a figure draughtsman he might easily have commanded a four-figure income in portraitive, but he elected to live quietly works at three or four guineas each. Even in outward aspect he conformed to type — with his untidy shock of hair, small imperial, and a scarf instead of a collar. But for most of his life he did not mix in what are called "artistic circles". Not Chelsea, Fitzroy Street, Bloomsbury or Hampstead claimed him, but for years a little flat "in the south suburbs of the Elephant", far removed from the coteries, deep-set in the ordinary life of the people.

Austin Osman Spare was born in Snow Hill, near Smithfield Market, London on 31 December 1988, the son of Philip Newton Spare, a City of London policeman. Leaving his elementary school at the age of 13, he took his higher education into his own hands, working not only at art but at general subjects, in particular the occult. He had some formal tuition at the Lambeth School of Art and the Royal College of Art. He was already exhibitioning at the Royal Academy at the age of 16, but in later years ceased to send anything there. In July 1914 he had his first one-man exhibition, at the Baillie Gallery, showing a number of his so-called 'psychic' drawings and some very powerful generalizations of animal nature.

Just after the 1914-1918 war Spare became friendly with John Austen and Alan Odle, figure draughtsmen differing considerably from him and from each other, but each having certain aims in common with his. From October 1922 to July 1924 Spare edited, jointly with Clifford Bax, a sumptuously produced quarterly called *The Golden Hind* for Chapman and Hall. It collapsed for lack of support, but during its brief career it reproduced in large scale some really superb figure drawings and lithographs by Spare and others. In 1925 Spare, Odle, Austen, and Harry Clarke showed together at the St George's Gallery. Two years later Spare showed alone, at the Lefevre Galleries, and in 1930 at the Godfrey Phillips Galleries.

Thereafter Spare was rarely found in the purlieus of Bond Street. He would teach a little from January to June, then up to the end of October, would finish various works, and from the beginning of November to Christmas would hang his products in the living-room, bedroom, and kitchen of his flat in the Borough. There he kept open house; critics and purchasers would go down, ring the bell, be admitted, and inspect the pictures, often in the company of some of the models — working women of the neighbourhood. Spare was convinced that there was a great potential demand for pictures at two or three guineas each, and condemned the practice of asking £20 for "amateurish stuff". He worked chiefly in picture. He was especially interested in delineating the old, and had various models over seventy and one as old as ninety-three.

During the last war, while on fire watching duty, he was blown up and temporarily lost the use of both arms. His memory was also effected, but in 1946 in a cramped basement in Brixton, he began to make pictures again, starting, as he said, from scratch. In 1947 an exhibition of no less than 163 of the pictures he had painted in the previous few months attracted many people to the Archer Gallery, in Westbourne Grove.

Spare's alleged 'automatic' and 'psychic' drawings tended to lack discipline and were on the whole inferior to his 'straight' work. The last chiefly comprised nudes, which combined strength and delicacy of a high order and had a wonderful three-dimensional feeling. His minute draughtsmanship may have owed something to the Pre-Raphaelite influence, though in general his art was much more human and full blooded than that of the 'brethren'. Of his technical mastery there can be no manner of doubt. The collection of his drawings may yet become a cult.

16 May 1956

MR AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE
MR DONALD BOWEN WRITES:-

May I add to your appreciative obituary? I was one of Spare's comparatively few pupils before the last war, and on the outbreak of hostilities he gave me some instruction in the art of camouflage which was to prove of considerable value in the years to come. Perhaps because he lived "quietly and humbly", he was prolific and many sided. Certainly his theories on camouflage were thoroughly sound. I heard some of them repeated as original and empirical long after 1939. No doubt his experience in the 1914-1918 war provided much of the background to those theories.

Of that period of his life mention should be made of the series of drawings made by him as an official war artist and now in the Imperial War Museum. To that period also, and the immediate post-war years, belong the few copies of *Form*, a finely produced periodical which, for a time, he edited with W.H. Davies. The list of contributors included many eminent names but unfortunately the paper ran to only five issues. Many fine works of graphic art were reproduced in it's pages, including some of his own drawings of the figure.

Your obituary notice mentions his models. Most of them were local inhabitants. I remember leaving his flat one day with him and his saying, "That's one

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